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## PREPARE FOR SOCIALISM

BY J. N. LARNED

INDIFFERENCE to the modern socialistic movement is fast becoming an impossible attitude of mind. Friendliness or hostility to it, in some degree, must come into the feeling of everybody who gives the slightest heed to the auguries of our time; for the movement has now gathered a momentum that will carry it surely to some vital and momentous outcome of change in the economic organization of society. If this is not to be calamitous, but is to realize in any measure the good equalities and satisfactions which Socialists expect, that happy result can arrive only in communities which have forethoughtfully safeguarded themselves, with all the wisdom they possess, against ruinous recklessness or perfidy in the working-out of so critical a change. It is nowhere too soon to take serious thought of what we need to be doing in such preparation.

Our first thought in that direction must be of the several forces which enter into the problem we deal with. These, in the main, are the forces of opinion which act on the propositions of Socialism from different dispositions of mind.

The possible attitudes of thought and feeling on the subject are six in number, to wit: —

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1. That of the radical disciples of Karl Marx, — the organized 'Social Democrats' of many countries, — who represent most logically the doctrines of modern Socialism as formulated by Marx; who regard their undertaking as a class-revolt (of the wage-workers), and who contemplate the desired transfer of capital from individual to collective ownership and management as an achievement of revolution, which may be violent if violence is necessary, when adequate power shall have been secured.

2. That of others in the same wage-earning class who have not answered the socialistic call, nor openly assented to its dogmas, but whose circumstances must incline them to be wistful listeners to its promises and appeals.

3. That of people who approve on principle the social rearrangements contended for by Marx and his followers, regarding them as desirable because just; but who would seek to attain them by cautious and gradual processes, and would give no support to any programme of hasty revolution.

4. That of people who are or hope to be gainers personally from the existing economic system, with its limitless opportunities of profit to individuals of the capitalized class, and who see

nothing but a wicked attack on their personal rights in the proposed limitation of private capital and its gains.

5. That of people who are not thus biased against the socialistic project by a personal interest in present economic arrangements, but who do not believe that productive industries and exchanges can be operated with success in the mode proposed, and who fear failure in the attempt, with serious wreckage of the social fabric and much demoralization of mankind.

6. That of people who have not yet given enough attention to the socialistic movement to have a thought or a feeling about it.

The first and fourth of these groups are the centres of the antagonism developed by the social-economic doctrines of Marx, and the outcome of that antagonism will depend on the action of forces from these two on the other four. At the two sources of opposed motive, the mainsprings of energy are nearly but not quite the same. Self-interest may be as dominant among the Socialist workmen as among their capitalistic opponents; and it may be tempered on one side by solicitude for the general welfare as much as by sympathetic class-feeling on the other; but the self-interest of the capitalist, whose ample means of living are secure, has a very different spur from that of the workingman, whose daily wants are tethered by his daily wage. In the needs, the desires, the hopes, the fears, the uncertainties of the socialistic wage-worker, there is an animus which the mere appetite of capital for its own increment can never excite.

In their intensity, therefore, the opposing influences that work in this contention are unevenly matched; and there is still more disparity between them in the compass of their action. All of the wage-workers of the world are possible recruits to be won for So-

cialism, and they outnumber all other divisions of civilized mankind. They make up the first and second orders of the classification set forth above, and the second of these stands plainly in the relation of a waiting-list to the first. In Continental Europe its constituents are passing over in always swelling numbers to the party which claims and expects to secure them all. In Great Britain and America the draft into Socialism from the ranks of labor is slower; but, even as indicated in socialistic political organization and voting (which must be far short of a showing of the whole movement), it goes on with persistent increase.

On the other side of the issue, while the people who have a personal stake in the capitalistic system form a numerous body, it does not compare in numbers with the opposing host. It exercises powers, at present, which are far beyond measurement by its numbers, but they are powers created by the economic conditions of to-day, and dependent on states of feeling which have no fortitude or staying quality in them, but which can be broken into cowardly panic by the most trifling alarm. For resistance to an undertaking of social revolution, nothing weaker than a capitalistic party could be made up. Its strength in the pending contest with Socialism is practically the strength of the alliances it can form. It may seem to have an assured body of important allies in the fifth group defined above; but how far is that assured? The people of the group in question are essentially disinterested and open-minded, and their judgment in this grave matter is subject to change. Their number appears to have been greater a few years ago than now. Many who belonged to it once have gone over into the company of the third group, persuaded that hopes from the justice of the socialistic project are more to

be considered than fears of its adventuresomeness, if the venture be carefully made. How these people will be moved hereafter is most likely to depend on the direction which the socialistic movement takes, — whether toward revolutionary rashness, under the control of the radical Marxians, or along the Fabian lines projected by prudent Socialists of our third group. At all events, there is no certainty of persistent opposition to Socialism from any large part of this fifth class; and obviously there is nothing to be counted on, for either side, from that remainder of thoughtless folk who know nothing, and care nothing as yet, about this momentous question of the day.

All considered, the appearances as I see them are distinctly favorable to the socialistic movement, thus far. It is a movement which moves continuously, with no reactionary signs. The influences in it are active on the greater masses of people, and, whether selfish or altruistic, they have the stronger motive force. It is a movement of such nature, in fact, as seems likely to break suddenly, some day, into avalanches and floods.

What then? Suppose the spread of socialistic opinion to be carried in this country to the point of readiness for taking control of government, and that we then find awaiting it the same political conditions that exist to-day! The Socialist party, in that case, would simply take the place of our Republican or our Democratic party, as 'the party in power,' and would exercise its power in the customary party modes. The keen-scented fortune-hunters and professional experts of politics would already have swarmed to it from the old parties; would have wormed themselves into its counsels and perfected its 'organization,' with a full equipment of the most approved 'machines.' Then the nationalizing and the munic-

ipalizing of productive industries, and the taking-over of capital from private to collective ownership, would begin. Some Croker or Murphy would be found to 'boss' the management of the operation in New York, some Quay in Pennsylvania, some Gorman in Maryland, and so on, throughout the land.

This is no wild fancy as to what must occur, if the projects of Socialism are to be carried out while political conditions — political habits in the country and the make and character of parties — remain as they now are. If the experiment of Socialism was to be undertaken to-day, it would have its trial under that sort of handling, and by no possibility could it have any other. Nor indeed can it ever have any other, unless the whole theory and practice of party politics in the United States are recast, with a new and strong injection into them of conscience and rationality.

In other words, if we are pushed, by the spread of socialistic opinion, into attempts at a governmental ownership and management of productive industries, without a previous reformation of our political system, we shall inevitably be carried to a disaster so great that imagination can hardly picture it to one's mind. No sane Socialist, however firm his faith in the workability of the social-industrial scheme, can dream of its working otherwise than disastrously in the hands of party managers, as parties are now organized and managed with the consent and connivance of the people who make them up. Nor can he reasonably believe that a Socialist party can grow up side by side with the parties of our present politics, play the game of politics with them, win the prize of political power from them, and then use that power as the theory of Socialism requires it to be used, — without partisan spoliation or personal 'graft.'

It comes, then, to this: if possibilities of good to society are in the socialistic scheme, they are obviously and absolutely dependent on the discretion, the honesty, the social sincerity and good faith, with which it is carried into effect. A reckless and knavish corruption of the undertaking so to revolutionize the social economy could produce nothing else than the worst wreckage that civilized society has known. Hence the question between possibly beneficent and inevitably calamitous results from the undertaking is a question of character in the government to which it is trusted. The present character of government in our country, throughout its divisions, controlled as it is by self-seeking professional managers of political parties, is not to be

thought of as one which could work the socialistic experiment to any other than the destructive result. The conditions that give this character to our political parties, and through them to the government which they control alternately, will surely give the same character to a socialistic party, if it grows up under their action, and approaches an attainment of power while they prevail.

But it is so growing, and seems more than likely to arrive at power to control some, at least, of our divisions of government at no far distant day. Therefore, the most urgent of all reasons for a resolute, radical, and immediate reformation of parties and the politics they embody is found in the progress of socialistic belief.

## SOCIALISM AND NATIONAL EFFICIENCY

BY J. O. FAGAN

### I

CONTRARY to popular anticipation, individualism in America—its theoretical support at any rate—seems now to be taking on a new lease of life. To a great extent this satisfactory result must be attributed to the widespread attention that is now being paid to all matters relating to social and industrial efficiency. It is true the machine in modern civilization still holds the centre of the stage, but from all appearances, and before long, the individual also will be called upon to give a stricter account of himself.

Some time ago a very able and con-

vincing article on 'Our Lost Individuality' was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* and attracted no end of attention. So far as American individualism in art, literature, scientific research, and industry is concerned, the last nail was driven by this writer into the national coffin. Without exaggeration of any kind, the process by means of which every form of American individualism has been fully uprooted and scattered to the winds, was carefully described and scientifically accounted for. The destroying principles at work were shown to be Socialism, commercialism, and self-centred materialism. As for the future, in the opinion of the



critic referred to, there was simply nothing in sight for individualism in America, with all its splendid traditions and monuments, but a sort of comfortable slide down-hill.

On the whole, reading between the lines of this article, one is compelled to recognize a very regretful, yet, as it would seem, an unavoidable state of affairs, by no means modified or brightened by this final reflection, '*Facilis descensus Avernus.*'

From the point of view of the historian, taking his cue from countless external manifestations and from the tendencies and demands of public opinion, it is indeed very difficult to find a flaw in these general conclusions. But growth is a great disturber of calculations, and besides, public opinion in America, which is inclined to put individualism on the shelf in this way, is for the most part politically managed and vote-ridden. At best it is but the outer voice of the people. Under discipline of a stronger and a deeper force, it is frequently called upon to change its face in a day. This all-powerful and directing principle in American life is private opinion, or the inner voice. This is the final court of appeal. Private opinion in America is individualistic to the core. To verify this statement, one has only to separate the workman, the manager, the minister, or the politician from his material necessities for the time being. These people have private opinions which to a great extent, and very naturally, wait upon their necessities. Questioning these men at work or in business, in nine cases out of ten we find them to be individualists at heart, but in the waiting stage. Some day they expect to be able to live up to their private opinions. The prospects of democracy in America are stowed away in this significant state of affairs.

Meanwhile conditions are improving

universally, incessantly, and private opinion in places is coming cautiously out of its retirement. It works psychologically. It is forever biding its time. It comes forward, settles a question, and goes into hiding again. Sooner or later emergency calls upon it to come to the rescue, and then it is always discovered that these inner promptings and instincts are, after all, the arbiters and shapers of the national destiny.

The awakening of private opinion to a sense of its responsibility for the behavior and character of the units of society, at the present day, is unmistakable. People in America have come to that point in their history when they can actually afford to pause and give much thought to fundamentals and to the significance of current events in relation to them.

Regardless of politics and wages, people are now finding time to talk about individuality and Socialism in relation to efficiency in schools, in business life, in religion, and in industry. They are beginning to see the inconsistency of preaching one thing and practicing another. Against the current of their inner wishes they are being driven by public opinion toward Socialism, while at the same time, prompted by private opinion, they continue to glorify the American standard-bearers who in the past have conducted the democratic principle from pinnacle to pinnacle of achievement. Cutting loose from the tyranny of their present environment, some of them, once in a while, perhaps, may even open their Shakespeares and read:—

'What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!'

To the average reader this recital of human possibilities should be extremely satisfactory. But from this prospect,

if he turns to his socialistic programme, this spiritual panorama will at once lose its significance. What indeed has Socialism to do with infinite faculties? No stunted growth can ever be expected to climb these heights and work out this splendid vision. For after all has been said, civilization in every age must stand the spiritual test. 'Without soul man is common, with it he is distinct. In art, it gives him temperament, in faith, insight into the divine.' Socialism avoids, because it cannot stand, this spiritual test. It reaches out sometimes laterally, for the most part downwards. Individualism, on the other hand, has its eye fixed on the horizon. It makes no apology for its idealism. It points the way to the stars.

But to the everyday citizen, as well as to the student of affairs, the contrast between Socialism and individualism should not merely be a recital of underlying principles. From their spiritual aspects one turns to their practical and workable properties. While in the opinion of the writer, individualism as a working force in the natural evolution of society is bound to reassume its intrinsic importance, there are, nevertheless, a number of practical issues in the situation at the present day that must, in the mean time, be diligently sifted and discussed.

As it appears to the writer of this article, then, Socialism takes issue with efficiency in modern society in three very distinctive ways. It attacks the character and competency of the working classes, crippling the manager and the employee, cheapening religion, and finally materializing the ideals of the people as a whole. A somewhat discursive treatment of these topics is unavoidable.

## II

To begin with, the individualist acknowledges the tremendous importance

of the social and industrial problems, in the solution of which the public mind is now so seriously and unceasingly interested. During the past few years great advance has been made in the practical application of social science in its various phases. In times past, the science itself was supposed by people in general to be very indefinite in its meaning and application. It is now recognized as a practical living science, whose function it is to report, in definite and scientific terms, on the ways and means by which civilization in the future shall be steered and encouraged.

In the working-out of these problems, both social and industrial, individualism is profoundly and rightfully interested. It must be clearly understood, however, that the individualist at the present day is neither narrow-minded nor intolerant. He recognizes the fact that progress depends upon compromise and the clashing of opinions, consequently he claims kinship with all sorts and conditions of men, as well as representation in every phase of our advancing civilization. Individualism, then, is by no means a nostrum or a panacea. It is not a platform with a dozen planks for the guidance of politicians or legislatures. It is simply a personal campaign, universal in its scope, that is carried on for the purpose of defining and regulating the relationship that should exist and be maintained between vital principles and conditions of living. In other words, individualism is the leaven in human society that dignifies labor, that distinguishes art from imitation, literature from scribbling, and religion from a habit. Lacking its recognition and influence, human effort of every description becomes stale, flat, and unprofitable.

With this honesty of purpose and breadth of view, it follows that the individualist at times finds himself in

agreement with the Socialist. In many directions he frankly recognizes the necessity of collective methods and action; nevertheless, through all and over all, he has his own peculiar interests at stake, which he proposes to champion and which he is convinced the American people are not yet, by any means, willing to overlook or resign.

Now, the distinguishing characteristic of hosts of thoughtful and progressive people nowadays is mental receptiveness. While to a great extent the minds of these people are centred on problems relating to social and industrial conditions, there are really few fixed principles or ideas of progress which they now implicitly believe in, or are determined resolutely to defend. From every conceivable point of view they have studied the situation, and innumerable weak spots relating to faith and works have been discovered. Summing up, these thoughtful, progressive, and successful people have come to the conclusion that most of their old-time ideas and principles are not so much out of place or unimportant as out of order. That there is certainly something very significant and very inspiring in the old-time methods and standards by means of which they themselves climbed the thorny road to material and spiritual success, they are willing to admit; but prosperity and other influences have changed and, as it were, softened their understanding of the laws of progress, and they are now coming round to the idea that these principles, so satisfactory in their own cases, cannot and must not be applied to the situation as it now confronts them in the twentieth century. That is to say, at this point public and private opinion break ranks and adopt opposing theories of progress.

Consequently, while unavoidably congratulating themselves on their own personal work and the achievement

connected with it, these thoughtful and successful people, in alliance with masses of comparatively unsuccessful people, are now busily racking their brains in an effort to devise ways and means to enable the present and future generations to climb the same ladder and secure the same satisfactory results in a quicker, easier, and wital in a more scientific manner.

Beating about the bush in this way, and bringing their theories and conclusions into contact with conditions as they are to-day in the social and industrial world, Americans of the most thoughtful type and of the most successful class have put and are putting aside their defensive armor, consisting for the most part of logical conclusions derived from the past, and are now freely assimilating a new order of ideas and impressions which they propose to put into practical operation in the different branches of social and industrial service. These people have not openly joined the ranks of the Socialists, but they are continually borrowing from their platform.

The general policy of this widespread movement in modern society is distinctly socialistic in its nature. Practically speaking, it is a movement for the improvement of conditions at the expense of principles. Called upon to express itself definitely in legislation and otherwise, it is now giving the country to understand that under stress of unsatisfactory social, industrial, and mental conditions, the hitherto generally accepted fundamentals of progressive and healthy civilization must, for the present at any rate, go by the board.

But there is a strange delusion connected with this socialistic movement for the regeneration of human society. The Socialists and their assistants propose to accomplish their ends in general by the restriction of individual initiative, and by abolishing private

property and the existing competitive system. In other words, the individual as owner and director of brains and property must go.

But the Socialist does not intend to deprive the individual and his work of a certain face value. His virtues and reputation may still be used for decorative or descriptive purposes; and right here the delusion comes in. For in some mysterious way the Socialist has persuaded himself that the energy, the inspiration, and the character, that are bound up in the freedom and initiative of the individual, are playthings, over which, in the future, his control is certain to be absolute. He imagines that these all-necessary and vital characteristics, ruthlessly discouraged and trampled upon by the terms of his present propaganda, will eventually reassert themselves and reassume their basic importance, under the stimulating influence of the socialistic legislation, with which it is now proposed to inoculate the social and industrial life of the nation.

Applied to the rest of the world and to the measures people in general are compelled to take to improve conditions, this contention or prophecy is absolutely correct, that is to say, private opinion is bound, sooner or later, to straighten things out; but applied to the Socialist and his programme, it is a ridiculous delusion. For the rest of the world has a deep-down private opinion with a spiritual background, — the Socialist has nothing of the kind. He has a bill of fare, but no conscience in the spiritual sense, for a conscience is the seat of the competitive method, and breeds all sort of individualisms. The Socialist has little faith in spiritual direction and solution of practical problems. His mind runs unswervingly in the rut of material conditions. His social and industrial eggs are all deposited in one material basket, conse-

quently he cannot anticipate either assistance or results in the future from influences which he has consistently scorned in the past.

Furthermore, a brief consideration of results already accomplished, and of tendencies and indications which, under socialistic treatment, are even now, here and there, coming to the surface, should be sufficient to dispel any lingering doubts on this subject.

For one thing, it is absolutely fatal to good government, as well as to human progress in general, to separate the individual from his personal responsibility. The substitution of collective interest and responsibility for personal responsibility and personal interest in a business establishment, on a railroad, or in human affairs of any description, must always be looked upon as a change for the worse. Applied to society, it is simply a return to the principle of the soulless corporation. Yet this is the central idea of the up-to-date doctrine and programme of the Socialist. For the Socialists, the labor-unions, and their sympathizers, are now saying to American workers in general, and to railroad men in particular, to the men in the shops and in the offices as well as to those on the road, —

'Exchange your individuality for your pay-roll and your conditions. Take no thought for the morrow. Look to your unions and to society for everything. Society is getting ready in bountiful measures to pension your veterans, to recompense you for injuries, to surround you with a healthy and comfortable environment, and to see to it that you are well clad, well fed, and well housed, and that your religion even is adapted and made to harmonize with your socialistic or unionized condition. All this and more of a similar and praiseworthy nature is to be secured on the distinct understanding that you must not interfere with these plans of the

Socialists, of your unions and of society in your behalf, by taking any personal share or responsibility in the proceedings. Society is willing to shoulder all the risk and take all the responsibility.'

### III

To a considerable extent this may truthfully be said to be a fair conception of the trend of affairs in modern industrial life. The Massachusetts Commission on Compensation for Industrial Accidents gives us an illustration of the abandonment of personal responsibility and interest in a proposed 'Compensation Act,' which provides compensation in cases of accidents to employees. Recovery is to be allowed in all cases from the employer, irrespective of negligence. The entire responsibility is to be placed upon the employer, without qualification, and the employee is expressly prohibited from contributing in any way toward providing a fund for his own protection.

These ideas and measures, tending to separate the individual from his personal responsibility, have taken a very practical turn on the railroads of the country. Here, as perhaps nowhere else, can the elimination of personal responsibility be studied in the light of results that are being meted out to the public every day in terms of accidents and destruction of property. In face of all manner of safeguards and systems of discipline, the general position that a man is not personally responsible for mistakes and negligence is becoming more and more evident. The history of the railroad business, and of public opinion in relation to it, goes to show that if a mistake is made it is not the man, but the conditions, that are to blame for it. The cure is supposed to consist in making the worker healthier, wealthier, and happi-

er, and in removing opportunity and temptation from his path. In this way, personal responsibility in American industrial life is resolving itself into something that resembles a hunt for germs.

Some time ago a sort of symposium of the opinion of railroad managers on the subject was printed in the *Railway Age Gazette*. No names were signed to the opinions, so these opinions are all the more likely to be truthful and accurate. The conclusions of the great majority of these men were voiced as follows:—

'The efficiency of labor on railroads is decreasing because the individual is losing his identity and becoming a mere unit in an organization. The men have shown no spirit towards increasing their own efficiency; higher pay seems to result in lower efficiency, both actually and per dollar of pay; and they resent bonus methods, the piece-work system, and other plans designed to obtain higher efficiency.'

This state of affairs illustrates the sacrifice of principles for conditions. Look where we will, in labor organizations and elsewhere, this is the game that is universally being played by Socialism and the Socialist, and the results of the campaign are by no means confined to the rank and file of the workers. The employer, the manager, and the politician, are all more or less entangled in the meshes of this basic industrial understanding. Consequently, and mysteriously here and there, we find the employer and the Socialist pulling together in the same direction. To account for this we must bear in mind the menace of the politician at the present day, and the tyranny of the manipulated labor vote. On the workingman as well as on the manager and the employer the general effect of this social and industrial understanding is the same. It standardizes

their movements, limits their mental output, and tends to obliterate their personality.

Just how this matter is looked upon by men of wide influence and knowledge of industrial life at the present day, makes interesting reading. One of these well-informed observers has this to say on the subject:—

‘No one is so well informed as the railroad president or manager on this socialistic trend in modern industrial life. In every guise, subtly or bluntly, the schemes of Socialism confront and perplex us. Forced by circumstances to deal with single concrete cases, we can do little to fend off the socialistic programme as a whole. At times still more regrettable, it is our inevitable lot to side with communistic proposals, *lest a worse befall*. Under pressure of this kind we are continually called upon to recognize, and even at times to prescribe, all sorts of “drowsy syrups of the east” to put individual initiative and responsibility to sleep. From above and below, this indiscriminate assault on principles in favor of conditions continues to perplex the employer and manager. Certain extensions of the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission, for example, while admittedly hampering the free play of individualism and tending unmistakably towards inefficiency of service, were favored by the railroads as against heterogeneous regulations that the several states might impose.’

Face to face with problems relating to the public interests, and to efficiency of service from the national standpoint, brought about by the socialistic trend of labor organizations and the labor vote on the one hand, and the perplexities of the employer and the manager on the other, the federal government, taking the bull by the horns, is now assuming the control and direction of affairs. The policy of the government

is summed up in the single word regulation. Just what this word means, and its method of application, has been strikingly enunciated by ex-President Roosevelt, in an article which was published a short time ago in the *Outlook*. In regard to the efficiency of labor, Mr. Roosevelt has taken his stand as follows:—

‘He, the workingman, ought to join with his fellows in a union, or in some similar association for mutual help and betterment, and in that association he should strive to raise higher his less competent brothers; but he should positively decline to allow himself to be dragged down to their level, and if he does thus permit himself to be dragged down the penalty is the loss of individual, of class, and finally of *national efficiency*.’

Now, whether generally understood or not, this leveling process which Mr. Roosevelt so emphatically condemns is written either by implication or actual affirmation into the constitution of practically every labor union and socialistic platform in the country. Be this as it may, however, Mr. Roosevelt not only detects these indications of social and industrial paralysis, but confidently points to the remedy. He affirms,—

‘We should consistently favor labor organizations when they act well, and as fearlessly oppose them when they act badly. I wish to see labor organizations powerful; and the minute that any organization becomes powerful, it becomes powerful for evil as well as for good; and when organized labor becomes sufficiently powerful the state will have to *regulate the collective use of labor*, just as it must regulate the collective use of capital.’

The italics are the present writer’s. Mr. Roosevelt, however, is clearly reckoning without his host. As a matter of fact, neither the socialistic pro-



paganda nor the organization or principles of union labor are amenable to state or any other regulation. True, you may bring the industrial horse to this particular brook, but you cannot force him to drink. The state can regulate the railroad, the capitalist, and the manager, because it can block their progress and compel them to do as the law directs in their public capacities as caterers to the public service. But the teachings of Socialism and the unwritten laws and influences of organized labor are not subject to legislation of any kind. The leveling process in modern industry, the blocking of individual ambition and initiative, and the elimination of personal responsibility, are beyond the reach of human laws.

As Mr. Roosevelt correctly affirms, these influences threaten the foundation of national efficiency. At this problem of national efficiency the writer of this article has from the beginning leveled his arguments and illustrations. As he looks at it, Socialism and national inefficiency are synonymous. Some of the dangerous tendencies that threaten society in this respect have been noted. But, contrary to Mr. Roosevelt's ideas on the subject, the remedy must come from within, and not from without. The key to the situation lies in the inevitable outbreak of what is at present latent private opinion. The reality of this force at the root of American civilization is not open to doubt. Among the workers themselves it is awake and awakening. To think that any class in the community, with the exception of the most radical socialists, will consent in the long run to national inefficiency, is the height of absurdity. The question now remains, in what manner and along what lines can Socialism best be discredited, and the universal private opinion on the subject be aroused to a proper appreciation of its impending duties.

## IV

But before a final word is said on the nature and efficacy of American private opinion, there are yet one or two shafts in the quiver of the Socialist to which passing attention must be directed.

For one thing the Socialist has no use for the capitalist. The individualist, on the other hand, does not wish to shirk any responsibility in the matter. He boldly pins his faith to the method and the man. He believes in the activities and utilities connected with money, when properly applied, just as he believes in the brains of the Socialist when they are utilized in a sane and conservative manner. Broadly speaking, in the wholesale abuse of the American capitalist, public opinion and the Socialist join hands. Private opinion in thought, word, and deed does nothing of the kind. For the capitalist idea is born with every human creature. It is at the root of every known and approved educational and civilizing process. Every man, woman, or child, including Socialists, who is not a capitalist, in thought, word, and deed, is a social failure. A capitalist, of course, is not only a banker, a mill-owner, or an employer of groups of working people; he represents, in fact, the accumulating and distributing process by means of which in times past, as well as to-day, fabulous fortunes, the wonders of engineering skill, the progress of industry and art, as well as all that is best in national thought and sympathy, together with many great social wrongs, of course, have been brought into being, kept alive, and encouraged.

In dealing with the capitalist principle, however, you cannot separate the man from the process. It is impossible to cut the capitalist or the competitive principle into fractions. To encourage industry, thrift, and honor-

able emulation in the young, and then refuse to manhood their natural exercise and remuneration is the height of social and economic absurdity. To destroy the one is to uproot the other. As the individualist looks at it, then, the capitalist principle covers the earth, upon the whole, with beneficent influence.

The capitalist and the competitive system, of course, go hand in hand. Basking in the sun of unprecedented success in every branch of human endeavor, the present generation is apt to lose sight of the aggressive nature of the socialist campaign in America. The Socialist is the most aggressive factor in modern society, yet he scorns the competitive method. He poses as a lover of peace; he believes in coöperation, particularly among those who accept the principles of Socialism. He bows to the majority, although he attaches very little significance to majority verdicts when they are not in his favor. As a rule, he believes in peaceful methods of adjusting difficulties and securing reforms. When unable to make his point however, or when he is defeated at the polls, he usually assumes a Micawber-like attitude. He is willing to wait for something to turn up, — until the intelligence of the people, for example, is able to grasp and comprehend the beatitudes contained in his principles and programmes. The attitude of Socialists all over the world toward the matter of war between nations is generally understood. The party is receiving considerable credit for this attitude. Socialists would have peace at any price. But, although the principle is the same, and the profit-and-loss is at times somewhat similar, industrial peace does not seem to appeal to them in the same way.

At the recent International Congress of the Socialists, held in Copen-

hagen, Denmark, the proposition to resort to a universal strike in the event of war was seriously considered and finally given to the International Bureau to be studied and inquired into. This congress, representing many millions of able-bodied men, took a very strong position in favor of stopping war by every means.

Standing by itself, the position of Socialism in regard to these modern wars and armaments is entirely commendable. Coöperation, brotherly love, and sufferance have their place in modern society, and glorious missions at that; nevertheless, above all and through all, from the progressive point of view, the most indispensable, perhaps the greatest, thing in the world is simply friction. Humanly speaking, the principle spreads itself out into all manner of life-giving, life-energizing undertakings. All life seems to have some kind of a frictional outset. At this point the competitive system of the universe begins its career. The competitive, the aggressive principle is simply the growing principle; and in these days when so much that is vital to the community is being sacrificed for the sake of harmony, and when the Socialist is making so much capital out of his pacific doctrines, a few additional words on the nature of competition and its significance will not be out of place.

Contention of every kind is, of course, a matter of degree and method. A fight may be the outcome of greed, hatred, or love. True, there is a kind of person who has no use for competition or a row in any form, and by the way, you cannot have the former without a sprinkling of the latter, for the very good reason that probably ninety-five per cent of the people one meets on the street, Socialists included, have this competitive and aggressive spirit tucked away and in tapable form somewhere in their anatomies. But here again, and

in a marked degree, public and private opinion are usually opposed to each other. Private opinion is continually projecting peaceful methods and ideas into the future.

The individualist, however, merges a good deal of his idealism in the stern logic of things as they are and as they have been. If we allow the history of individuals or of the race to speak for itself, it will inform us that progress on the whole is the result of positive and negative human batteries. In order to start human activity of any kind, a natural contention between the elements is absolutely essential. It remains for us to guide and humanize the activities without destroying the competitive nature of the human battery.

The individualist makes no apology for war under any pretense. He would do away with it now and forever. As a matter of fact, the individualist is inherently more pacific than the Socialist, in the same way and somewhat for the same reason that an individual is usually less excitable than a crowd. As for the past, the individualist can neither defend the principle of war nor account for its persistent manifestation in every age and in almost every country unless he looks upon it as a relic of barbarism, destined to be obliterated, as in fact it is being obliterated, with the gradual disappearance of barbaric ideas. To give an intelligent reason for warfare in ages gone by, it would certainly be necessary to fathom and to be versed in the psychology of the barbaric mind. This is beyond the ken or the reach of the historian. But in defending the competitive method as a whole, it is pardonable for the individualist to take note of some of the compensations which seem to have accompanied the history of warfare in all ages.

For one thing, successful warfare is at all times a personal matter. Thus a nation is successful in war, not alto-

gether because of its well-planned collective arrangement, its large army and navy, or even because its soldiers and sailors are particularly well-trained, but because it has the power of its manhood and its fighting blood at its back.

The Socialist, of course, will not listen to this argument. He has declared war against the competitive and capitalist systems from beginning to end, and the battle between the opposing forces must now be fought to a finish on competitive planes in the arena of life, by modern methods of discussion and experiment.

But to put a stop to war between nations is only an incidental feature of the Socialist's programme. He desires not only to eliminate competitive ideas and methods between nations and individuals, but also as much as possible between the individual and his environment. Here he touches the very heart of things. The design itself in all its nakedness, its application, and manifest effect on organic life has been aptly illustrated by an experiment recently performed by a German professor, whose object was to investigate the action of the competitive method on the organism. It is not necessary to agree with this professor from beginning to end in order to appreciate the drift of his story. The experiment was described in the *New York Herald* somewhat as follows:—

The professor started his experiment with the idea that eating, sleeping, love-making, and warfare are the four main physiological actions necessary for the maintenance of the human race on this extremely slippery globe. He took for his purpose a number of frogs in the embryo state. Some of these he brought up in a sterilized tank, on sterilized food, giving them nothing but sterilized water to swim in. No ills or troubles could possibly affect them.

Each could, so to speak, sit under his own fig tree and enjoy the fruit of his own vineyard without fear of attack from boy or microbe. The rest of the frogs he brought up in the natural way, exposing them to all chances and enemies, especially microbes. Now, what happened? Of the unprotected frogs, a few died from the diseases and severities to which they were exposed, but the remainder grew up into fine healthy frogs, a credit to their class. Of the protected frogs, on the other hand, all grew to froghood, but they had been happier dead, for they were miserable anæmic creatures, a disgrace to their class. The former had been reared on the individualistic diet of freedom and competition, the latter upon the misdirected brotherhood and protective method of the Socialist.

Reduced to concrete form, this illustration simply raises the question as to whether it is better, healthier, and wiser that a given community should be constituted of about nine hundred and fifty strenuous individuals, battling in all the ups and downs of a competitive system of progress, or of one thousand listless creatures, dreamily satisfied and inevitably headed towards extinction.

Finally, the individualist does not propose silently to submit to the domination of public opinion, political for the most part, in these matters of social and industrial development. Private opinion is forever working out into higher standards of public opinion. True, Socialism is aggressive and has many allies, but luckily the individualist also is a born fighter. To have and to hold is his avowed slogan. The burden of ages is upon his back. He believes that when men are as individuals free to work, to earn, to save, and use their earnings as they see fit, the capable, the industrious, the temperate, and the intelligent, everywhere tend to rise to prosperity. The real interests

of society are bound up, not so much in the completely conditioned individual as in him, in every walk of life, 'that overcometh.' Working along these lines the individualist has hitherto always been looked upon as the all-necessary and paramount unit in social and industrial progress. To-day, as never before, he is called upon to defend this position and reassert these principles. National efficiency itself is at stake.

Among other characteristics the individualist has the plain-speaking habit. Some time ago, in a public debate, Mr. George B. Hugo, president of the Employers' Association of Massachusetts, addressed a body of Socialists as follows:—

'Do you as Socialists,' he said, 'for one moment believe that the unjust taking or confiscating of property by the simple act of the stroke of the pen will be accepted peaceably by individuals who now own property? Individual freedom and the private ownership of property will not be superseded by slavery and collective ownership without a struggle.'

Mr. Hugo is right, for it is quite as reprehensible to confiscate the ambition of the worker as it is to steal the property of the capitalist. But the struggle and the constructive work in the future are to be in the main, and to begin with, an internal movement. It is to be a revolt of American private opinion against Socialism and national inefficiency. One of the principal agents in this revolt is likely to be the enlightened, well-paid, well-conditioned, and well-organized laboring man. Religion, industry, and political science are all vitally interested in the leveling-up process. In reality, they are all of one private mind on the subject. The struggle in the future will consist in bringing these facts to the surface.

Personally, however, the present writer has no desire—probably no

business — to preach a sermon on the principles and prospects of American democracy. Its traditions and antecedents are not his. Years ago he appeared on the scene like a ship on the horizon, drifting languidly on the waters, with sails flapping in a spiritless breeze. Since then his opportunities have been great; his gratitude is still greater. He has inhaled the democratic atmosphere, absorbed what he con-

sidered to be its spirit, and appropriated to his own use what he could of its splendid lessons. In his opinion it is no mean privilege to be even heir-at-law to such a heritage. He makes no apology either for his opinions or his egotism. The ship, meanwhile, sails on, full-rigged and bountifully freighted; no longer becalmed but with a number of 'bones,' socialistic and otherwise, 'in her teeth.'

## THE TWO GENERATIONS

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

It is always interesting to see ourselves through the eyes of others, even though that view may be most unflattering. The recent 'Letter to the Rising Generation,'<sup>1</sup> if I may judge from the well-thumbed and underscored copy of the *Atlantic* which I picked up in the College Library, has been read with keen interest by many of my fellows, and doubtless, too, with a more emphatic approval, by our elders. The indictment of an entire generation must at its best be a difficult task, but the author of the article has performed it with considerable circumspection, skirting warily the vague and the abstract, and passing from the judge's bench to the pulpit with a facility that indicates that justice is to be tempered with mercy. The rather appalling picture which she draws of past generations holding their breath to see what my contemporaries will make of themselves suggests, too, that we are still on probation, and so before final judg-

ment is passed, it may be pertinent to attempt, if not, from the hopeless nature of the case, a defense, at least, an extenuation of ourselves.

The writer's charge is pretty definite. It is to the effect that the rising generation in its reaction upon life and the splendid world which has been handed down to it shows a distinct softening of human fibre, spiritual, intellectual, and physical, in comparison with the generations which have preceded it. The most obvious retort to this is, of course, that the world in which we find ourselves is in no way of our own making, so that if our reactions to it are unsatisfactory, or our rebellious attitude toward it distressing, it is at least a plausible assumption that the world itself, despite the responsible care which the passing generation bestowed upon it, may be partly to blame.

But this, after all, is only begging the question. The author herself admits that we are the victims of educational experiments, and, in any event,

<sup>1</sup> *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1911.

each generation is equally guiltless of its world. We recognize with her that the complexity of the world we face only makes more necessary our bracing up for the fray. Her charge that we are not doing this overlooks, however, certain aspects of the situation which go far to explain our seemingly deplorable qualities.

The most obvious fact which presents itself in this connection is that the rising generation has practically brought itself up. School discipline, since the abolition of corporal punishment, has become almost nominal; church discipline practically nil; and even home discipline, although retaining the forms, is but an empty shell. The modern child from the age of ten is almost his own 'boss.' The helplessness of the modern parent face to face with these conditions is amusing. What generation but the one to which our critic belongs could have conceived of 'mothers' clubs' conducted by the public schools, in order to teach mothers how to bring up their children! The modern parent has become a sort of Parliament registering the decrees of a Grand Monarque, and occasionally protesting, though usually without effect, against a particularly drastic edict.

I do not use this assertion as a text for an indictment of the preceding generation; I am concerned, like our critic, only with results. These are a peculiarly headstrong and individualistic character among the young people, and a complete bewilderment on the part of the parents. The latter frankly do not understand their children, and their lack of understanding and of control over them means a lack of the moral guidance which, it has always been assumed, young people need until they are safely launched in the world. The two generations misunderstand each other as they never did before.

This fact is a basal one to any comprehension of the situation.

Now let us see how the rising generation brings itself up. It is perfectly true that the present-day secondary education, that curious fragmentary relic of a vitally humanistic age, does not appeal to them. They will tell you frankly that they do not see any use in it. Having brought themselves up, they judge utility by their own standards, and not by those of others. Might not the fact that past generations went with avidity to their multiplication table, their Latin grammar, and their English Bible, whereas the rising generation does not, imply that the former found some intellectual sustenance in those things which the latter fails to find? The appearance of industrial education on the field, and the desperate attempts of educational theory to make the old things palatable, which fifty years ago were gulped down raw, argues, too, that there may be a grain of truth in our feeling. Only after a serious examination of our intellectual and spiritual viands should our rejection of them be attributed to a disordered condition of our stomachs.

The author's charge that the rising generation betrays an extraordinary love of pleasure is also true. The four years' period of high-school life among the children of the comfortable classes, is, instead of being a preparation for life, literally one round of social gaiety. But it is not likely that this is because former generations were less eager for pleasure, but rather because they were more rigidly repressed by parents and custom, while their energy was directed into other channels, religious, for instance. But now, with every barrier removed, we have the unique spectacle of a youthful society where there is perfectly free intercourse, an unforced social life of equals, in which there are bound to develop



educative influences of profound significance. Social virtues will be learned better in such a society than they can ever be from moral precepts. An important result of this camaraderie is that the boy's and the girl's attitude toward life, their spiritual outlook, has come to be the same. The line between the two 'spheres' has long disappeared in the industrial classes; it is now beginning to fade among the comfortable classes.

Our critic has not seen that this avidity for pleasure is a natural ebullition which, flaring up naturally, within a few years as naturally subsides. It goes, too, without that ennui of overstimulation; and the fact that it has been will relieve us of the rising generation from feeling that envy which invariably creeps into the tone of the passing generation when they say, 'We did not go such a pace when we were young.' After this period of pleasure has begun to subside, there ensues for those who have not been prematurely forced into industry, a strange longing for independence. This feeling is most striking among the girls of the rising generation, and crops up in the most unexpected places, in families in the easiest circumstances, where to the preceding generation the idea of caring to do anything except stay at home and get married, if possible, would have been inconceivable. They want somehow to feel that they are standing on their own feet. Like their brothers, they begin to chafe under the tutelage, nominal though it is, of the home. As a result, these daughters of the comfortable classes go into trained nursing, an occupation which twenty years ago was deemed hardly respectable; or study music, or do settlement work, or even public-school teaching. Of course, girls who have had to earn their own living have long done these things; the significant point is that the late rapid in-

crease in these professions comes from those who have a comfortable niche in society all prepared for them. I do not argue that this proves any superior quality of character on the part of this generation, but it does at least fail to suggest a desire to lead lives of ignoble sloth.

The undergraduate feels this spirit, too. He often finds himself vaguely dissatisfied with what he has acquired, and yet does not quite know what else would have been better for him. He stands on the threshold of a career, with a feeling of boundless possibility, and yet often without a decided bent toward any particular thing. One could do almost anything were one given the opportunity, and yet, after all, just what shall one do? Our critic has some very hard things to say about this attitude. She attributes it to an egotistic philosophy, imperfectly absorbed. But may it not rather be the result of that absence of repression in our bringing-up, of that rigid moulding which made our grandfathers what they were?

It must be remembered that we of the rising generation have to work this problem out all alone. Pastors, teachers, and parents flutter aimlessly about with their ready-made formulas, but somehow these are less efficacious than they used to be. I doubt if any generation was ever thrown quite so completely on its own resources as ours is. Through it all, the youth as well as the girl feels that he wants to count for something in life. His attitude, which seems so egotistical to his elders, is the result of this and of a certain expansive outlook, rather than any love of vain-glory. He has never known what it was to be moulded, and he shrinks a little perhaps from going through that process. The traditional professions have lost some of their automatic appeal. They do con-

ventionalize, and furthermore, the youth, looking at many of their representatives, the men who 'count' in the world to-day, may be pardoned if he feels sometimes as if he did not want to count in just that way. The youth 'who would not take special training because it would interfere with his sacred individuality' is an unfair caricature of this weighing, testing attitude toward the professions. The elder generation should remember that it is no longer the chartered sea that it was to our grandfathers, and be accordingly lenient with us of the rising generation.

Business, to the youth standing on the threshold of life, presents a similar dilemma. Too often it seems like a choice between the routine of a mammoth impersonal corporation, and chicanery of one kind or another, or the living by one's wits within the pale of honesty. The predatory individualist, the 'hard-as-nails' specimen, does exist, of course, but we are justified in ignoring him here; for, however much his tribe may increase, it is certain that it will not be his kind, but the more spiritually sensitive, the amorphous ones of the generation, who will impress some definite character upon the age, and ultimately count for good or evil, as a social force. With these latter, it should be noted, that, although this is regarded as a mercenary age, the question of gain, to an increasingly large number, has little to do with the final decision.

The economic situation in which we find ourselves, and to which not only the free, of whom we have been speaking, but also the unfree of the rising generation are obliged to react, is perhaps the biggest factor in explaining our character. In this reaction the rising generation has a very real feeling of coming straight up against a wall of diminishing opportunity. I do not see

how it can be denied that practical opportunity is less for this generation than it has been for those preceding it. The man of fifty years ago, if he was intellectually inclined, was able to get his professional training at small expense, and usually under the personal guidance of his elders; if commercially inclined, he could go into a small, settled, self-respecting business house, practically a profession in itself and a real school of character. If he had a broader outlook, there was the developing West for him, or the growing industrialism of the East. It looks, at least from this distance, as if opportunity were easy for that generation. They had the double advantage of being more circumscribed in their outlook, and of possessing more ready opportunity at hand.

But these times have passed forever. Nowadays, professional training is lengthy and expensive; independent business requires big capital for success; and there is no more West. It is still as true as ever that the exceptional man will always 'get there,' but now it is likely to be only the exceptional man, whereas formerly all the able 'got there,' too. The only choice for the vast majority of the young men of to-day is between being swallowed up in the routine of a big corporation, and experiencing the vicissitudes of a small business, which is now an uncertain, rickety affair, usually living by its wits, in the hands of men who are forced to subordinate everything to self-preservation, and in which the employee's livelihood is in constant jeopardy. The growing consciousness of this situation explains many of the peculiar characteristics of our generation.

It has a direct bearing on the question of responsibility. Is it not sound doctrine that one becomes responsible only by being made responsible for some-

thing? Now, what incentive to responsibility is produced by the industrial life of to-day? In the small business there is the frank struggle for gain between employer and employee, a contest of profits *vs.* wages, each trying to get the utmost possible out of the other. The only kind of responsibility that this can possibly breed is the responsibility for one's own subsistence. In the big business, the employee is simply a small part of a big machine; his work counts for so little that he can rarely be made to feel any intimate responsibility for it.

Then, too, our haphazard industrial system offers such magnificent opportunities to a young man to get into the wrong place. He is forced by necessity to go early, without the least training or interest, into the first thing which offers itself. The dull, specialized routine of the modern shop or office, so different from the varied work and the personal touch which created interest in the past, is the last thing on earth that will mould character or produce responsibility. When the situation with an incentive appears, however, we are as ready as any generation, I believe, to meet it.

I have seen too many young men, of the usual futile bringing-up and negligible training, drift idly about from one 'job' to another, without apparent ambition, until something happened to be presented to them which had a spark of individuality about it, whereupon they faced about and threw themselves into the task with an energy that brought success and honor, — I have seen too much of this not to wonder, somewhat impiously perhaps, whether this boasted character of our fathers was not rather the result of their coming into contact with the proper stimulus at the proper time, than of any tougher, grittier strain in their spiritual fibre. Those

among our elders, who, deploring Socialism, insist so strenuously on the imperfections of human nature, ought not to find fault with the theory that frail humanity is under the necessity of receiving the proper stimulus before developing a good character or becoming responsible.

Nor is the rising generation any the less capable of effort when conditions call it forth. I wonder how our critic accounts for the correspondence schools which have sprung up so abundantly within the past fifteen years. They are patronized by large numbers of young men and women who have had little academic training and have gone early into industry. It is true that the students do not spend their time on the Latin grammar; they devote themselves to some kind of technical course which they have been led to believe will qualify them for a better position. But the fact that they are thus willing to devote their spare time to study certainly does not indicate a lack of effort. Rather, it is the hardest kind of effort, for it is directed toward no immediate end, and, more than that, it is superimposed on the ordinary work, which is usually quite arduous enough to fatigue the youth.

Young apprentices in any branch where there is some kind of technical or artistic appeal, such as mechanics or architecture, show an almost incredible capacity of effort, often spending, as I have seen them do, whole days over problems. I know too a young man who, appointed very young to political office, found that the law would be useful to him, and travels every evening to a near-by city to take courses. His previous career had been most inglorious, well calculated by its aimlessness to ruin any 'character'; but the incentive was applied, and he proved quite capable of putting forth a surprising amount of steady effort.

Our critics are perhaps misled by the fact that these young men do not announce with a blare of trumpets that they are about to follow in the footsteps of an Edison or a Webster. It must be admitted that even such men as I have cited do still contrive to work into their time a surprising amount of pleasure. But the whole situation shows conclusively, I think, that our author has missed the point when she says that the rising generation shows a real softening of the human fibre. It is rather that we have the same reserves of ability and effort, but that from the complex nature of the economic situation these reserves are not unlocked so early or so automatically as with former generations.

The fact that our fathers did not need correspondence schools or night schools, or such things, implies either that they were not so anxious as we to count in the world, or that success was an easier matter in their day, either of which conclusions furnishes a pretty good extenuation of our own generation. We cannot but believe that our difficulties are greater in this generation; it is difficult to see that the effort we put forth to overcome these difficulties is not proportional to that increase. I am aware that to blame your surroundings when the fault lies in your own character is the one impiety which rouses the horror of present-day moral teachers. Can it not count to us for good, then, that most of us, while coming theoretically to believe that this economic situation explains so much of our trouble, yet continue to act as if our deficiencies were all our own fault?

Our critic is misled by the fact that we do not talk about unselfishness and self-sacrifice and duty, as her generation apparently used to do, into thinking that we do not know what these things mean. It is true that we do not fuss and fume about our souls, or tend

our characters like a hot-house plant. This is a changing, transitional age, and our view is outward rather than inward. In an age of newspapers, free libraries, and cheap magazines, we necessarily get a broader horizon than the passing generation had. We see what is going on in the world, and we get the clash of different points of view, to an extent which was impossible to our fathers. We cannot be blamed for acquiring a suspicion of ideals, which, however powerful their appeal once was, seem singularly impotent now, or if we seek for motive forces to replace them, or for new terms in which to restate the world. We have an eagerness to understand the world in which we live that amounts almost to a passion. We want to get behind the scenes, to see how the machinery of the modern world actually works. We are curious to learn what other people are thinking, and to get at the forces that have produced their point of view. We dabble in philanthropy as much from curiosity to see how people live as from any feeling of altruism. We read all sorts of strange philosophies to get the personal testimony of men who are interpreting the world. In the last analysis, we have a passion to understand why people act as they do.

We have, as a result, become impatient with the conventional explanations of the older generation. We have retained from childhood the propensity to see through things, and to tell the truth with startling frankness. This must, of course, be very disconcerting to a generation, so much of whose activity seems to consist in glossing over the unpleasant things or hiding the blemishes on the fair face of civilization. There are too many issues evaded which we would like to meet. Many of us find, sooner or later, that the world is a very different sort of place from what our carefully deodor-

ized and idealized education would have us believe.

When we find things simply not as they are painted, is it any wonder that we turn to the new prophets rather than to the old? We are more than half confident that the elder generation does not itself really believe all the conventional ideals which it seeks to force upon us, and much of our presumption is a result of the contempt we naturally feel for such timorousness. Too many of your preachers seem to be whistling simply to keep up your courage. The plain truth is that the younger generation is acquiring a positive faith, in contact with which the nerveless negations of the elder generation feel their helplessness without knowing just what to do about it except to scold the young.

This positive aspect is particularly noticeable in the religion of the rising generation. As our critic says, the religious thinking of the preceding generation was destructive and uncertain. We are demanding a definite faith, and our spiritual centre is rapidly shifting from the personal to the social in religion. Not personal salvation, but social; not our own characters, but the character of society, is our interest and concern. We feel social injustice as our fathers felt personal sin. Settlement work and socialist propaganda, things done fifty years ago only by rare and heroic souls like Kingsley, Ruskin, and Maurice, are now the commonplaces of the undergraduate.

The religion that will mean anything to the rising generation will be based on social ideals. An essay like ex-President Eliot's 'Religion of the Future,' which in a way synthesizes science and history and these social ideals and gives them the religious tinge which every age demands, supplies a real working religious platform to many a young man and woman

of the rising generation, and an inspiration of which our elders can form no conception. Perhaps it is unfair to call this religion at all. Perhaps it is simply the scientific attitude toward the world. But I am sure that it is more than this; I am sure that it is the scientific attitude tinged with the religious that will be ours of the rising generation. We find that we cannot keep apart our religion, our knowledge, our practice, and our hopes in water-tight compartments, as our ancestors did. We are beginning to show an incorrigible tendency to work our spiritual assimilations into one intelligible, constructive whole.

It is to this attitude rather than to a softening of fibre that I think we may lay our growing disinclination to deity sacrifice and suffering. A young chemistry student said to me the other day, 'Science means that nothing must be wasted!' This idea somehow gets mixed up with human experience, and we come to believe that human life and happiness are things that must not be wasted. Might it not be that such a belief that human waste of life and happiness was foolish and unnecessary would possibly be of some avail in causing that waste to disappear? And one of the most inspiring of the prophets to the rising generation, William James, has told us that certain 'moral equivalents' of these things are possible which will prevent that incurable decaying of fibre which the elder generation so anxiously fears.

Another result of this attitude is our growing belief in political machinery. We are demanding of our preachers that they reduce quality to quantity. 'Stop talking about liberty and justice and love, and show us institutions, or concerted attempts to model institutions that shall be free or just or lovely,' we cry. You have been trying so long to reform the world by making

men 'good,' and with such little success, that we may be pardoned if we turn our attention to the machinery of society, and give up for a time the attempt to make the operators of that machinery strictly moral. We are disgusted with sentimentality. Indeed, the charm of Socialism to so many of the rising generation is just that scientific aspect of it, its claim of historical basis, and its very definite and concrete organization for the attainment of its ends. A philosophy which gives an illuminating interpretation of the present, and a vision of the future, with a definitely crystallized plan of action with concrete methods, however unsound it may all be, can hardly be said to appeal simply to the combination of 'a weak head, a soft heart, and a desire to shirk.'

Placed in such a situation as we are, and with such an attitude toward the world, we are as interested as you and the breathless generations behind you to see what destinies we shall work out for ourselves. An unpleasantly large proportion of our energy is now drained off in fighting the fetishes which you of the elder generation have passed along to us, and which, out of some

curious instinct of self-preservation, you so vigorously defend. We, on the other hand, are becoming increasingly doubtful whether you believe in yourselves quite so thoroughly as you would have us think. Your words are very brave, but the tone is hollow. Your mistrust of us, and your reluctance to convey over to us any of your authority in the world, looks a little too much like the fear and dislike that doubt always feels in the presence of conviction, to be quite convincing. We believe in ourselves; and this fact, we think, is prophetic for the future. We have an indomitable feeling that we shall attain, or if not, that we shall pave the way for a generation that shall attain.

Meanwhile our constructive work is hampered by your distrust, while you blame us for our lack of accomplishment. Is this an attitude calculated to increase our responsibility and our self-respect? Would it not be better in every way, more constructive and more fruitful, to help us in our aspirations and endeavors, or, failing that, at least to strive to understand just what those aspirations and endeavors are?



## ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

BY M. E. HAGGERTY

Go to the ant, thou sluggard;  
Consider her ways and be wise:  
Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler,  
Provideth her meat in the summer,  
And gathereth her food in the harvest.

FROM Solomon to Roosevelt and John Burroughs the human race has displayed an interest in the habits of animals. The most versatile of the Greeks foreshadowed the course of all later natural histories. The *Historia Animalium*, written about 345 B. C. is bubbling over with the same sort of facts that one finds in the books of natural history to-day. 'It is the instinct of the hedgehog,' wrote Aristotle, 'to alter the entrance to his burrow when the wind changes from the north to the south, or to change from wall to wall at the approach of weather changes'; 'the woodpecker has been known to place an almond in a crack of the tree to prepare it for a blow of his bill, and in its hunt for worms in the bark of trees, it hollows them out so much as to throw them down'; 'the disposition of sheep is foolish and without sense, but many animals in their mode of life appear to *imitate* mankind'; 'because the cuckoo is conscious of its own timidity, it lays its eggs in the nests of other birds that its young may be cared for'; and the philosopher's pigeons 'can distinguish ten different varieties of hawks.' The reader can but marvel at the wealth of material which Aristotle gathered together, though he may often be amused at the *naïveté* of the interpretations.

Historically, animal psychology falls

into three main divisions: the natural-history period, from Aristotle to Darwin; the critical period, including Darwin, Romanes, and Lloyd Morgan; and the experimental period, which, beginning with Lloyd Morgan, is now in full career. The Darwinian period differs from all that went before chiefly in a more scientific scrutiny of the anecdotal material, and a careful arrangement of this material with a view to substantiating a psychological theory: with Darwin and Romanes, the continuity of mental life throughout the animal race including man; with Morgan the dominance of instinctive behavior and accidental learning. The experimental period, taking its cue from Morgan, was at first dominated by Morgan's bias, but is now freeing itself from all presuppositions except that it is worth while to know what animals do, and what psychological processes they have.

The recent interest in the behavior of animals has arisen from interest in two other sciences. Psychologists, stimulated largely by the writings of William James, have shown an increasing desire to know the genesis of the human mind. Two possible avenues of approach present themselves: the study of the child, and the study of the mind as it appears in the animal world. So for a number of years we have had genetic psychology in the schools, ontogenetic psychology, and phylogenetic psychology. In approaching either of these fields, however, it was found that the most one

could do was to speculate on the basis of a meagre collection of facts. This was particularly true of phylogenetic psychology, because all the material available consisted of the anecdotes collected from widely scattered sources. That some of this material was authentic no one doubted. Some of it had been gathered by such accurate scientists as Darwin and Romanes. But some of it also came from the hand of such good story-tellers as Buffon and Brehm. So much of it gave evidence of being colored by the reporter's own illusions that to separate the true from the imagined was an impossible task. Students in the field realized that if we were to have a phylogenesis of mind that was in the least degree reliable we must have new data collected under conditions that were accurately known. That the collection of such data was to be a slow task was evident from the start; the work could only be done by men trained in the methods of science who could devote large amounts of time to the work.

The movement began from the psychological end with the publication in 1898 of a monograph by Thorndike on *Animal Intelligence*, the important part of the paper being the report of a series of experiments on chickens, cats, and dogs. This was followed by a paper by Dr. Small on the mental processes of the white rat. Other papers followed from both the Columbia and Clark laboratories, and before long a number of American universities were conducting research along similar lines.

Almost contemporaneously with this movement downward along the phylogenetic scale, biological science took a new departure. Attention had long been given to morphological and structural science, but for a time at least it shifted to a study of the *processes of nature*. This movement has recently

been characterized by Professor Jennings in these words: 'A new spirit has permeated biological science in every division, — in brief, the desire to see the processes of nature occurring, and to modify and control these processes, — not merely to judge what processes must have occurred. In the words of the young Clerk Maxwell, we wish "to see the particular go" of the processes of nature. . . . In the new spirit of work the desire is to see the things happening, not to conclude what must have happened. We wish to see the processes themselves, not merely the results of the processes.' An early result of this new biological spirit was the study of the behavior of simple organisms. It was a study, not of what organs an animal has, how many it has, and where they are located, so much as a study of how an animal behaves under changing environmental conditions.

Naturally, the genetic psychologist had much in common with this new biological spirit, and the two sciences have met in common territory. The outcome has been a collection and grouping of facts that may well lay claim to being called a new science, a science which in its present intention, at least, is essentially experimental, and which we may call the science of animal behavior.

When one speaks of studying an animal experimentally it must not be understood that the animal is to be sliced, to be tortured, to be put into cramped conditions, to be placed at a disadvantage. To experiment means to know and to control the conditions under which the animal behaves. To draw one's finger across the path of an ant with a view to seeing how the behavior of the ant is changed is to experiment. The animal must be free to do its best, it must be kept in health and free from fear. It must be given a square deal, and be allowed to display

every atom of sense-power or intelligence that it can muster. On the other hand, it is absolutely necessary that all the modifying conditions that play any part in the animal's behavior must be known, and that in successive experiments they must be individually varied so that the exact effect of each will be discovered.

The following will make clear what I mean. In the Harvard Psychological Laboratory the writer was studying a dog's power of visual discrimination. We never can know much about the dog's intelligence until we know something more about his senses. Can a dog see colors? Does he recognize persons by sight or smell? To what extent can he discriminate between two forms? How accurately does he distinguish varying shades of brightness?

To test certain of these matters a device of this sort was used: The stimuli for reaction were two circles of flashed opal glass through each of which a twenty-five watt tungsten lamp sent its rays. The circles were separated by a wooden partition and the dog must pass down a four-foot board alley and select one of the two circles by going to one or the other side of the partition. In case the small circle was selected a trap in the bottom of the alley was opened by a sliding door and the dog, a cocker spaniel, was allowed to get food. In order that the animal might not be guided by smell, similar food cups were placed on either side of the partition, and in each of them were placed pieces of food of the same size and kind. That she should not rely on the position of the smaller disc, the circles of glass were arranged in an aluminum slide which could be shifted from right to left and back. The smaller disc thus appeared irregularly on the right and left side of the partition. To prevent the dog choosing by the brightness of the disc, the lights

were fastened to lamp carriages which were mounted on tracks. The lamps could thus be moved far away from the glass or brought close to it, thereby altering the relative brightness of the two discs. To minimize the difference in the amount of heat coming from the lamps at unequal distances, water cells for the absorption of heat were placed back of the glass. Further to eliminate differences in light, the whole apparatus was painted a dead black and used in a dark room.

By thus ruling out smell, regularity of position, and differences in shape, light, and heat, it was intended to force discrimination by a single visual factor, namely, size. In later experiments the sense for shape, position, heat, light, and color could be made, and finally we could arrive at an accurate knowledge of a dog's power of vision. Each of the factors could be varied independently and the part played by each accurately determined.

My experience with the first dog tried shows how difficult it is to keep tab on all the factors involved. My method was to give the dog from ten to fifty trials a day until she learned to choose a three-centimeter circle in preference to a six-centimeter circle at least eighty or ninety per cent of the time. When this act had been learned, a three-and-a-half-centimeter circle was substituted for the smaller one and the tests were repeated. I found no difficulty in getting the animal to go forward, and when she chose correctly I opened the slide door and she got food. It was not so easy, however, to induce the animal to come back to the starting place and I was compelled to put a leash on her. This I allowed to hang loosely, barely missing the floor. After a very large number of trials, the dog, whose name was Dolcy, began to choose the smaller circle, and soon her learning was progressing rapidly. She

discriminated a three, a three-and-a-half, a four, and a four-and-a-half-centimeter circle from a six-centimeter circle in rapid succession. In the latter case she learned the act in fifty trials, finally discriminating correctly one hundred per cent of the time. An important feature of her behavior was her apparent comparison of the two lighted discs. She would go straight to one disc, thrust her head into the apartment, stop a moment, step back, look into the other apartment while standing with an uplifted forefoot, look again into the first side, back to the other and again to the first, finally choosing the smaller circle, the experimenter all the while in interested suspense.

It can well be imagined that after the painstaking work necessary to bring such a study to fruition, the experimenter would be much gratified at the clear results, and the reader may possibly imagine the chagrin when he found that an unsuspected error had crept into the work. One day when the leash was removed during the experiments, the dog was unable to find the circle, the choosing of which had always brought her food. Repeatedly she essayed to choose and at least half the time failed. She hit upon the plan of going to one side all the time, and from the irregular plan of shifting the circles from one side to the other, she got food a number of times. Then she was refused food until she went to the other side, and she resorted to going to the brighter light. In short, she had to learn all over again; she had not at any time discriminated between the two circles. Instead of being guided by stimuli in front of her she had relied upon stimuli from another direction.

Much as I disliked to admit it, I could find no other explanation for the animal's unexpected behavior than

that I, myself, had unconsciously given her the clue to choice. The leash was the source of trouble; holding the strap in my hand and interestedly watching the animal's movements I had unintentionally changed the tension of the leash. How delicate must have been the dog's muscular sense will be realized when you recall that the leash all but dragged on the floor of the alley. Surely a good case of muscle-reading! That this is the probable explanation is evidenced by two facts. First, by the fact that when the leash was not used the dog quit making what had seemed to be comparisons of the two stimuli. She no longer looked from one side to the other, but went directly to one of the two circles. The other bit of circumstantial evidence was that when the leash was again put on, the dog had no difficulty in selecting the correct circle.

One turns with a good deal of skepticism from the deception of a rigidly controlled experiment like this to the wholly uncontrolled observations of the naturalist, especially when the naturalist attempts a psychological explanation of what he supposes himself to have seen. To sit back on one's front porch and watch a downy woodpecker hollowing out his cup in the top of a chestnut post, think that 'it may have been the first cavity of the kind it has ever made,' and then conclude that the bird is controlled solely by instinct, is to be content with a crumb of doubtful fact when a little ingenuity and a willingness to try might give the whole fact. However engrossing such observation may be to the naturalist himself, and however entertaining the anecdotes may be to the popular reader, the science of animal behavior and comparative psychology must be founded on something more analytic and more verifiable. What, in detail, does the naturalist know of the downy

woodpecker's past experience? Has he ever seen this bird before? Will he ever see it again and note how differently it may work at another time? How old is it? What does he know in detail of the bird's various sense-powers? How well can it smell or see? With what senses is it endowed with which the naturalist has no first-hand acquaintance? How often has it tried this same act and failed? Is it an average bird of the species, or an unusual one? What fortunate circumstances enabled it to invent a new plan of action? How do the various powers of the animal develop? How stupid has the pecker been in circumstances overflowing with opportunity for intelligent action? These and a thousand other questions the mere observer will not answer in a long, long time, and until they are answered we can never have a scientific study of the animal mind.

No experimental student of animal behavior would deny the value of well-authenticated anecdotes of the doings of animals, or the unspeakably precious contributions of naturalists of all time to our knowledge of the habits of the wild folk. But the necessarily fragmentary character of such material will always leave the animal mind a region of myth into which the would-be comparative psychologist can project the fanciful conceptions of his own mind; conceptions which serve not nearly so much to illuminate the field as the actual discovery of some small power of sense-perception or the exact part imitation plays in animal learning.

It is to find an answer to such questions as the naturalist cannot answer that the experimental method has come into being. Besides the discrimination method already set forth, investigators have used three principal modes of procedure: the puzzle-box method, the labyrinth method, and the

method of the salivary reflex. The simplest of these is the labyrinth method. Usually some form of the Hampton Court Maze is used. The animal is placed at the outer end of the intricate network of alleys, and it must find its way about, past openings which lead into blind alleys to the centre. Interest centres in the manner in which the animal learns to avoid bypaths and to hasten its journey to the end. Small first used this device on the white rat, and numerous investigators have since employed it.

The puzzle-box method, which requires the manipulation of a lock or fastening in order to get food, is illustrated by an experiment the writer performed with monkeys. The monkey was confined in a cage approximately four feet square and six feet high. In the back of this cage near the floor an opening was made. This opening was closed by a glass door through which the monkey was allowed to see bananas suspended by a cord. The glass door could be opened by a string which passed from the door down under the cage and up a corner post on the front of the cage. The end of this string was fastened to a wooden plug put into the corner post halfway up on the inside. If the monkey could learn to climb this post and pull out the plug, he could then get the banana by going back down to the door.

The method of the salivary reflex has been used chiefly in the Physiological Institute at St. Petersburg. A fistula is formed by making an incision in the lip of the dog to the salivary duct, and diverting this duct from the inside to the outside of the mouth. The operation is easily made, the wound quickly heals, and the animal is apparently not disturbed by the event. The training tests are then begun. The dog is shown colors, and while looking at one color, say red, he is given a piece of meat, but

when looking at other colors he is not fed. In this way an association is formed between the red color and the food. The experiment proper is then begun by showing the animal various colors in succession. In the training tests, red had come to call forth the reflexes connected with the getting of food, and now when red appears in the series, the reflexes occur even though no food is present. One of the most important of these reflexes is the secretion of saliva. The amount and quality of the saliva secreted indicates whether the dog can discriminate a red color from another color of the same brightness. The dog's sense of sight is thus tested by a chemical and physical examination of its saliva. In this way the dog's power of discriminating sounds, odors, and colors has been tested.

In a large part of the work so far done, investigators have relied upon hunger as a motive to induce animals to work. It was supposed that with regulated feeding you have here a motive of fairly constant intensity. My work with the dog indicates that food is an unreliable motive in the work with that animal. The dog will fare well on a small amount of food and, in the case of a very difficult task, his hunger is not sufficient to make him endure repeated failure. The daintiness of Dolcy's appetite and the fiction of hunger being a constant stimulus became evident in my experiments on size-discrimination. After each successful choice the animal was getting a small cube of corned beef. The dog did very well, but one morning was greatly at sea in her choices; she went to the large and small discs indiscriminately and failed so often that she finally gave up all effort and sat still in the alley. The situation was perplexing and I was about to replace the small disc by one still smaller when I thought of offering

some of the fragments of roast lamb that I had brought along that morning. The instant the lamb was unwrapped Dolcy became active and could hardly be kept inside her cage. When given a chance she went directly to the proper place and continued to make correct choices for some time. Such is the direct effect of roast lamb on animal intelligence!

The unsatisfactory character of the food stimulus caused Yerkes to resort to punishment for wrong choices instead of rewarding correct choices. He covered the bottom of the discrimination box, in which he was testing dancing-mice, with small copper wire, and when the animal went the wrong way it was given a slight shock. It has been found that animals under these circumstances learn much more quickly than when prompted by hunger alone.

The results of ten years' work in the experimental study of the animal mind may be stated as a widening of our knowledge in two directions. We know far more than we ever did about the sensory experiences of animals, and we know far more than before about their methods of learning, with all the collateral processes that go along with learning. In the former field the lower animals have been more widely explored; in the latter the higher animals have received most attention.

Our knowledge of the sensory experiences of animals has developed both by way of limitation and by way of expansion. We cannot conclude from the mere presence of a sense-organ that the animal sees, hears, smells, or tastes in the same way as other animals having these same organs, and certainly not as the human being does. Research has also revealed the presence of sensory reactions in animals, as in the amoeba, in which there are no specific sense-organs. In other animals there have been discovered sensory reactions



to which there is nothing analogous in the human species, indicating the presence of an entirely new sense.

A good example of how experimental work alters our understanding of these matters is Watson's investigation on the white rat. The normal man, seeing the rat endowed with all the sense-organs of man, concludes that they rely upon their sense-organs in a way similar to the ways of man. Experimental evidence points in a contrary direction. Watson worked with rats that were blind, rats that were deaf, rats that could not smell, rats whose *vibrissæ* had been cut off and the soles of whose feet had been anaesthetized. Not the absence of vision nor of hearing nor of smell nor of tactual sensation seemed to affect the rat's ability to learn a labyrinth, or to run a maze which had been learned before the loss of the sense in question. The animals seemed guided by some sense whose organ is not apparent to normal observation, and Watson concludes that the process of correct turning in the maze is not controlled by extra-organic sensations, but by something that goes on in the body of the animal during the experience of learning: muscular sensations, changes in the bodily organs due to upright position, bodily balance, freedom of movement, etc.

Unexpected results of this sort have made students experimenting on the animal mind hesitate to accept popular beliefs about animal senses as true until the supposed facts have been given experimental verification. The work of Pawlow and his students indicates that the Russian wolf hound is color-blind. This raises a very pertinent question in regard to all other species of dog. On the other hand, the nocturnal raccoon, to which the color-sense must certainly be of much less value than to the dog, discriminates colors with considerable accuracy. Sparrows, cowbirds, and

monkeys seem to fall in with the raccoon in this matter of color-vision, as do also certain kinds of fish and amphibians. The frog seems able to recognize the light waves, not only through the eye, but also by means of the skin. In many of the experiments, however, the apparatus used has not been such as certainly to separate the color-stimulus from the stimulus to the sensations of light and dark. It may be, therefore, that what has seemed in some animals a response to color is nothing more than the brightness of vision of color-blind human beings. The question has been raised for the whole animal world; from the standpoint of science we are on the verge of an undiscovered country, and we are not likely to accept the claims of mere casual observers or to rest content in our present ignorance.

With the other senses the case is somewhat the same. Yerkes found that the dancing-mouse is deaf, but birds, dogs, and raccoons are capable of fine discriminations of sound, while crayfish hear but little, if at all. The earthworm has a chemical sense analogous to the sense of taste and smell in the human family; the ants detect various kinds of odor with the several joints of their *antennæ*, and Jennings has shown that the naked bit of protoplasm called *amœba* reacts to all classes of stimuli to which higher animals react. But what we know is small in view of the great unproved riches of animal sensations that lie before us.

In the field of learning the first and most important result of the critical and experimental work on the higher animals was to reveal the general poverty of these animals in higher intellectual processes. Cats, dogs, chickens, and monkeys do not reason out things, they do not learn by being put through acts, nor do they learn to the extent it is generally supposed they do by imitation. They learn new acts by

accidentally happening upon modes of behavior that bring them pleasurable experiences. The pleasure of these accidental happenings stamps in an association between a sense-impression and the successful act, and thus the act tends to be repeated. This explanation calls for no ideas, no memories, no images even, apart from immediate sense-impressions. This explanation demands, of course, that the animal be endowed with the tendency to make movements of various sorts, the most stereotyped ones of which may be called instincts. Successive experimentation has shown that this form of learning is widespread. White rats, rhesus monkeys, crayfish, sparrows, and raccoons, all modify their inherited tendencies to action in the same way.

That the experimentalists, in the enthusiasm of their new discoveries, swept away too much of the popular faith in the mental powers of animals is evidenced by more recent studies on cats, monkeys, and raccoons. Imitation, and imitation of an advanced type, does play some part in the learning of cats and monkeys. It is the writer's opinion that further refinement of experimental procedure and a more comprehensive study of individual species will be decidedly to the animals' advantage. First attempts at experimentation were crude, and the animals' reputation for intelligence suffered. One cannot set problems for animal-learning that will adequately lay bare the animal's possibilities without an extended analytic study of the free movements of the animal in question. That many of the conditions of early experimentation fell short in one or another respect is no more than was to be expected in the first incursions into a new field. A juster appreciation of animal intelligence is bound to come when laboratory men have had the time and insight to invent tests that

will more adequately unravel the intricacies of animal behavior. It is the spirit, however, of current investigation to proceed with extreme caution, to allow to the animal mind no attribution of intelligence, the possession of which has not been demonstrated by rigidly-controlled experimentation. No present-day laboratory man will ever give credence to the once common absurdities of mere observation.

In the field of learning there has been an interesting though indirect confirmation of the continuity of the Darwinian hypothesis of mental life throughout the animal scale up to and including man. The impassable gulf between man and the beasts is an illusion, as Darwin thought it was. The confirmation of the doctrine, however, has not come about by demonstrating the presence in animals of clear-cut intellectual processes, but by showing that the sort of learning that does hold in animals is the very root of all that is developed in the mind of man. The lowest man, of course, rises above the highest animal in many ways, but the highest man has as the central core of all his mental and bodily life the fund of habits that he first learned in the trial-and-error fashion of the world below him. The modern psychology of human thinking gives no encouragement to the older belief that a man's thinking processes go on after the fashion of Aristotelian syllogisms. The normal man is not gifted with any such clear-cut manipulations as was at one time supposed. His mind is a more or less confused mass of sensations of sight, memories of sound, imagined odors, perceived forms, impulses to move, frights, hopes, tastes of food, feelings of objects without and bodily changes within, pleasures and pains, hereditary tendencies to action, and the images of longed-for goods, the whole mass moving restlessly in the

individual's effort to live well in the midst of a changing environment; moving now slowly against stubborn difficulties, and now shooting forward with electric rapidity; moving now all together, as a mass, and now the larger part lying inhibited, while a fraction shoots off at the prompting of temporary attention; nothing in it certain but its imprisonment within the walls of sense, and its slavish conformity to habit; all its entrance into undiscovered country, which alone deserves the right to be called thinking, determined by its past history and its present interest, foredoomed to ceaseless activity by the imperative demands of breathing, of eating, of thinking, of loving, of hoping. The pure thought of the older metaphysical psychology is not the sort of thing that modern research brings to light. The concrete thinking of our work-a-day mind is something less pure, a little less ethereal, something more nearly akin to the animal from which we sprang. The same story repeats itself in every level of the race,—many trials, many errors, and possibly one happy accidental success, which, becoming stamped in by the pleasure of the result, constitutes learning.

I am aware that the reader is ready to ask the value of all this anxious work, for the experimental study of animal behavior is now a serious enterprise calling for the devotion of trained men and the expenditure of large sums of money. If the movement will successfully cope with the problems be-

fore it, there will be three rewards, any one of which is a sufficient justification.

First of all, there is the satisfaction of the great human instinct of curiosity. It is this instinct that makes the nature-lover observe the facts of the world about him. It is this that has brought all our pure science into being, and in this body of science the study of animal behavior seeks to find a place.

Secondly, if this study fulfills adequately the motives that brought it into being, it will reflect valuable knowledge on both biology and psychology. The results already attained justify the devotion which the study has received, and the further scientific conquest of the field is bound to repay the older sciences for their labor.

Finally, it is the hope of at least certain investigators that the new science may do something toward putting education on a scientific foundation. It cannot, of course, perform the whole task, but if with our animals we can work out the laws of the modification of behavior in living organisms, that is, discover their methods of learning, there is no doubt that we shall contribute thereby to the fields of school-organization and school-instruction. Just as the bacteriologist and the pharmacologist work out their facts by experimenting on animals and then apply the results to the care and the cure of the human body, so the animal psychologist may in the future become a most important ally of the educator.

## THE QUALITY OF MERCY

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

MRS. O'BEIRNE, veiling her blue, Irish eyes beneath her dark lashes, and nervously adjusting the back of her belt, made her way up to the top of the room and waited in suitable embarrassment for the customary applause to subside. At her elbow the wicked club secretary whispered, 'If you've forgot your speech, I've it copied down twice't over in the minutes already, from last year and the year before that.'

The blue eyes flashed a smile. 'Just for your impudence, Mary Flanagan, watch me now while I shock you with a bran new one,' murmured Mrs. O'Beirne; and then the clapping came to an end and she raised her eyes, with the laugh still in them, and spoke out. She had a proud little lift to her head, had Mrs. O'Beirne.

'Mrs. President, and the other ladies of the Mothers' Club, this is three times now that you've given me the honor of thanking you for electing me to be the treasurer of the Mothers' Club, and I don't know how to say nothing different this time from what I said the first time, and that is, Thank you! I'm just as grateful as ever I was, for this great honor you have devolved upon me, but my words is just as scarce. And one thing which I did not expect, and that was to have the vote unanimous and standing up. I was not looking for it at all.'

There was a light volley of appreciative applause. The secretary, busily scribbling, whispered, 'Go slow!'

'And now,' continued the treasurer, 'there is more ways of saying thank you

than words, and I wish I could say it in figures, too. I'd like to be able to say I was going to keep the accounts for the club better this year than I ever kept them before. But that's one thing about accounts, that if they are kept square they can't be kept squarer.'

'And you sure do keep 'em square,' cried an adulatory voice.

'So the only thing I can think of for to show you how much obliged I am to you' — here the speaker paused and surveyed quizzically the rows of American-Irish, middle-aged countenances — 'is to tell you a way I've thought of to get rid of the surplus in the treasury, and something over besides.'

There was an uproarious shout of laughter from the club, and Mrs. O'Beirne's wide mouth twitched sympathetically. Then, she straightened her shoulders, pressed her elbows against the sides of her waist, interlocked her fingers, and became suddenly and commandingly serious.

At once the audience settled into attention.

'Ladies of the Mothers' Club, it is time we done something as a club to show our gratitude to Miss Marshall and the Settlement for all they do for us.'

A smile of inspiration and enthusiasm dawned in the eyes of the mothers. Mrs. O'Beirne's voice softened to a reminiscent tone.

'It's ten years this spring that Miss Marshall come to me. It was the day after I buried my Jimmie, and I was sortin' over his little clothes and fold-

in' them away. And Miss Marshall, she had come to call, the way she always does when there's anybody in the neighborhood needs a friend. And she says to me, "Mrs. O'Beirne," she says, "I want you to help me to start a Mothers' Club." — She never fails to say the comforting word, does Miss Marshall. And me that had n't any children! God bless her!

The secretary and two or three other women wiped their eyes.

'So that was the way it begun,' resumed Mrs. O'Beirne, in firmer tones. 'There was twenty of us the first meeting, and I was the youngest of the lot, which I am to-day if it was n't for Mary Flanagan, but she's an old maid and don't count.'

The wet-eyed mothers laughed, and Mary Flanagan blew her nose and ejaculated, 'Get along with you!'

'Miss Marshall was president them years, till she'd learned us parliamentary rules and got so busy with the Settlement growing on her hands. And old Mrs. Brady, God rest her soul, was treasurer, and the dues was ten cents a month. To-day the membership's doubled, and the dues, and we belong to the Federation. We've got eighty-five dollars in the treasury this minute from the Fancy sale, and at the end of this meetin' when the members what owes has paid up their back dues, we'll have fifteen dollars more. And yesterday, when I was fitting Miss Marshall for her shirt-waists, she says to me, real mournful-like, "Oh, Mrs. O'Beirne, whatever are we goin' to do with the work?" she says. "So many things to do and so little money to do with, and all these new people comin' into the neighborhood that we'd ought to get hold of. Have you noticed how many Greeks there is comin' in?" she says. "And have I," says I, "the dirty, peddlin' thieves!" I says. And Miss Marshall laughed at me, and she

says, "Oh, Mrs. O'Beirne, and is that all of the Settlement spirit you've got off me all these years, — and you and me such friends?" And then she stood there thinkin'. And my head was that bowed with shame, did n't I cut the left shoulder of her shirt-waist all crooked, and spoiled the whole half of the front for her. But she has the heavenly disposition, Miss Marshall has.'

Here Mrs. O'Beirne looked at the secretary with an expression at once rueful and amused.

'That last about the shirt-waist don't belong to the speech, Mary Flanagan,' she remarked, 'so you need n't to be takin' it down. What I want to say is, there's a large empty room on the first floor of Number 60, and there's some one agreed to pay the rent, but it's the money for the furnishing that Miss Marshal has n't got.'

Mrs. O'Beirne paused.

'And what would the room be for?' asked a round-faced mother.

'Why, for the Greeks! Who else would it be for?'

'The Greeks!' muttered half a dozen voices; and gloom crept into the upturned eyes of the club.

Mrs. O'Beirne observed this shadow of opposition calmly.

'Well, what have you got against the Greeks?' she asked.

'They're foreigners,' croaked a stout, red-faced woman.

'There's Mrs. Grady, sittin' next to you, Mrs. MacAlarney, she's a foreigner. She was born in the Old Country, and so was Mrs. Halloran, three seats behind, and Mrs. Mahoney; and they're proud of it, and so are we.'

Some of the mothers laughed, others looked perplexed.

'There's a difference in foreigners,' asserted a wiry little woman. 'Them Greeks don't talk English.'

'If you'll just look inside a gram-

mar, Mrs. Barlow, you'll find that you and me don't talk English neither.'

More members laughed; but a gaunt, black-eyed woman rose and cried out angrily, 'What's the use of us trying to out-talk you, Mrs. O'Beirne, — but you know what we mean. They're a low, dirty lot. They ain't civilized, and I don't want nothing to do with them. I told my Josie if ever I caught her playin' in the street with them I'd break her neck.'

A number of the mothers, mortified by the vehemence of the speaker, lowered their eyes and moved uneasily in their chairs; but several nodded in violent accord.

'I'll hold with Mrs. Casey,' said one of these. 'Some people is lower than others, — the Chinese is about the lowest, but the Greeks is pretty low.'

'If there's any ladies here have been comin' to Miss Marshall's Travel Class,' interrupted Mrs. O'Beirne, 'they'll stand by me when I say that that's a mistake. The Greeks was artists and play-writers and poets; they were a civil-i-zation before you and me and America was thought of. I don't want to out-talk nobody. I'm not saying I'd choose Greeks, nor Roosians, nor Italians, for neighbors, if I had my way. But they're here. Ladies of the Mothers' Club, this is our chance for a share in this great work that's been going on in our midst for ten years. Where would the Mothers' Club be, I'll ask you; if it didn't have this room? There could n't no forty-five ladies squeeze into my tenement, that's sure! Nor into Mary Flanagan's, nor President Murphy's. And now, why can't we pass it on, and give the new people a chance?'

Contrite submissiveness emanated from the majority of the mothers, but a defiant voice at the back of the room demanded, —

'Did Miss Marshall ask you to ask the club for the money?'

'Shame! Shame!' murmured two or three mothers.

Mrs. O'Beirne fixed the speaker with a shocked, reproachful eye.

'She did not, Mrs. Morrison. I thank God I have two or three ideas of my own.'

Then her voice deepened to pleading: 'Ah, it isn't me that ought to be putting it into your heads to give this money. It's you that had ought to think of it for yourselves, — you that have children that 'll live to bless this house. Nor we ain't the only mothers, nor ours ain't the only children. I have more time to think of them others' children than you have. You're right, they're ignorant foreigners; but if we don't try to make Americans out of them, then we're no better than foreigners ourselves, I say — and good-bye, America!'

Her adherents, now the greater part of the audience, applauded vigorously.

'There'll be one hundred dollars in the treasury,' she reiterated. 'What will we do with it?'

The wiry little woman bounced to her feet. 'I'll move that we give it to Miss Marshall to buy furniture.'

'I second the motion,' said Mrs. Morrison, haughty but contrite.

'I knew you would,' Mrs. O'Beirne called out. 'I'm coming back there in a minute to kiss and make up.'

And in a few moments it had been arranged that the money should be presented to Miss Marshall, by the treasurer, at the next meeting.

Mrs. Morrison, Mary Flanagan, and two or three other women who lived near Mrs. O'Beirne, walked with her down the street, craning their necks and jostling one another to watch her as she talked. The naïve and innocent pleasure which she took in her own personality and achievement expressed



itself in her buoyant step, the brilliancy of her eyes, the happy excitement in her voice.

'She kind of chokes me when I look at her,' whispered one of the women. 'My heart beats like as if I'd been runnin'.'

'She's a grand woman!' declared Mary Flanagan, in a low, emphatic voice.

'I should think you'd be afraid to keep all that money by you, Mrs. O'Beirne,' Mrs. Morrison was saying. 'If it was me I'd be that uneasy I could n't sleep nights.'

'Oh, I've had more than this to one time,' said the treasurer carelessly. 'O'Beirne keeps a bit of something for a rainy day in a tin box, and there's a lock to it. Nobody would touch it but him, — and I'll bank on O'Beirne.'

'You're the fortunate woman to have such a good man!' said Mrs. Morrison; adding hastily, 'Not that I'm sayin' anything against Morrison. I'd not ask a bigger heart than his; but it's just not in him to save.'

There was a brief, embarrassed silence, for Mr. Morrison's faults and virtues were well known to his neighbors.

'Will you look at the crowd by your door, Mrs. O'Beirne!' cried Mary Flanagan, to change the subject. 'Is there anybody sick, do you know?'

'Mrs. Dugan's Mamie was took to the hospital for her hip disease last week,' said Mrs. O'Beirne. 'Here comes Johnnie Dugan'll tell us.'

And Johnnie did.

'Oh, Mrs. O'Beirne,' he shouted, 'Mr. O'Beirne's sick, and they had to carry him upstairs.'

Mrs. O'Beirne's eyes widened; she began to run. The other women followed, but as she reached her door she turned and said, 'Good-bye,' and they knew themselves dismissed.

'What do you say?' questioned Mary Flanagan. 'He would n't be —?'

'Oh, not Barney O'Beirne,' declared Mrs. Morrison. 'He never takes a drop. What I was thinkin' was one of them heavy trunks might have fell on him, or he might have strained hisself. They're cruel careless the way they sling the baggage about.'

'His face was a kind of blue color, like them California plums,' volunteered a little girl.

The women stared, horrified, and moved slowly away.

Upstairs Mrs. O'Beirne was kneeling beside the bed. An embarrassed fellow workman of Mr. O'Beirne's laid a little bottle on the pillow and tiptoed out of the room.

Mrs. O'Beirne stared at the label, amyl nitrate. The strange name filled her with dismay.

'How long have you been taking this, Barney?' she asked, reaching for the bottle.

'Oh, not so long.'

'What are they for, — your stummick? You never told me.'

'No, — not my stummick.'

She sat down on the bed and stroked his hand.

'What's it you've been keepin' from me?'

'I thought I done it for the best,' he pleaded. 'I did n't believe the doctor knew; and what was the use of you bein' frightened for nothin'?''

'I know, — I know,' she whispered. 'You never done nothin' that you did n't mean it kind, Barney, — never. But oh, my dear!'

She kissed him on the forehead.

'It must be your lungs then, that makes you breathe so short?' she observed presently.

'No, — my heart.'

'When did you go to see the doctor?'

He lay looking toward the window for a few moments; then, without

moving his eyes, he began to speak in a slow, careful voice.

'I been gettin' tireder and tireder the last year, but I thought it was no more than natural; everybody that works faithful gets tired. And then one day I had a funny spell. It was the end of last summer, and I thought it was the heat. But in October come another, — time of one of them conventions when there was an extra rush of baggage, — and then I begun to be a little worried.'

'Did n't you feel no pains?'

'Oh, yes, — off and on! But they might've been rheumatism.'

His wife sighed, and a deprecatory note crept into his voice.

'I did go to a doctor after that, Nora. I been to more than half a dozen. The first was to the Dispensary; and I never took much stock in things I did n't pay for. He was a young feller, and there was a lot of women and children waitin' their turn.'

The sick man was silent a few minutes, breathing painfully, but presently began again in the same slow voice: 'I did n't think he knew what he was talkin' about, — but I thought it might be safer to get my life insured. But the Insurance Company would n't take me. Their doctor was a fat old party, — shorter-breathed than me, — and he says, "I could n't conscientiously recommend you, — not with that heart." And then I got mad and told him I always knew insurance was a fake, and the papers was full of their rascality anyway.'

Mrs. O'Beirne gave a little choking laugh, and leaned down and kissed her husband.

'He laughed at me, too; and he says, "Here, if you don't believe me, go to this man, — he makes a specialty of your complaint." And he wrote the name on a card. And that third feller was a hummer. Sure I thought I was

to confession. He begun with me before I was born, — and wrote it all down in a book. He listened behind my back, — and he used instruments on me, — and he took the height and the weight and the width of me, and measured me acrost my chest and under my arms, — till I asked him if there was a suit of clothes thrown in with the treatment.'

Mrs. O'Beirne gave another little laugh, and a little sob. 'Oh, Barney, Barney darlin', don't you, don't you, when my heart is breakin'!'

His great hand tightened on hers, and when he spoke again the whimsical, playful note was gone from his weary voice.

'When he told me I was a sick man, I stood out against him. I says, "What are you givin' me?" I says. "Look at the healthy color of me, and I'm the biggest man in the baggage-room. If there's an extra size trunk to handle, they'll always turn it over to me." And he says to me, "That's what's the matter with you, — you're too big," he says. "Your heart has to work too hard to keep up with you, and then you go and lift trunks. I wonder it did n't happen five years ago. And your color is not healthy," he says. "Then am I to give up slingin' baggage?" I asked him. "Will that cure me?" — He was a good man, that doctor. He looked me square in the eye and held out his hand and gripped mine, and he says, "There is no cure, Mr. O'Beirne."'

His wife flung up her arms with a cry, and began to pace the room, wringing her hands together. The sick man's eyes followed her, his breast heaving rapidly. 'Maybe you better give me them drops,' he said. 'This spell don't stop off.'

She uncorked the bottle and turned out some of its contents into the palm of her hand.

'Why,' she exclaimed, 'they're

beads! You never are eatin' glass beads, Barney? They're deadly!

'No, — you hold it under my nose. — Break it!'

She watched him inhale the contents of the capsule through its little silk top, and her awe and her trouble increased.

'Tell me the doctor's name, Barney. I'm goin' to send for him.'

'Oh, I ain't been near that one since. This is his medicine, but where was the use of goin' again? A man's wife, to the baggage-room, had been cured of something by a Christian Scientist, a woman doctor, so I thought I'd take a chance with her. She give me absent treatment, but one night I had a spell right here in bed, — and I was scared for fear you'd wake. So I told her she need n't try it on me any more. Then I see a mesmerist's sign in a window. There did n't seem to be no harm in having a try at all them things, if it was hopeless, you know. The last one was an osteopath.' He glanced at his wife almost timidly and added, lowering his eyes, 'Him and the Christian Scientist was the most expensive of all.'

Mrs. O'Beirne was sitting on the bed, her face buried in her hands. 'Oh, what would the expense matter if only you was cured!' she cried.

'That was the way I thought,' he answered in a tone of relief. But the anxiety had crept back again with his next words: 'That was the way I thought, — but now — there's nothin' left to bury me.'

Mrs. O'Beirne's hands came down slowly from her tear-stained face. 'You mean, — it's took all the savings?'

'I done the best I could! I done the best I could!' he gasped, stretching his hands out toward her, along the coverlet.

'Oh, my dear, don't I know that?' she whispered, putting her arms about

him. 'But there was almost enough to bury both of us!'

'There was the drops,' he explained. 'And the Scientist give me four treatments, — and the osteopath —'

'Never you mind, darlin',' pleaded his wife. 'It was your money, you'd a right to do what you done.'

'The regular heart doctor did n't want to take nothing, but I told him I was n't livin' off of charity. I knew how proud you was, Nora!'

'Yes, darlin', you done just right.'

'What'll we do about the buryin'?' he whispered. 'What'll we do? that's the thought that's stayed with me day and night, day and night, since a week ago yesterday, when I took out the last dollar bill, — and they've kept a-comin' more frequent.'

'You're not goin' to die! You're not goin' to die!' she cried.

'It don't seem true that I'm to be buried on charity,' he said gloomily. 'Me that never left off workin' a single day.'

'If only you had, Barney! Oh, if only you had! I'd've worked my fingers to the bone to keep you!'

'I think I see myself, layin' down on you,' he answered with a faint attempt at scorn; and after a little while, wistfully, 'Couldn't you think of some way we could get the money, Nora, — you was always that clever?'

'Maybe I will, dearie!' she comforted him.

'To think that at the last I'd be a disgrace to you, Nora,' he brooded, — 'and all the neighbors thinkin' us so well off! — Me that never drunk a drop, — nor owed a cent. — To think we'd be caught this way. — You could n't pawn the furniture, — everybody'd know. — It ain't been out of my mind an hour these eight days. — "Poor Nora!" I says to myself, — "come to this!"'

'For the love of Mary, Barney,

hush!' moaned Mrs. O'Beirne. 'Hush, darlin', — till I think!'

The twilight came, and the darkness. Nora lit the lamp and set it in a corner of the room.

'I'm goin' for that doctor on the avenue,' she said, after she had given him a second capsule. 'I can't see that these things helps.'

'Maybe the undertaker would trust you, Nora. Was n't you telling me that book-keeper in Haley's Fish Market is goin' to be married? Maybe you could get her place. You'll put by fast when you've only yourself.'

Her answer was a cry of agony.

'No, — I don't believe he would trust you, though,' continued her husband hopelessly. 'I mind how hard he was when Morrison's baby died. I helped Morrison, — but it don't cost much for a baby.'

'I'm goin' out just for a minute, Barney.'

But the sick man was absorbed in his own thoughts; the faint gasping voice went on: 'What'll we do if there ain't carriages enough for the Mothers' Club, Nora? If it was men they might pay for their own seats. That's what I been thinking, — them women. We'd always said we'd pay for the Club's carriages. She'll be disgraced before all them women, — my Nora, that's cleverer than all the whole lot of them put together.'

Mrs. O'Beirne hurried out of the room and shut the door. In the hallway she met Mrs. Dugan and the other neighbors, hovering at the top of the staircase. One of them went for the doctor, another for the priest.

'He may last an hour or two, he may go any minute,' the doctor said.

The priest performed his offices with perfunctory simplicity, and hurried away to another bedside. Mrs. O'Beirne locked the door against her kindly, inquisitive friends, and bent over her

husband's bed. His eyes sought hers, appealingly, helplessly. His voice was gone, but the lips moved. 'The bury-in'?' they said.

The tears were streaming down her cheeks. She lifted his great rough hands and pressed them against her quivering lips.

'I'm going to undress me now, darlin' — and then I'll come and set by you.'

She took off her belt, unhooked her skirt, and unbuttoned her flannel shirt-waist. Something fell on the floor with a thud. It was the purse containing the club-money.

Mrs. O'Beirne looked down at it. Then she stooped and picked it up slowly, and stood looking at it. Quite silently she stood, a tensely thinking look on her face; then, on a sudden, she gave a loud, joyful cry and ran to the bed.

'Barney, Barney! — I've found a way, darlin' — it's all right, darlin'! You need n't to worry no more!'

A faint echo of her own cry burst from Barney's lips; his eyes gave one flash of love and joy; then a dreadful spasm shook him, his hands clutched his throat, — and he died.

There were carriages enough for the Mothers' Club.

Mary Flanagan rode with the widow and got out at the widow's door.

'It's been a beautiful funeral, my dear,' she said. 'All the members is talking about your lovely taste in the casket, so severe and quiet.'

She kissed Mrs. O'Beirne and continued anxiously, 'You'll be coming to the meeting this week? Some of them was afraid you would n't want to make the presentation speech, being in mourning. But it's not like it was a party; philanthropy's different. If you don't do it the President'll have to, — and — she's a good woman, is Mrs.'

Murphy — an awful kind woman — but you come and make the speech, dearie! You look just sweet in black!’

‘This week!’ said Mrs. O’Beirne, and there was a strange, awakened, startled look in her eyes.

‘They’re afraid Miss Marshall will get it from somewhere else if they don’t give it quick. They’re so pleased with themselves about giving the money now, you’d think it was them as thought of it in the first place.’

‘This week!’ repeated Mrs. O’Beirne.

‘It’s four days yet. It’ll take your mind off your grief, dear. You will, won’t you?’

‘Oh, I don’t know, — I don’t know!’ said Mrs. O’Beirne wildly, and ran into the house.

‘She will, all right!’ observed Mary Flanagan. ‘She would n’t never let nobody else make that speech.’

And Mrs. O’Beirne was standing in the middle of the tenement kitchen, saying over and over, ‘Oh, my God! what’ll I do?’

A half hour she stood, with her new widow’s bonnet and veil still on her head, saying those words at intervals and staring before her with terror-filled eyes. But at last her knees began to tremble and she staggered to a chair.

‘It looks so different!’ she said in a low voice. ‘O God! How can I tell them women? I can’t! — I can’t!’ She got up and paced the floor of the kitchen. ‘O God! Whatever will I do!’

Two days after the funeral, Mrs. Dugan came to the Settlement and asked for Miss Marshall.

‘I’ve come for you to see Mrs. O’Beirne,’ she explained. ‘It’s my opinion she’s going crazy with grief. Two nights now she’s walked the floor over my head; and she won’t let nobody inside the door; she’ll open it a crack and just stand there, looking at you wild-like, and before you know it she’ll lock it against you. But this morning

I calls to her if she would n’t like to have you come, and at first she did n’t say nothing, and then she says, “Yes!” like it was a cork burst out of a bottle. So I did n’t stop but to throw on my shawl.’

The new lines in Mrs. O’Beirne’s haggard face indicated an experience more tragic than grief.

‘You are in trouble!’ exclaimed Miss Marshall, taking both her hands.

‘I am that, — I am that!’ answered Mrs. O’Beirne. She drew away her hands and covered her face. ‘Terrible trouble!’

Miss Marshall guided her to a chair by the kitchen table, and drew up another chair for herself.

‘There’s nobody but you can help me!’ moaned the poor woman, her face still buried in her hands, her elbows on the table. ‘And you’ll never have no more use for me when I tell you.’

‘I can’t think of anything you could do that could keep us from being friends,’ said Miss Marshall.

Mrs. O’Beirne lifted her face, clasped her hands tight together, and began to speak rapidly, her voice rising higher and higher.

‘It was along of Barney being sick and spending all his savings on the doctors; and there was nothing left for the funeral, and he never told me till the night he died. And him laying there on his dying bed, gasping for breath. “To think that at the last I’d be a disgrace to you, Nora,” he says, “me that never drunk a drop! Could n’t you think of some way we could get the money?” he says. Oh, it would have broke your heart to hear him! And the Mothers’ Club purse fell out of my dress, and it was like a miracle. And now I’ve got to give back that money day after to-morrow, — do you hear me? — day after to-morrow!’ Her voice rose to a scream at the last

words. She clasped her hands over her mouth and looked at Miss Marshall with fierce, impelling eyes.

'You mean,' said Miss Marshall slowly, 'that you took the money of the Mothers' Club?'

'I mean I borrowed it!' cried Mrs. O'Beirne. 'There it was in my hand! It was like it was give to me to use. And he died happy, Barney did. Oh, it was worth it!'

'No!' said Miss Marshall.

'And why was n't it?' demanded Mrs. O'Beirne; but her eyes fell. 'Nothing seemed to matter but that Barney and me should n't be disgraced by a charity burial,' she sobbed. 'How can you know the way we feel about these things? And we've always held our heads so high in the neighborhood. Oh, you could n't understand what it meant!'

'But you say you borrowed the money, — you must have thought the club would be willing to lend it. Why did n't you tell them you wanted it?'

'And have all them women know?' the widow cried.

An embarrassed silence fell.

'How much was it?'

'One hundred dollars.'

An exclamation of surprise escaped Miss Marshall.

'You could n't get up a decent funeral for less,' declared Mrs. O'Beirne, — 'not with all them carriages.'

'And why must you hand it in day after to-morrow?'

'Because they're a set of fools over a plan, and it was me that put it into their heads; and that was one reason I did n't mind using the money. They'd never have thought of that other way of using it without I had n't persuaded them. It seemed more mine than theirs, all the time, that money. Have n't I had the handling of it three years? And whenever we'd spend any, it was me that said how we'd spend it. I tell

you there did n't seem nothing wrong at all about me using it — then.'

'But there does now?'

Mrs. O'Beirne turned away her face, and sat motionless. When she spoke, her voice was harsh. 'You think I'm a thief. But I borrowed that money.'

Again there was silence. Mrs. O'Beirne still sat with her face turned away.

'If you had been me, and Barney there dying, and nothing before him but pauper burial; if you had held your head high all your life, and never had nothing to do with charity, and respected the way Barney and me was, — maybe you would n't have known the difference between borrowing and — and — just for a minute.'

'That's what I've been thinking,' acknowledged Miss Marshall humbly. She put her arms about Mrs. O'Beirne, and the poor woman began to shake and sob.

'I would n't have taken it without I meant to pay it back. You know I would n't. It was only that everything seemed so easy to do when I held the money in my hand.'

'Why don't you go to confession?' suggested Miss Marshall.

'It's not my day till Saturday week, and there's no good going before, Father Finney would n't give me the money. It's the money I've got to have, don't you see? Oh, Miss Marshall, you would n't leave me be disgraced before all them women? Oh, God, I'll die first!'

Miss Marshall thought of other cases of the misappropriation of funds, just then agitating the public mind. But she remembered why this woman had taken the money. Miss Marshall was trying very hard to keep her moral outlook clear. Pride, and not contrition, moved Mrs. O'Beirne to tears. Any one who betrayed a public trust should make public reparation. Nothing



could be worse for the character of a sinner than to excuse or condone or cover up his sin, on any grounds. 'But if I fail her now, will that be any more likely to quicken her to repentance? If she were my own sister after the flesh, I should never let her be disgraced before those other women.'

Aloud she said, 'I'm not sure that I can get so much money so quickly. You know I've only a salary, myself. I'll do my best, but there's very little time.'

They stood up. In Mrs. O'Beirne's face there was fear instead of relief. 'But you won't never think the same of me again,' she said with strange quiet.

'If I had had your temptation, I might have done just as you did,' Miss Marshall answered soothingly.

'It's not that; it's not that!' said Mrs. O'Beirne. Then her face began to work piteously. 'God bless you, dear! God bless you!'

After she was left alone, she sat down in the rocking-chair, always with the same still face, the same thought-haunted eyes. Her hands lay idle in her lap. She did not rock to and fro. And thus she sat all the afternoon.

As she was undressing for bed, she said aloud, 'But I'm going to pay it back,—every cent.' And presently, 'I would tell them — then — I borrowed it.'

After the dawn came she slept. In the morning when she opened her eyes she said, 'She won't never think the same of me again.'

Late that afternoon Miss Marshall brought her the money. She looked at it and then at Miss Marshall. 'You mean — you're going to leave it with me?'

Tears sprang into Miss Marshall's eyes. 'Oh, my dear,' she exclaimed, 'of course I am!'

'But you can't never think the same

of me again,' said Mrs. O'Beirne. 'You can't!'

When she was alone she pressed her hands to her eyes and said, 'I feel like she was dead.'

In the middle of the night she cried out aloud: 'O God! Why can't I tell them?'

There was a full attendance at the Mothers' Club. Miss Marshall sat beside the president. Mrs. O'Beirne came in late and, despite the frantic beckonings of Mary Flanagan, sat at the back of the room, her heavy veil over her face. In one hand she held the purse. Between the fingers of the other she nervously twisted a little piece of paper on which she had written: 'The Mothers' Club tenders to the Settlement as a slight testimonial of regard this money to furnish a club-room for our fellow neighbors, the Greeks, in token of our brotherly feelings on behalf of them, and our worthy desire to cooperate with the Settlement to preserve a high tone to the neighborhood.'

After the roll and the minutes, there was offered and adopted a long and involved resolution of sympathy and affection for their beloved and honored treasurer in her present deep affliction. The president then cleared her throat, and declared that no one would disagree with her that this was the happiest day in the existence of the club, because it was beginning to live for other people. But she would leave the exposure of their good intentions to the person who had them first: 'Our devoted Treasurer, our eloquent Orator, our bereaved Fellow Member, Mrs. Nora O'Beirne.'

Mrs. O'Beirne, very erect, but with a curiously slow, groping step, walked up the aisle. At the president's table she put back her veil and clumsily, because she also held the purse, unfolded the scrap of paper on which she had written

her speech. Her face was gaunt and white; there were deep circles under her heavy eyes, deep lines about her tragically defiant mouth. She lifted her eyes to Miss Marshall, she opened her lips to speak, she looked at the purse held out in her hand, — and back to Miss Marshall; and then she began to laugh, — very loud, horribly loud, — a scream that ran into high sobbing and back again into laughter. The president, though no orator, now proved herself swift in action. Quick as thought she had lifted the glass water-pitcher from the table and dashed its contents full in Mrs. O'Beirne's face.

'Holy Mother!' shrieked Mary Flanagan. 'Look what you done to her new veil!'

The audience stood up; there was a hubbub of sound, above which rose the gurgling of Mrs. O'Beirne's half-quenched hysterics. Miss Marshall, one arm around the widow, who had collapsed upon her shoulder, waved the mothers back to their seats with the other.

'It was seeing how the Lord had got the laugh on the whole lot of us with that money, set me off,' sobbed Mrs. O'Beirne, with face hidden.

'Come out with me, dear,' whispered Miss Marshall. But Mrs. O'Beirne turned about and faced the audience, her eyes streaming with tears, her cheeks sodden and purple.

'I am a thief!' she said. 'And it's only Miss Marshall's goodness that I'm not in the lock-up, — where I belong.'

The Mothers' Club thought she had gone crazy.

'Come away, dear,' urged Miss Marshall; but Mrs. O'Beirne was past hearing anything now but the voice of her own conscience. She flung the purse from her.

'That ain't the Club money!' she cried. 'That's Miss Marshall's money, she lent me so I need n't to be put to

shame before the Club. It's just her own money you're giving back to her, that's all. You thought you was going to furnish a club-room for the Greeks, but you're not; you've paid for the funeral of Barney O'Beirne. I stole the money because I could n't bear that anybody should know Barney and me was too poor to pay the undertaker. And then, the coward I was, I could n't face the Club. And I was that mad against all the world you'd have thought it was the world was the thief instead of me. And all the time I was telling Miss Marshall what I'd done, I would n't see it was more than any other kind of borrowing, and I was cursing her in my heart because she could n't know what it was to be as poor as we was, and she'd sure say I'd ought to tell what I'd done, and resign from the treasurership, and be put out of the Club. That's what she'd say, I says. And my heart was like a stone against her. But she did n't say it. She never said one word of reproach to me. No! she says, "I'm not sure I can get so much money so quick, — but I'll do my best. — If I had had your temptation I might have did the same as you did," she says. And I could feel the hardness of my heart begin to melt when she said them loving words. And I blew cold on it with my pride, because I was afraid of what I'd do if my heart got soft. But it's no use, — it's no use, — for it's been melting ever since, till now it's just running water. I've lost my pride, — and I've lost my good name,' — the agony in her words resounded through the room, — 'but God bless Miss Marshall!'

Again the tears gushed down her cheeks. 'It's done!' she cried, wringing her hands together. 'Take me away! Take me away!'

It was fully five minutes before the strident voice of Mary Flanagan could dominate the clamorous babel.

'Here's the money!' she cried, shaking the purse in the excited faces before her. 'I say this is between Mrs. O'Beirne and Miss Marshall, — and none of our business. If Miss Marshall chooses to lend Mrs. O'Beirne one hundred dollars, — what's that to us? Mrs. O'Beirne has made good to the Club, and that's all the Club has a right to ask.'

'No, it is not all the Club has a right to ask,' shouted the gaunt woman who had spoken with emphasis on a previous occasion. 'Won't she use it again? — that's what I want to know. And who's to say Miss Marshall'll always be willing to lend?'

'Ah, poor thing!' exclaimed Mrs. Morrison. 'A husband can't die but once.'

'I've known them to die three times,' snapped the wiry woman.

'Well, I'll say this, right now,' said

Mary Flanagan. 'If Mrs. O'Beirne is run out of this club I go out with her, and there's others I know will follow.'

'Who's talking about running her out,' retorted the gaunt woman. 'All I say is, I don't pay another due if she stays treasurer. My money comes too hard.'

'I do think she'd ought to resign,' observed the president timidly.

'Well, I don't!' protested Mary Flanagan. 'If Miss Marshall is willing to give her another chance we'd ought to be ashamed not to.'

A few heads nodded acquiescence, but the Club, as a whole, was sullen.

'How would it be if we was to let her stay treasurer, if Miss Marshall would keep the money for us?' suggested Mrs. Morrison.

A good many heads nodded this time; and the vote was carried.

But Mrs. O'Beirne resigned.

## THE PERSISTENCE AND INTEGRITY OF PLOTS

BY ELLEN DUVALL

GOETHE told Schiller that Gozzi the Venetian had said that only thirty-six dramatic situations are possible. Schiller declared that he could think of but fourteen, and those of us who are most conversant with dramatic literature will find on curious consideration that even fourteen are difficult to compass. The preciousness, then, of these dramatic situations, or essential plots, is proportioned to their fewness; for these plots may be supposed to cover the whole of life, and to serve as ground-plans for the human imagination.

Strictly speaking, it is impossible, of course, to be original. Originality consists in perceiving the permanent behind the ephemeral, the old behind the new, in tracing the ever-living spring of human motive from its latest modern faucet deep down and back to its hidden source in consciousness and will. These immemorial situations or plots or ground-plans, therefore, belong to the imagination proper, while the superstructure and ornamentation belong rather to the fancy. Some minds and some peoples are remarkably fertile in

fancy, and noticeably simple in plot; while others again are more complex in plot, and far less expressive and exuberant in fancy. *The Arabian Nights*, for instance, — not the many-volumed and laborious anatomy of good Sir Richard, but the delight of our childhood, that black-clothed, eminently respectable octavo which, barring its title, was the very twin of Porteus's *Sermons*, — *The Arabian Nights*, with all its fretwork of fancy, with such a richness and ingenuity of detail that the sense fairly aches in the tracing of it, has no more than three or four simple plots. While the *Merchant of Venice*, in its degree Shakespeare's most varied play, has three distinct plots marvelously interwoven: the friendship-plot, Antonio and Bassanio; the love-plot, Bassanio and Portia; and the thwarted-vengeance plot, Portia and Shylock.

The friendship-plot, with the Damon and Pythias story as its most famous example, — the plot in which one friend sacrifices himself in some sort for the other, or does him some favor or service out of which all complications spring, — commends itself to all. It is a friendship-plot that lies back of the noble story of Ruth and Naomi, in which the younger woman follows the fortunes of her mother-in-law with loving devotion. Probably the friendship-plot is the oldest of which we have any record in tale or history, and it antedates undoubtedly in time and interest the romantic love-plot, which comes nearer to being a development within historic times. Romantic love, as we now call it, was neither unknown nor unfelt in very early days, but it was used and regarded with such a difference as concerns life in general, that comparisons are difficult. Jacob and Rachel is a love-story with a genuine love-plot; and Euripides forestalls his own later and harsher judgment of women in the noble story of Alcestis

and her wifely sacrifice. Psychologically, perhaps, the love-plot may be reckoned as the simplest, since it concerns the Eternal Two, always in a kind of Garden of which, for the time being, and to all intents and purposes, they are the sole occupants and lords. This primitive and simple love-plot has become in our day the most varied in superstructure and ornamentation of all plots, and universal in its interest and appeal 'All men love a lover' now, but they did not always so, for time was when love was not conceived of as it is now, when it was looked upon as rather more a part of man's weakness than of his strength.

Then there is the triangular love-plot, dear to 'our sweet enemy France,' as Sidney calls her, underlying so much of her delightful literature; an outcome, in some sort, of feudal times and customs and nice questions of *l'ère majesté*, a remainder and reminder of chivalry, and as lasting as Gothic arch or stained-glass window saint, present, present, and evermore present, from the *Lais* of Marie de France, down to the last fine novel of Henry Bordeaux, *La Croisée des Chemins*. Because of this triangular plot, perhaps, we are a little prone to use France as a reflector for our Anglo-Saxon virtue; but on its social side, the plot is indeed a survival of early days, when a woman had but little if any choice in the disposal of her hand, and when her heart as an integral part of life was but little thought of, even when thus obliquely recognized though not lawfully represented. This great triangular plot or situation underlies the story of Arthur, Guinevere, and Lancelot, and has been nobly treated in English verse.

From homogeneity to heterogeneity, from the mass to the individual, and then consciously, through love and service, back again from the individual to the mass, — this would seem to be

the swing of life's pendulum. And as showing the emergence of the individual, the readjustment of relations, and the slow development of civilization, there is a plot a thousand years old and more, which might be called the quadrangular plot. It belongs to the north of Europe, not to the south; to the Norse and Teutonic families, not to the Latin branch. This quadrangular plot is a curious interweaving of the friendship and the love-plots—for they here do not blend—and it represents woman as both active and passive, as both victim and avenger. It is as a necessary quantity in the equation of life that woman here first comes forward, and that some dim sense of justice is shown with regard to her. In its oldest and crudest versions the story no longer fully appeals, and yet in a modified form it lasts down to our own day, and appears, faint indeed and yet traceable, in Kennedy's latest drama, *The Winterfeast*. It is as difficult a plot as any dramatist, whether he have talents or genius, can adventure upon, just because it has in a great measure lost this general appeal; nevertheless Ibsen, in the *Vikings at Helgeland*, has come finely off in a drama of distinctive power and beauty.

In the *Elder Eddas*, those lays and fragments of lays which reveal the rock-ribbed, verdureless imagination of our Norse ancestors, there are four closely related lays, of Brynhild, Sigurd, Gunnar, and Gudrun. The stories cross and recross, here simple, there more involved; here misty, there clearer and more definite, until the latent tragedy culminates in the overthrow and death of the chief two, if not of all concerned. In detail the stories differ; they are by no means self-consistent or sequential; sometimes they are almost contradictory as we catch the reflection of the different minds and times that have worked upon them; but the

plot or ground-plan is evident and unchanging. A friendship-plot and a love-plot, essentially antagonistic from the first, doomed in the nature of things—that is, because of consciousness and will or character—to end tragically,—this is the ground plan. The story shows an invincible warrior, insensible to fear, wise of thought and word as he is daring in deed, who has for friend a man of quieter mould, something of the poet or skald. The warrior rescues from a hapless fate a 'hard-souled' or proud maiden, a woman who may be taken but who cannot give herself, and in the rescue the love of each for the other is necessarily implicated. In the oldest lays supernatural and demi-urgic powers, sorcery and witchcraft, so dear to the Norse heart, come into play, and the lovers are parted. Here the story shifts and varies, and there are different versions; but in all a love-token, ring or bracelet,—fateful as Desdemona's handkerchief,—is given by the hard-souled maiden to her rescuer. After they are parted, more complications arise, sorcery again enters in, and the proud maiden finds herself married to the enamoured poet-friend who has worn for this purpose the warrior's guise; while the warrior, his memory made blank by witchcraft, marries another. But the four mismatched ones cannot escape each other, and sooner or later, the truth, through over-boasting, comes to light, with the fatal love-token as proof. It is the warrior and the hard-souled maiden who are by rights the Eternal Two, and their sorcery-crossed destiny is to blame. The hard-souled one takes sure vengeance for the wrong done her, and her fury involves in ruin and ultimate death, not only the original four, but also many others.

The Lays are naïve and simple enough, the stories somewhat vague and misty, but the core of great drama-

tic possibilities lies in the character of the fire-ringed, hard-souled woman, and he would be but a poor dramatic Sigurd or Siegfried who should not try again and again to set her free. For these fundamental plots, more a matter of intuition than of reason, are common property of the imagination, and he may take who sees. But let him beware how he takes, for it is always all or nothing. The plot must be held inviolate, though the superstructure and ornamentation may be altered at will.

So Ibsen, in the *Vikings at Helgeland*, holds rigidly to the dramatic situation, while greatly modifying the story in order to bring it well within modern sympathy, possibility, and taste. Sorcery and the supernatural are discarded, and by a skillful blending of character and circumstance are wrought the deeds which will make or mar. Sigurd the warrior and Gunnar the skald, with their deep and true friendship, remain unchanged, while the hard-souled Brynhild is called Hiordis, and for the vindictive Gudrun is substituted a gentler, more effectively contrasting woman, Dagny. In her maiden pride, instead of fire-protection, Hiordis's bower is guarded by a ferocious white bear, stronger than forty men, and she will and can love him only who shall conquer the brute. When Gunnar and Sigurd visit her foster-father, she can talk easily with Gunnar, being essentially indifferent toward him; but with Sigurd — alas for love's mischances — she is haughty and tongue-tied. Gunnar loves her to distraction, while Sigurd, misconstruing the maiden's behavior, thinks himself unthought of, and so makes no effort to disclose his love. Gunnar wishes to win her, but knows he cannot overcome the bear, so in darkness and night, Sigurd disguised as Gunnar, calling himself by his friend's name, gives mortal combat, slays the bear, and enters the bower. Seated to-

gether, with the drawn sword between, Hiordis gives the warrior her bracelet in token of submission, and he leaves her, still not understanding. When day comes, it is easy to carry on the deception, Sigurd thinking all the while that she really loves Gunnar; and so the Vikings sail away, each with his respective bride, for in emptiness of heart Sigurd takes Dagny. From now on it is plain dramatic sailing, the greatest difficulties of this old plot have been overcome, and Ibsen can thenceforth hold closely to the original in the mode of discovery, climax, and tragic end. The point is that Ibsen, with true dramatic instinct, preserves inviolate the plot; what he works in and modifies are the superstructure and accessories.

In the *Winterfeast*, however, fine as it is, Mr. Kennedy commits the mistake — or is it sacrilege? — of tampering with the plot. He takes the immemorial four, Bjorn the warrior, Valbrand the skald, Herdisa the proud-souled, who secretly loves Bjorn, and is loved by both Bjorn and Valbrand, — and an Indian woman who, later, becomes the wife of Bjorn, but who does not appear in the play. Bjorn, perceiving Valbrand's consuming passion for Herdisa, conceals his own love, thus sacrificing love to friendship, something to the old plot inconceivable. Then Bjorn determines to accompany Thorkel, Valbrand's father, to Vineland in order to put distance between himself and Herdisa, and to give Valbrand a clear field. But Herdisa, just before they sail, throws reserve to the winds, and openly shows her love and preference for Bjorn. Still he makes no sign, but sails away with Thorkel, who naturally desires his son's happiness before all else. Then when in Vineland, before the homeward voyage, Bjorn gives Thorkel a love-token and a message to be delivered to Herdisa. Thorkel suppresses both, and lies, giving



Herdisa to understand that she is the woman scorned. In the rush of hurt pride and disappointment, she marries Valbrand. After a lapse of twenty years, Bjorn reappears with a son, Olaf, the child of the Indian mother. Herdisa, still vindictive, still deceived regarding Bjorn's true feeling, sets her husband and Bjorn at odds. Urged to desperation by his wife, Valbrand rushes off to engage his loved friend in deadly combat, and we are led to suppose that Valbrand falls. Then, thirsting to taste vengeance to the full, Herdisa determines to make Olaf instrumental in killing his own father, and swears the unsuspecting youth, who loves her daughter Svanhild at first sight, to avenge these wrongs and insults upon the, to him, unknown foe. But on learning the truth, the youth evades his vow by committing suicide. Then Valbrand enters unharmed, it is Bjorn who has fallen, or has allowed himself to be slain; and Herdisa, in the bloody havoc wrought by Thorkel's early lie and her own savage pride, and with the heart-break of her gentle daughter Svanhild before her eyes, in remorse and horror, dies.

Surely it is Websterian in unrelieved tragedy, and such is the ground-plan or dramatic situation as Mr. Kennedy has modified it. The result is confusion of thought. Motive is utterly incommensurate with circumstance, and character is anything but clear and convincing. Bjorn cuts but a sorry figure in

sacrificing his love and lady to his friend, and in putting the maiden thereby to open shame; and his excuse on his reappearance is something in the nature of adding insult to injury. Fine and effective as the play is in parts, it is as a whole impossible. For the first law of dramatic construction would seem to be: never tamper with the plot; hold it sacred, for it has its being in the depths of human nature, in the essence of human relationships. One might as well expect to dispense with one or more of the four constitutive elements of mind, categories of the finite understanding, as expect to discard in these plots that which in reality pertains to the integrity of the imagination. The plot is *alive* and indestructible, indicative of human nature; the superstructure and ornamentation pertain to manners and customs, and may be, must be, varied and modified accordingly. 'Shakespeare never invented' — or discovered, rather — 'a plot'; it was no part of his genius so to do, nor did he ever violate one. He disclosed human nature in using the plots time-honored and immemorial. But if only the supersubtle Venetian Gozzi had left us a record of those thirty-six dramatic situations, what a purple joy it would have been to all of us who love that delicate, most life-like, most evanescent of all the arts, the art of acting, and care most in literature for that most life-like form, the drama!

## THE LOOM OF SPRING

BY CORNELIA KANE RATHBONE

THE valley weaves her kirtle  
With strands of April green,  
Fern fronds on deeper myrtle  
And willow buds between;  
While tiny rills laugh love-songs low  
Beneath their sedgy screen.

With silks her needle threading,  
Filched from the rainbow's skein,  
Her robe she broiders, wedding  
Gold sunshine, silver rain.  
About her breast slow, golden bees  
Hum amorous refrain.

She hangs her veil with fringes  
Of mauves and violets;  
With blue her girdle tinges;  
Her cloak with crimson frets.  
Kissing her cheek May's wandering wind  
Inconstancy forgets.

Wreathed by young June with roses,  
Blushing she dreams apart,  
Waiting, while twilight closes,  
Her spousals with my heart.  
O lark, that nests within her breast,  
Song of her soul thou art.

## FEDERAL EXPENDITURES UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

THE aggregate expenditures of the United States Government have increased almost continuously since the adoption of the Constitution. Political parties intrusted with the responsibility of government, although pledged by their platforms to retrenchment and economy, have speedily learned that the appropriation of larger and larger sums from year to year for the maintenance of the federal establishment cannot be avoided. This increase apparently bears a certain definite relation to national development.

If the entire life of the Republic be divided into four-year periods corresponding to presidential administrations, all but seven show increase of expenditures over those of the previous period. Moreover, the seven exceptions are not significant, since they merely reflect the reduction of military and naval establishments following active warfare.

During the half century which elapsed between 1860 and 1910 the rate of increase in the cost of maintaining the federal government was about the same as the rate of increase in national wealth. Population, however, creates wealth, and great wealth encourages a generous scale of public expenditure. Hence our rapid growth in population is responsible for the continuous increase in the cost of the federal establishment. It is to be expected, therefore, that so long as the population of the United States increases, whether from excess

of births over deaths, or from immigration, federal expenditures will tend to increase also.

So vast has the total annual expenditure now become, and so immense and complicated is the federal machine of this period, that the economical administration of the government, from being a small and almost negligible matter half a century ago, has at length assumed great importance.

It is clear that government expenditures consist of two unequal parts: the amount which is justly required to meet authorized obligations without extravagance, and an unknown but doubtless comparatively small amount which results from poor or lax administration, wastefulness, or fraud. The proportion thus lost no doubt has varied greatly at different periods, but even a small percentage of waste now means many millions of dollars in absolute figures.

What should be done to reduce this waste to a minimum and to bring the administrative departments of the federal government into line with the most efficient modern organization?

There are two reforms in the administration of federal affairs which should be speedily effected. Upon these, all others should be based; without them, it is unlikely that permanent improvement can be effected, — whatever the extent to which present efforts at 'systematizing' may be carried.

1. The establishment in the federal

departments of expert and complete administrative supervision, of a non-political and reasonably permanent character.

2. The introduction of some standard as a substitute for the money standard which prevails in the commercial world.

To secure the most economical and efficient administration of corporate enterprises in this period of expanding operations is no easy task. It is accomplished only by untiring search for the ablest administrators. Such men are paid high salaries and given complete authority.

In the federal departments grown to 1911 proportions, the problems of administration are fully as perplexing as those of the greatest corporations, yet the government generally employs in executive positions small men at small salaries, and changes them frequently. In large corporate enterprises, positions of great responsibility generally seek the men. Large numbers of persons clamor for the highest federal positions, often without the remotest qualification other than political influence.

All great corporate enterprises, which in the number of persons employed and in some other respects rather closely resemble the federal departments, maintain efficiency by the closest organization, and by strict attention to detail. This is accomplished by employing a general manager, who is selected for demonstrated and peculiar qualifications, and who is held responsible for efficient and economical operation.

In the federal government, however, the control of each of the executive departments is lodged with a cabinet officer. Obviously such an official is not, and cannot be, selected primarily as an organizer and an administrator, since the reasons which

lead to appointment are far removed from mere efficiency as a business manager. Moreover, matters of policy and of politics necessarily absorb much attention. It is becoming more and more evident that cabinet officers should not be concerned with the details of administration. Even if such an official should prove an unusually gifted executive, the average term of a cabinet officer is less than three years; hence the influence of any one individual upon the great department over which he temporarily presides, cannot, at best, be great.

The assistant secretaries are, in general, political appointees. Their average term of service is very brief, and, moreover, they are usually even less qualified than their chiefs to be suddenly thrust by accident into supreme authority, and to become effective administrators of huge and complex business organizations. There is no recent instance where an assistant secretary has been retained for a considerable term of years because of peculiar efficiency as an administrator.

The chiefs of bureaus, where such branches of the government are scientific, for obvious reasons are rarely qualified as good administrators, and in other cases they are so frequently political or temporary appointees that they are seldom efficient executive officers.

Apparently to meet the difficulties of administration which thus exist, and always have existed, there is an official in each executive department and in each bureau, known as chief clerk. The authority of chief clerks to exercise real supervision is almost always lacking, and the salary allowed by Congress is inadequate as compensation for responsible duties. As now constituted and administered, there is no more useless or unjustifiable position in the government service than

that of chief clerk, because it fails to accomplish the purpose for which it was created. With half a dozen exceptions, the men now holding federal chief clerkships would be rejected if they were applicants for positions of responsibility in corporate or other business enterprises.

Political pressure and personal favoritism are also responsible for the practice, very common in the federal service, of "kicking upstairs." This means that an official who proves incompetent or intolerable is shuffled out of the position in which he has become undesirable, or even perhaps a nuisance, to fail in some other position of responsibility. Any one familiar with the service can cite numbers of such cases. There is no branch of the government, even though it be actually charged with effecting reforms in administration, which is free from this pernicious possibility.

Here, then, are the positions of responsibility in departments and bureaus, upon which, in each, the business structure depends. Obviously, reforms in the methods of transacting public business, even though sweeping, will not long endure if no better organization exists at the top than that which at present prevails. If this be admitted, what change in the management of executive departments should be made to secure the most effective operation?

There should be in each department an important official who can best be described as a permanent under-secretary. This man should be selected with as much care as would be exercised in selecting the manager of the United States Steel Corporation. He should receive liberal compensation, commensurate with the responsibilities of supervising the expenditure of many million dollars annually for clerical labor and supplies. He should be

charged solely with administration, and be capable of inspiring confidence and enthusiasm. He should have submitted to him from each bureau a careful system of cost-accounting, by which he may determine the cost of operations and of each class of labor. He should be in constant conference with subordinate officials in the different bureaus and offices, concerning the character of clerical help. He should commend personally those employees who are making a satisfactory record; and should reprimand, directly or indirectly, those who are not earning their salaries. He should be prepared to discharge at any moment, without the slightest regard to political conditions, those persons who are clearly inefficient. This official should prepare a businesslike annual report, showing the financial operations in the conduct of the department, which report should be incorporated in the secretary's report to the President; and should be the subject of special consideration, either by the President or by some appropriate committee of Congress.

Such a position should be as permanent as anything in the government service can be. Having been selected for peculiar efficiency, this official should be regarded by those under him as so permanent that they may depend upon his approval or disapproval, and can dismiss all thought that they are not to be responsible to him next week or next month, as now occurs in connection with all high officials. Thus they will come to accept the judgment and the decision of such a man as final. There will be no covert efforts to defeat his orders, no latent opposition arising from the thought that the chief clerk is more permanent than the official. Such an officer, if he makes full use of his opportunity, could develop human interest by watchful commendation, promotion, reprimand, and dis-

missal, and secure a degree of efficiency and economy which would approximate that secured in great private enterprises.

Whatever the cause, it is a fact known to all who have any familiarity with the affairs of the federal departments and bureaus, that, as at present conducted, every operation, however simple, is more costly than similar operations conducted under private or corporate direction. The impersonal character of the government, its vast resources, the abundance of labor, clerical and manual, the restrictions, some wise and some unwise, and the lack of undisputed permanent authority, all tend to create exceptional conditions, which result in greater expenditure as compared with the operation of private enterprises.

The radical change of organization here proposed is in reality merely an effort to place the executive departments somewhat in line with great business enterprises. Each department is now, in truth, a huge corporation. Economy and efficiency are regarded in the business world as exotics which require untiring cultivation. Can the government assume that they will flourish in the several departments without similar attention? Is it not clear that there must be some central, permanent officer of high rank, from whom orders, instructions, approval, and reprimand shall emanate? The time has arrived when a cabinet officer should practically cease all detailed administration of his department, and should concern himself almost exclusively with policies and product, holding a permanent administrative subordinate responsible for economy and efficiency.

The American people are extremely generous employers when the compensation of an expert organizer, or administrator of a great money-earning

enterprise, is to be decided; but they are exceedingly niggardly employers when the matter of conducting the affairs of their own government offices is involved. A salary of fifty thousand dollars is promptly voted by the directors and stockholders of an important bank or railroad, and so long as the man who receives it organizes, extends, and administers the property successfully and meets dividend and surplus requirements, there is no breath of complaint or criticism. It is, in short, only necessary to 'make good.' In the government service, on the contrary, except a few men in the customs service, but three administrative officials below the rank of cabinet officer receive a salary as high as eight thousand dollars. Including the customs service, there are less than two hundred permanent administrative positions under the government which carry a salary of over eighty dollars per week. Of course it cannot be expected that the great administrators of banks and manufacturing and public-service corporations will give favorable consideration to federal positions of uncertain tenure, carrying as compensation an amount scarcely greater than that required for family pin-money.

This difference in the popular attitude toward official as compared with private employment, arises from a number of causes: the general conviction (especially in those parts of the country where the scale of compensation is low) that a modest salary is enough for any government employee; the lingering impression that all official positions are more or less political, and do not need the services of the masters of organization and administration; and, finally, the great pressure for office, regardless of salary.

The logic of employing a fifty-thousand-dollar man to save half a million dollars or more, appeals only to the



most experienced and broad-minded. The majority are ready to believe that the saving can and should be effected by small men. The Panama Canal forms a conspicuous and most creditable exception.

Until recently we have all been wont to regard official positions of responsibility as due to 'patronage,' a belief which still continues in many quarters. This at once creates a sharp distinction between the policy to be pursued in filling a government office and in filling one of similar responsibility in a money-earning enterprise. In attempting any real reform, short or uncertain tenure of office, lack of real authority, and political intrigue, must be dealt with first. Mere uncertainty of tenure would make it beyond the power of the ablest men to accomplish anything of consequence.

Within the past thirty years all business methods in the United States have been revolutionized. The American people, in their industrial and commercial ventures, and indeed in every calling, have developed and broadened immeasurably. Should not the administration of government change also? Is not the time appropriate for the federal government, now grown to vast proportions, to change its organization so as to utilize the best methods and the best men to be found in private life?

Of scarcely less importance is the establishment of a standard. In a large corporation the basis of employment, or of the retention of individuals when employed, is efficiency in contributing toward the profit of the concern. By this exacting standard, if the employee does not prove efficient within the sphere of his or her duties, whatever they may be, such employee is promptly dropped without argument or apology. It is sufficient that the concern cannot pay the compensation

allotted if it is not earned, and another and more capable wage-earner is substituted. Furthermore, the money standard, — the exaction of a dollar's value for a dollar expended, — applied in order to show at the end of the business year low operating expenses coupled with the largest profit consistent with good administration, reaches out into all the other operations of the concern.

The money-earning standard is, in general, the compass of the commercial world, but the executive departments of the federal government have no such guide. Since the making, and hence the saving, of money is not the objective of operation, no government employee is taught to consider the value of government money. It is, therefore, not remarkable that waste, ill-advised methods, over-employment, disproportionate wages, employment of persons not earning the compensation paid to them, and costly printing and miscellaneous expenses, creep into the daily routine of the departments from this cause alone.

What substitute, if any, is there for the commercial, money-earning standard, which will prove effective in the federal departments?

Apparently there is but one: the introduction of a large degree of human interest. By this term is meant the increase in importance of the personal equation, and the decrease in importance of the official or strictly formal and impersonal attitude which now prevails. This term, human interest, includes the cultivation of zeal in work (whatever the motive from which it springs), and recognition of faithful service.

In the government service at the present time, adequate appreciation and compensation are seldom accorded to those conscientious employees who labor faithfully because of genuine

love of or interest in their duties; there is no strict supervision of those who are mercenary; and no adequate discipline for those (and there are many) who shirk their tasks.

These are the basic requirements in every commercial enterprise.

While it is, of course, true, that self-respecting men and women do not require to be constantly patted on the back, it is a fact that the occasional hearty approval of really good work, uttered by an official who stands for something, means genuine inspiration, just as a rebuke and a warning mean necessary improvement. This statement applies with greater force to the employees of the federal government than to any other group of wage-earners in the country. They have all secured appointment through the civil service because they are educated and intelligent men and women. Hence, at the outset, at least, they are alert, sensitive, and peculiarly susceptible to praise or censure; they are men and women in whom the element of human interest is highly developed, and whose efficiency may be destroyed easily by neglect or injustice. In the past, and even at the present time, the daily conduct of many of the divisions in the Executive Departments might justly be called 'The Tyranny of Small Men.'

It will be observed that the suggestions here offered tend toward closer organization, and more careful and systematic supervision, with decided increase in personal interest and personal responsibility. There is, in truth, no other way by which the expenditures of the federal government can be reduced and kept permanently at the lowest point consistent with effective operation. It is very easy ruthlessly to cut off this and that expenditure, to introduce this and that radical reform, or to 'systematize' a department

or bureau; but unless the incentive to real reform has been created, and can be maintained by a better organization and a better spirit, all reforms, however sweeping, will be short-lived and vanish with a department official or an administration.

One more step can be taken with profit in the effort to secure the most thorough and permanent economy of modern administration. The subject of unexpended balances should receive serious consideration. Congress seldom pays any attention to an appropriation after it has become law. Once made, the subject is forgotten, and there is a decided tendency on the part of government officials who have fought long and earnestly to secure an appropriation, to use it all. They believe, indeed, that if they do not use all the funds allowed them, they cannot obtain as much the following year. If some of the appropriation should be expended unwisely, in all probability this fact will never appear. On the other hand, if an official labors early and late to secure the maximum of result with the minimum of expenditure, to what purpose is it? There is no one who is really concerned with such matters, and the official is justified in asking the cynical question, 'Who cares?' He will receive no credit other than self-approbation for the most economical expenditure resulting in a considerable unexpended balance, as compared with comparatively careless, and what may be termed routine expenditure, by which all the appropriation is exhausted.

There could be created profitably, in each House of Congress, a standing committee organized to inquire concerning unexpended balances, to tabulate them, and report at intervals, commending economical officials and criticizing those who are not. Unquestionably, such a policy would at once change the attitude of department officials

toward the expenditure of appropriations intrusted to their care. Incited by the increasing seriousness of waste in the administration of the government, Congress must deal with this problem in broad-minded and intelligent fashion. No partial reforms can possibly avail to secure permanent improvement, so great is the power within the federal service of precedent and prejudice.

It should not be overlooked that reforms in government procedure have been attempted from time to time in the past. The exhaustive Dockery investigation and report, made during the first administration of Mr. Cleveland, was an admirable piece of work, and should easily have led to far-reaching changes. Covert opposition, however, both political and individual, and official inertia, prevented any lasting improvements. More recently the Keep Commission labored earnestly and efficiently to effect desirable changes, and later, James R. Garfield, while Secretary of the Interior (the most progressive Secretary who has presided over the Department for many years), expended twelve thousand dollars — paid to a firm of systematizers — to

improve the business methods of the Department. It is doubtful if the economies now in operation, traceable directly to these attempts at reform, are numerous and valuable enough to justify the time thus consumed and the expenditures made. In fact, after the lapse of but two years, many of the responsible officers who served under Mr. Garfield have disappeared from the service. Furthermore, the President's Secretary, who less than a year ago undertook to lead the reform of business methods in the government, has already retired to private life. The succession of officials in the federal service might with greater propriety be called a procession. Meantime, with a steady increase in aggregate expenditure, the necessity for economy in administration continually grows more pressing.

Of late the American people have shown a decided tendency to conduct public affairs to their own liking. It remains to be seen whether they will insist upon a complete overhauling of government procedure to conform to modern conditions. The alternative is to accept waste and inertia without complaint.

## A DREAM-MARCH TO THE WILDERNESS

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

Not many years ago, at the close of an early day in May,—it was the anniversary of the Battle of the Wilderness,—a rather square-shouldered man, dressed in Scotch tweed, and wearing a low-crowned, fawn-colored hat, was walking a country road, which led by a venerable oak wood. He was spare; age had frosted his light moustache. In his youth a sword had hung at his side, for he had been a soldier, and during the famous war between the states, sometimes called the Great Rebellion, he had carried Grant's first dispatch from the Wilderness. It was about noon on the second day of the bloody field when Grant, that charmingly low-voiced, softly blue-eyed hero who now sleeps in glory on the bank of the Hudson, himself handed his dispatch to the young officer, who mounted a spirited black horse, and accompanied by a squadron of cavalry set off for the nearest telegraph line, which was at Rappahannock Station, some twenty-odd miles away, where he arrived just after the sun had set. Returning, he left the Rappahannock at midnight and, preceding his escort, reached the Rapidan as the morning star was paling; and, boylike, on the willow-fringed river-bank he loitered for a moment to listen to a redbird that was singing. Soon the dull, quick boom of replying guns went grumbling by, and, leaving river and redbird, he rode back, through a lifting fog, to Grant on the battlefield.

And now, unconscious of time and rapt in the memories of the Wilderness,

his channeled face was toward the west and the evening star hung low. The day was about done. The last prying crow had flown to his roost in the boughy hemlocks; belated bees, forgetful of the hour in their zealous diligence, were leaving the blooming lindens whose sweet odor, mingling with that of the wild grape, perfumed the dusking air, and the jeweling dew, on the tips of the fresh-blading corn and the saw-toothed margined leaf of the budding sweet-brier, was already gathering the light of the kindling stars into diamonds and pearls. Save the piping of frogs in a rushy swale on the hither side of the white thorn and boulder-strewn leaning pasture, which on the left hand bordered the roadside, all was very still. Moved by the pensive silence and by the heavens declaring aloft the glory of God, his thoughts had turned from a field of strife to a field immortal, when a mantled figure emerged from the growing darkness of the timber, and, in the full, mellow speech of the woods, accosted him, saying, 'I am what I am, and beseech you to lead me back to my home once more.'

'Where is your home?' the soldier asked.

'It lies on the banks of the Rappahannock and the Rapidan; from my doorstep within the sweep of a circle of eight miles lie the fields of Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, and the Wilderness, where over fifty thousand men, most of them mere boys under twenty-one, were killed or wounded.'

'Yes, yes,' interrupted the veteran

feelingly. 'I knew them, I marched with them, and I saw many of them put in their last narrow beds.'

'That battle region,' continued the figure, 'is my home, and my abiding-place was not far from where Stonewall Jackson fell and Longstreet was so severely wounded.'

'Why, I know those places well, and shall never forget Chancellorsville and that full moon coming up through the tree-tops crimsoned by the smoke which overhung the blood-drenched field just as Stonewall Jackson in the wooded darkness received by some mysterious fate his mortal wounds. Had he lived two hours longer, I do not know what would have become of our army and its cause.'

At the mention of Fate a change like the passage of a beam of light through a mirky wood spread over her grave face as her eyes suddenly gleamed with an inward light.

'I was in the Battle of the Wilderness, too,' he continued familiarly, 'and can hear its volleys thundering now.'

Gazing with thoughtful scrutiny, she asked, 'And do you know where Longstreet was wounded in that battle on the Plank Road?'

'I do, and the shot that took him down just on the verge of victory was equally mysterious. I have stood at the spot more than once, and at morning and evening have sat by the bank of Caton's and Wilderness Runs listening to their murmur.'

Of all the battlefields the veteran had been on, and they were many, the Wilderness was the only one he had revisited, and once amid its solitudes, he would spend days as in a temple.

'And you know those warrior runs, too!' exclaimed the other, in a tone of subdued delight, and drew nearer — she had plucked a red trillium such as bloom in the Wilderness, and placed it in her breast.

'Indeed I do, and can go to the very place on the bank of one of them where during the battle I saw a boy who had bled to death, sitting at the foot of a gray beech tree, still holding some violets, which he had picked, in his ashy fingers.'

'Oh, what a memory! Give me your hand, you are just the one to take me back to my home.'

'But how did you happen to leave it?' inquired the soldier, now looking into the warm deep eye of the figure, with amiable but frank curiosity.

'It came about in this wise. Not long ago I was put into a narrative of the Battle of the Wilderness, which was borne along lines of thundering traffic, out into the wide busy world, and finally to firesides leagues on leagues apart. I am the Spirit of the Wilderness of that narrative, and while it is true that here and there from an ancient book on a library shelf I heard low notes of welcome, and while more than one gray-haired old soldier with trembling hand held the story and read it with delight, even with tears sometimes trickling from his spectacled eyes, yet in the faces of most readers, I saw a look of strange wonder, a vague indefiniteness as to who and what I was, while invariably, when the narrative fell into the hands of students of the Art of War, their brows bristled as they read, claiming that I diverted their attention from the march of events: and not infrequently I'd hear one say, "D——n his sentiment!"'

'Scorned and furtively gazed at, nowhere understood or admitted to close fellowship, my heart grew heavy and I fled through fields and woods. It was not so in the early days,' mused the Spirit; 'my forefathers and brethren were at home by every rustic fireside, on every ship that sailed for Troy, in every palace of Babylon; and where-soever a shepherd slept among his flock

in the fields of Judæa, there too they were welcome. I wonder what has happened to change mankind and cause them to scan me with such cold, strange eyes.'

Just then a radiant Being, whose abiding-place is in the self-sown grove of Literature, laid its hand tenderly on the veteran's shoulder and said, 'Let me answer that question. It is because, in these latter days, all that fertile area of man's brain, the habitation and playground of his primitive senses of truth and beauty, senses which cheered and inspired him to joy, awe, and reverence by transmuting his thoughts and emotions, creation's sounds and the sky's morning and evening empire of color into living symbols, therewith inspiring prophets to clothe their Bible in splendor, and poets to sweep the strings of mighty harps,—all that area with its natural indigenous crops of poetry, religion, and literature has been blighted by the blasting fumes of sordid commercialism and desolate materialism. Alas! that playground of man's spiritual nature, from a daisied meadow with star-reflecting streams, surrounded by green wooded mountains, has been turned into a waste of drifting sands, and instead of those religiously joyful beings, Poetry and the creative spirit who danced, sang, and piped, what have we? Altruism, Pragmatism, Atheism, and a bleak disbelief in Immortality.'

Then, turning impatiently and with a sweep of her hand, she exclaimed, 'Think of it, ye oaks, hickories, chestnuts, and beeches, whose acorns and nuts are just forming! Ye hawthorns and old orchards in bloom! Think of it, violets,—yellow, white, dog-tooth, and blue; anemones and houstonias in open woodland and pasture, and ye, too, happy brooks and runs, whose gurgling waters have just fallen from rainbowed clouds in the sky! Think

of it! No immortality!' And with one accord, the oaks, the neighboring forests, blooming orchards, and blading plants all shouted in derision, and then broke into hosannas in praise to God for life beyond the grave. And they had barely ended when the stars and winds, cataracts and waves on the long, sandy beaches, took up the triumphant song.

As the last note of Nature's worshipful anthem died away, the radiant Being vanished, and the Wilderness-Spirit whispered to the veteran, 'What is Pragmatism and Altruism?'

Now, it was a peculiarity of the soldier's mind that whatsoever was philosophic, whatsoever he could not visualize, irritated him, and he blurted out, 'I don't know and don't care a d—n! All I know is that in my youth I was taught that God created the heavens and the earth and hung the stars in the sky to light it by night, and that the first true gentleman who ever lived died on Calvary, and however it may be now with the people of this generation, religion was a reality to my forefathers. I loved to hear them in their congregations singing old hymns, and on my way back from Sunday School I loved to roam the fields and hear the meadow-lark singing too; and when the shadows were lengthening and evening's pensive twilight was coming on, and my heart naturally beating low, I was cheered to hear the thrush pouring out his musical notes, his heart apparently growing lighter with the approach of night while mine was growing heavier. And there was a hill in the pasture of the old home farm where the sheep would lie down to rest, and I never saw them reposing there in the moonlight that I did not think of that night when the angel's song of Peace and Goodwill toward men was first heard on the earth. Oh, I wish I were a boy again, the moon rising over that



hill; could roam those fields — they were like companions to me — and hear the wind in the old home woods once more,' — his voice falling as usual into a low cadence when his feelings were deep.

'Do you wonder then how I long for my old home in the Wilderness?' asked the Spirit earnestly. 'Lo! there rising through the woods is the full moon'; and gazing at it she observed, 'That is just how it looked at Chancellorsville a moment before Stonewall fell.'

'So it does *exactly*!' responded the veteran.

'And I know,' continued the Spirit, 'how its beams are falling on the Lacy farm, among the half-grown pines on the knoll where Grant had his headquarters, and athwart the Widow Tapp's old field where Lee had his. Are you aware,' she continued, 'that this anniversary, the 6th of May, never comes round that Duty and Glory, bearing wreaths in their hands for the dead of both armies, do not appear in the Wilderness, that its streams do not murmur the livelong night, and the old breastworks behind which stood the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac — your own old gallant army — do not call to each other in friendly tones. Often have I heard them as I sat at my leafy door, and then one trumpet after another blows where some splendid boy fell; and invariably, as their last notes die away, the wind rises and breathes a solemn requiem. Oh, what a home I had!'

The old soldier, catching the glint of a falling tear, thrust his arm impulsively through that of the spirit. 'Come on, by thunder!' he exclaimed, 'let us go back to the Wilderness!'

And off they set.

Now from time to time, as in all time, bells speak to bells, mountain peaks to mountain peaks, lakes to lakes,

and land to sea; and above all on May nights, when Spring is strewing her flowers over the fields and through the woods, when there is mist in the valleys and clouds are gilded by the moon.

So, the news was communicated by spire and bell to the soldiers on the monuments from Maine to Minnesota that the old Army of the Potomac was forming to go back to the Wilderness. And soon they began to gather, and at every lane and cross-road our little company came to, there stood a color-bearer and soldiers who fell in, swelling the procession. Great was the joy of every run and brook they crossed, of every hill and field they passed; the lone trees in them, as well as the woods, all waving their green banners. And wheresoever they swung by a farm from which a soldier had volunteered, the cocks in the barns crowed valiantly. On they went, climbing a long hill in the moonlight, past stone walls old and blotched with lichens on either side of the narrow mountain-road, past gray weather-worn boulders, from the top of which many a sparrow and lark had sung a sweet song and among which small herds of young cattle were sleeping in peace, on and on until they came to a lonely house in whose dooryard stood a tottering hoary oak. A boy with yellow hair and pink cheeks, an only son from this house, was the first to spring to the old soldier's side. This boy it was who had gone forth when his captain in the Wilderness seized the colors and amid a terrible fire had planted them ahead of all the battle line, crying out, 'Who will stand by me?' Captain and boy never came home. The once kingly tree, now in the childish dotage of old age, lifted its bleaching crown as the colors passed and with trembling voice said, 'If you pass the grave where our gallant Tom lies, tell him that we wish he would come home.'

While the column was crossing the Hudson the guns of old Revolutionary Fort Putnam boomed a salute. And, wheresoever in the Highlands the men of Massachusetts, Virginia, and the rest of the original Thirteen Colonies had camped under Washington, Wayne, and Heath, beacon fires on the hills were burning.

The line of march soon led by the gates of a vast temple whose walls and dome were of beaten gold. Avarice sat brooding on its gates, which were of massive brass; and notwithstanding it was night, a conclave of middle-aged men with hard, cold faces and sharp little eyes were mounting the gilded steps, and passing between the fluted columns of solid bullion into the temple of Mammon.

The spires of Philadelphia were all on the look-out, for they had heard the cheering at Princeton, and as soon as they caught sight of the oncoming column the Liberty Bell began to peal.

And lo! when they reached Washington, Columbia came down from the dome of the Capitol and led them up Pennsylvania Avenue, the torch of the country's destiny burning brightly in her hand; and as they passed the White House there stood Lincoln once more waving them a 'God bless you' on their way, the pathos of his sad face lighting as he looked at them steadfastly, perhaps listening to a voice repeating the lyric of his first inaugural.

'We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.'

'Better angels of our nature!' Clay

of Westminster! State papers of the world, match that lyric close if you can!

When they reached the Potomac, the river was glad to see its old namesake again, and all up and down its banks, from Cumberland to the Chesapeake, there was great joy as the news was borne by the rippling current that the old Army of the Potomac was crossing into Virginia on its way to the Wilderness in the spirit of Goodwill and Peace.

That night the army bivouacked on the green sward of Mt. Vernon. Sweet was the sleep of all, for the sanctified, country-loving sod whispered to every one of them that he was welcome.

The fires kindled on the hearth of the venerable mansion, the windows gleamed, and ready dressed in his uniform, Washington sat with rapt pleasure looking into a softly blazing fire, beholding the realization of the hopes of departed days.

Now the boom of old Fort Putnam's guns and the peal of the Liberty Bell had barely passed on their way over the Southland, when the bell of St. Michael in Charleston began to ring and guns to boom from Cowpen's, King's Mountain, and Yorktown. And as they ceased, the voice of the Confederate soldier, standing aloft on his column overlooking Richmond, was heard calling the Army of Northern Virginia to attention, and in a little while that old army with the Stars and Bars flying was on its way to the Wilderness. And if the fields and woods of the Northland had greeted the procession of its brave and true with proud exultation, the greetings of the Southland for its valiant sons was even keener, prouder, and warmer. And the reason why, it is easy to see: for where there is pity a kind of tear gathers in the eye which the heart sends up of its choicest dew, and the result was, as their friends cheered

them again and again, tears of love and pride dripped down the cheeks of old and young. The liveoaks with their swinging moss, cypress and pine, the cotton-fields and every blooming laurel decking the cloud-capped hills of Carolina and Tennessee waved, and waved proudly. Yes, and there was music in the channels of the Alabama, Ocmulgee, and Altamaha, that rejoicing music of lofty strain which the streams of a land devoted to an enlightened, righteous democracy bear on to the sea. Has the Ganges, the Tiber, the Danube, the Nile, or the Rhine, a song like that of the James, the Hudson, the Charles, the Alabama, the Oregon, and the mighty Mississippi?

So, when the Army of Northern Virginia approached Richmond the kingly James broke into a strain that pierced the sky, for its heart, like that of the Blue Ridge, the peaks of Otter and the Shenandoah, had been with it from beginning to end.

Under the escort of the Richmond Blues the procession traversed the proud citadel of the Confederacy. It is believed that never, never, in all history did any army receive such a welcome. From the time it appeared filing down the heights of Manchester till the last color disappeared on the Brooke Pike, the people thronged the streets; aged fathers and mothers, pale and too weak to stand alone, who had lived through the war, were supported lovingly on either side at their doorways, and babies were waked and taken from their cradles and held high in their mothers' arms so that they might have it to say in their old age that they saw the Army of Northern Virginia as it marched through Richmond on its way to the Wilderness. All the bells rang, St. Paul's leading, and there was many a suppressed sob as the tears fell.

As the line passed the White House, uncovered between two of the columns

of the porch stood Jefferson Davis. His spare face was unclouded. With character so spotless, integrity so incorruptible, courage so resolute, conviction in the justice of the cause he led so strong, he seemed, as his eyes lay kindly on the marching veterans, to be listening in faith for the final and favorable verdict of the future. The charm of his personality, a rare blending of dignity with well-bred deference, was still about him. Of course, all the flags were dipped, including the stars and stripes borne by the Blues, for each star and each bar on it remembered him as an old friend, one who at Buena Vista, as colonel of the First Mississippi, by his courage and blood (for he was severely wounded there) brought it victory. The sight of the old flag dipping to him brought his heart into his mouth and with moistened eyes he bowed low and whispered, 'God bless you!'

As they marched by the old camping-grounds, each begged them for the sake of bygone days to halt; but the veterans wanted to sleep once more on the scene of the five-days' warfare at Spottsylvania, whose match in desperate assaults was not met with elsewhere. So by the old battlefields, and over the South Anna and the North Anna, they marched on. Both of these rivers were singing, and long after they crossed them, heading northward, they could still hear them, as the south wind breathed through the newly-leaved woods and over the freshly-ploughed fields.

In uncommon splendor the sun went down, and out from her sky-ceiled chamber, twilight never came forth with softer grace, or with a sweeter face under her veil; and never did the evening star seem more reluctant to sink to her bed in the west, as the column in gray marched on in the spirit of Goodwill and Peace. At last lone trees, fields, and distant views, all faded

away, and darkness came from the deep, heavy woods which lined the roadside, and stood at their branching overarched doorways; gentleness and perfect safety had replaced the terror in the face of Night. Millions of stars were out.

When within a mile or so of Spottsylvania all the battle-torn banners began to flutter on their staffs, and their bearers could not understand it. But when they drew to their destination, then the reason dawned on them, for there were the old fields robed in glory to welcome them; the flags, you see, had felt the proud beating of their hearts. Spottsylvania's reception was royal, all her peerage, her court of heroic deeds, were there in state and pomp, and on every staff as they passed her she hung a wreath of laurel. After the camp-fires were lit, the oaks from the 'Bloody Angle' came out and joined their fellow veterans around the camp-fires, not boastful yet proud of their maimed limbs, their scars, and the bullets still in their breasts. Sweet, peaceful, and refreshing was sleep!

Meanwhile the Army of the Potomac had reached the Rapidan and was bivouacking on its northern bank, the river alone between it and the Wilderness. The moon never moved upward with greater majesty, nor were the stars arrayed in finer apparel, than on that night. How could it have been otherwise? For are not brave hearts, filled with the spirit of peace and goodwill, the true coming down of Heaven to dwell among men? And naturally enough then every luminary of the firmament brightened.

The Rapidan listened with rapture while the old Army of the Potomac sang its songs; and after the voices all died down, and with hands under their cheeks, as in their childhood, the veterans fell asleep, the night wind gathered the perfume of jessamine, azalea, lin-

den, violet, and wild grape to fill the air, and then breathed lullabies through the willows and the æolian-throated pines. To show how through Nature's vast concourse of stars, winds, plains, mountains, and seas the heart's high beats are conveyed, it is said that during that night a square-rigged ship from New Orleans, loaded with cotton, spoke a barque in mid-Atlantic loaded with spars from the coast of Maine; both had every bit of bunting a-flying and, as they passed, yards, masts, and sails cheered for the respective armies, and then for the common country's glory.

The Wilderness, fully informed of the old armies' approach, and desirous that their reception should be suitable, called in conference the neighboring battlefields of Todd's Tavern, Mine Run, Spottsylvania, and Chancellorsville. Having assembled on a knoll crowned with open venerable trees, it was suggested that by reason of their common memories the Pike, Brock, and Plank roads, Caton's and Wilderness runs, the Widow Tapp's fields and the Chewning farm should be invited to the conference also. (The old Plank Road, owing to its infirmities, was the last to reach the meeting-place, and the Pike, on account of its years and consequent shortness of breath, had to sit down twice to rest before completing the journey.)

All having gathered at last, and as they were on the point of taking up the matter in hand, the little chapel constructed since the war, which stands on the side of the Pike near where Grant's headquarters once were, modestly drew near. She had been overlooked, but gladly they welcomed her to a place amongst them, for there is not an oak or a pine, green-alleyed vista, murmuring stream, or old entrenchment, within sound of her voice, that does not love her, and that does not join in worship on quiet Sunday

evenings, as the last pealing stroke of her bell dies away.

After full discussion it was decided that when the heads of the two armies bore in sight, the Southern, up the Brock Road from Spottsylvania, the Northern, up the Germanna Road from the Rapidan, a delegation of the best oaks — more than one of them carried bullets, shrapnel, and pieces of shell — should meet them and escort each to its former respective position; that meanwhile the azaleas, dogwood, and blooming laurel should line the roadsides, and that here and there canteens of cool fresh water should be hung on pendant boughs. Provision was also made that, on gaining their camps, piles of dry fagots should be ready for the camp-fires, and that wheresoever a horse or mule should be tied, there at his feet should lie a ration of glittering corn and a sheaf of bearded oats. The little chapel volunteered to supply a soft pillow for every head, and a far traveling wind, which had halted, attracted by the assemblage, suggested that as sleep was closing their eyes the runs should softly sing of home and peace.

In accordance with this programme, never were armies escorted with more dignity, and never were roadsides dressed with more beauty. For, as well as the dogwood, laurel, and azaleas, every blooming bush and wild flower of the woods came out to welcome them, every waxen, yellow cowslip, open-eyed houstonia, the spring beauties with their faintly pink-streaked petals, the spiritual white-clothed distant aerial wind-flower, the downy-stemmed liverwort, violets, white, yellow, and blue, all stood there facing one another, the road between, in childish expectancy and glee, the tall standing back to give place to the small. And as brigade after brigade came by, they and the trees over them would break into exulting cheers. Now you would hear them along

the Germanna Road, up which marched the old Army of the Potomac — God bless it! how the name always stirs my heart; now the woods along the Pike would take them up; and then you would hear them far away to the southwest, beyond New Hope Church, responding, — it was through them that the gallant Longstreet had marched; — and as the Army of Northern Virginia came up the Brock Road and filed into the Plank for the Widow Tapp field and the Chewning farm, wild, even tumultuous, was the acclamation of the Wilderness. In fact, as the two armies went into their camps, the voice of the timbered battle-fought region rose with such mighty force that every fellow ancient wood of our land, from farthest shore to shore, took up the cheers, and rejoicing waves rolled thundering in from the level, moonlit seas.

It is needless to say, seeing in what fellowship and kindness the armies had come together on one of their deadliest fields, that the heart of the reunited country was beating loud; and that, as always when the heart of man or nation flushes the brain with tides of feeling, Art, Poetry, and Religion, those mighty creative spirits, through her gifted sons, got ready to embody the glory of the land in immortal speech; or to add that, beholding their sincerity, Nature walked by their side and spoke, and heaven-lit was the vision of our country's majesty as she moved peacefully, brave, just, merciful, and clothed in righteousness, among the nations of the world.

But who are those envoys that, with banners, are traveling hitherward through the fields of moon and stars? Silence stands at the border of her kingdom, and her attendants are there, the carrying winds. Oh, with what a depth of acquaintance and meaning she meets them, and with what looks they answer the cheers of the Wilder-

ness! The envoys and their winged retinue have gone into camp on a beach where lofty headland on headland appears. What new country is that? Wait a while; God is pouring his spirit out as he had promised to do on all men, and the literature of our land will at last tell you what country it is, and you will hear echoes from the cliffs of the mind.

It seems that Fame too had come to witness the reunion, and the good angel of our country went to her side and said, 'Why not throw the doors of your temple open and let them enter as friends?' Her trumpet sounds, the armies rouse and take up the march again. Abreast they mount the steps and pass through the high, wide doors. Ushers with suspended trumpets—oh, how they have sounded on many a field since the Christian Era began!—seated the Army of the Potomac on one side, the Army of Northern Virginia on the other; their colors, mingling, were planted around the chancel. The galleries were crowded, crowded with the true, gentle, gifted, heroic of the past,—Fame's sweethearts,—all looking down with fresh, noble unselfconscious interest. There was the Centurion, the Good Samaritan, Sidney, Sir Richard Grenville.

Noble, very noble was that company, waiting the arrival of Grant and Lee, who presently appeared marching up the aisle, led on by stern Duty, that

master soldier, 'with sword on thigh and brow with purpose knit,' attended on either hand by Victory and Law. The vast assembly rose and stood till they were seated. Then an invisible choir somewhere aloft in the mighty dome began to sing: 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God'; the heads of all bowed in reverential silence. The song ended, History brought forward her Chronicle and read a glowing chapter; the wind of the Wilderness carried it forth; and then followed a great hush as if a voice from the firmament had pronounced a benediction. The two armies rose, and to the exulting music of the fields, rivers, mountains, and lakes of our loving land, marched away into the darkening past.

And as they vanished, the Future drew her curtain, and lo! appeared a vast multitude attentive to a figure with a radiant face—it may have been Poetry—who was addressing them with inspired lips, her uplifted hand pointing from time to time toward a dawn-tinted beacon peak. On inquiry, the soaring mountain-top was found to be the glory of the generation whose armies had the magnanimity, the greatness of soul, after a bitter war of four years, to meet as friends, to bury and forget all wrongs, and with stout but humble hearts, to take up the task of their country's destiny.



## FOR THE HONOR OF THE COMPANY

BY MARY E. MITCHELL

THE old man came slowly up the little graveled path which bisected the plot, and painfully bent himself to one of the ornate iron settees facing the monument. Everything about him, the faded blue suit, the brass-buttoned coat with the tiny flag pinned on its breast, the old army hat, all bespoke the veteran. He wore, also, a look of unwonted tidiness which sat stiffly on his shambling figure. The frayed edges of his clean linen had been clipped, and his thin gray hair neatly brushed. His whole aspect told of a conscientious concession to the solemn rites of Decoration Day.

The bench already held one occupant, small and withered in person, with soft white hair showing beneath a rusty, old-fashioned bonnet. An observer would have pronounced her a contemporary of the newcomer. But it is harder to tell a woman's age than a man's; the way of her life marks her face more than do the years. In this case her deep corrugations bore witness to stress, but behind the furrows lay something which hinted that the owner had over-lived the storms, and that the end was peace.

The little green park which they had chosen for their resting-place was a fitting spot for old people, for it, too, spoke of battles past and victories won. The monument was one of those misguided efforts by which a grateful community is wont to show its appreciation of heroic service. It rose from the surrounding sward with a dignity of purpose and a pathos of intention quite

worthy of better expression. The scrap of ground around it had been promoted from unkempt waste, trampled by children and the occasional cow, to a proud position of national use. On this particular day it fulfilled its duties with an air of special integrity, while the monument fluttered with decorous gayety in a loyal drapery of red, white, and blue.

The Memorial Day sun was warmly manifesting its patriotism, and the veteran sank into the shaded seat with a sigh of tired content. He took off his hat and mopped his forehead. His part in the programme was over, and he had earned his rest. The celebration had been a success; not a threatening cloud had distracted the attention of the audience from the orator of the day. The procession had made an impressive progress to the cemetery, and one more chaplet had been laid upon the grave of the Civil War.

When he had restored his hat to his grizzled head, the veteran straightened up and regarded his seat-mate. He was a social soul, and the little cough he gave found no excuse in his bronchial regions; it was a purely voluntary and tentative approach to conversation. The look the woman vouchsafed him did not discourage his advance.

'Sightly place?' he ventured.

'Yes,' replied the woman.

'That monument now; it's somethin' to be proud of, ain't it?'

'It's real handsome.'

'I ain't been here since it was set up. I belong over Hilton way, but this

year the whole county's celebratin' together, you know, an' I thought I'd like to see the boys' names cut up there.'

The woman's gaze followed the veteran's to the tablet on the side of the shaft.

'They look good, don't they?' she said softly. 'I brought Danny to see them. His gran'father was my husband, an' I give him to his country.'

The veteran put his hand to his hat in an awkward gesture of sympathy.

'Well, ma'am,' he said, 'I often wonder why I warn't taken instead of some better man. I fought right through an' got nothin' but a flesh wound. Lord! but it was the women that suffered; they're the ones that ought to get pensions. I sense as if it was yesterday the mornin' I said good-bye to my sweetheart.'

For a moment the only sound was that of the breeze gently stirring the fresh young maple leaves overhead. Then the woman spoke.

'It seems queer, don't it, for us to be settin' here, an' them never knowin' that we're proud of 'em, an' that the country they died for is doin' 'em honor all over its length an' breadth? If they could come back an' join in the procession it would make a long line, but, my! would n't we make of 'em! I can't help thinkin' how much more they did than just fight.'

'That's so,' responded the veteran. 'There's somebody that says that when you pass out, what you've done don't die, but goes livin' on after you, an' I guess he's right. If we sensed that all the time we'd be more careful, mebbe.'

'It *has* lived after them,' approved the woman. 'I feel just that way when I'm thinkin' about my husband. He helped break the chains of the slave, but that warn't all or even most of what he done. I guess the war would n't have been lost if he had n't been in it, but

he gave the folks that knew him an example of what bein' a hero is, an' you can't calculate what that's meant.'

The veteran nodded.

'I never thought of it just that way before, but I guess you're right, ma'am.'

'You take Danny, now; he's the only gran'child I've got, an' we set store by him. Well, he's lame, an' the doctor says he won't ever be better. Seems as if it would fair kill his father when he heard that; men take such things hard, you know, and Danny was his eye's apple. But I guess he had some of the fightin' blood in him, for he marched straight up to the sorrier an' looked it square in the face. "My father faced the music, an' I guess I won't shame him, though it's a different kind of a bullet that's struck me; one you've got to live with instead of die of," he told Hatty Anne; she's his wife, an' she told me. As for Danny, well, when he was a little mite with a backache a good deal bigger'n he was, he would n't cry out because his gran'father was a soldier. We talk to him a lot about it, an' I guess it's given him courage to live.'

'Perhaps the little feller'll get over it,' said the veteran sympathetically. 'Doctors don't know everything.'

The woman shook her head.

'There ain't any perhaps about a spine as crooked as Danny's. But he's real sunny dispositioned an' he's got lots of grit. He's just set on playin' soldier, an' it would make you cry to see him drillin', brave as the best, with his poor little back, an' his pipe-stem legs. He's over there now, waiting for the band to come back; he's just crazy over bands, Danny is.'

The veteran strained his dim eyes in the direction of the little figure sitting, crutches by his side, on the broad curb which swept about the curve of the grass-plot.

'My husband did n't leave much in

the way of worldly goods,' continued the woman, 'but I guess the legacy he did leave has gone further an' done more'n dollars would have done.'

'That's so! That's so!' affirmed the veteran; and again on the two old people fell silence. It was the veteran who broke it.

'I'm thinkin', as I set here, how the real heroes, an' them that ain't heroes, are all mixed up in a war, an' both get equal credit. Here's your husband, now, a brave man who died for his country, an' then again I could tell you a story — but there! my son's wife says my tongue's longer'n the moral law. I guess when I get goin' I don't know when to stop.'

The woman's face expanded in interest as she edged nearer her seat-mate.

'I'll be real pleased to hear it,' she said.

The veteran painfully crossed his stiff legs, took off his hat and put it on his knee, while with one wrinkled hand he nervously fingered the brim.

'It seems good to be talkin' of old times.' The veteran's voice took on an apologetic note. 'Young folks don't always know what that means to the old, an' sometimes they get a bit impatient. You can't blame 'em. But this thing I've mentioned I never told but just to one, an' that was my wife; she's dead, now, this twenty year. It ain't a pretty story to tell, or for a woman to hear, but somehow I kind o' feel as if you'd understand. I've never been quite sure I done right; my wife, she thought I did, but you know wives have a way of favorin' what their men do. Perhaps you'll judge different.'

The veteran's eyes were fixed on the monument. The woman adjusted herself in an attitude of attention. Now and then there floated over to them the broken sounds of a happy little tune Danny was singing to himself.

'It happened at Gettysburg,' said the veteran, 'on the second day of the fight. You can't know just how a soldier feels when a battle is in the air. War brings out all that's good in a man, an' right along beside it all that's bad. The thought of the cause you're fightin' for, an' the music, an' the marchin', an' the colors flyin', an' the officers cheerin' the men, all gets hold of somethin' inside of you, an' you could give up everythin' for your country. It's grand, but, Lord! it's no use talkin' about it! You can't put it into words. Queer, ain't it, how many things words can spoil?'

The veteran paused as the woman gave the expected note of assent.

'As for the other side — well, when you're really on the fightin' ground with the bullets flyin' all about you, an' you see the men you've marched with, shoulder to shoulder, shot down, an' you know it's goin' to keep on till one side has to cry quit, then the beast that's in you gets up an' roars, an' you want to kill an' kill; sometimes you turn sick an' want to run — but you don't; no, ma'am! runnin' 's the last thing you do. It takes all kind of feelin's to make a battle. It's a queer sort of a way to settle troubles, now, ain't it? Seems kind o' heathenish, don't it?'

The woman shook her head.

'I take it we ain't to criticize what the Lord's sanctioned,' she said. 'The God of Battles is one of his names.'

'Oh, when it comes to the Lord, I ain't takin' exceptions, of course,' responded the veteran with a slightly embarrassed air. 'I would n't set myself up to judgin' his doin's, but I should n't have thought of introducin' war as a pacifier of nations, myself, or of fightin' as a way to brotherly love. But then I ain't pious. There's a pretty side to war, but it warn't showin' itself that day at Gettysburg.'

'It was a gloomy mornin', with a mist like a steam bath, dreary an' drip-pin'. We could n't get a sight of anything, an' the fog got into the men's hearts an' wilted them down, like it does starch out of a collar-band. There were other reasons for feelin' low. Things looked pretty bad for our side, an' every one of us knew it. Our little cap'n danced about for all the world like a war-horse; just a bundle of nerves. He said a little speech to us — *said!* it shot right out of him. It hit, too, for the whole company straightened up as if it had got a backbone. "You do your *damnedest!*" he yelled, "or by George, I'll shoot every man of you!" You'll have to excuse me, ma'am; I had to repeat it just as he said it, or you would n't have understood how wrought up he was; an' "By George" ain't exactly the words, either.'

The woman nodded indulgently. Her interest outran the amenities.

'Time dragged that mornin',' the veteran went on. 'After a while the sun burned off the fog, an' everythin' lay as bright as if there was goin' to be a strawberry festival instead of a bloody battle. The fields was as green as grass an' crops could make 'em, an' the cattle grazed as peaceful as lambs on a May mornin'. One herd of them cows got a taste of what war was before the day was over. It was brought home to them personal, you might say.'

'You could hear the cocks crowin' first in one barnyard an' then in another, an' birds was singin' everywhere. Little puffs of far-off smoke was all that told of battle in the air. The mornin' wore on, an' still we waited; there ain't anythin' more wearin' to a soldier's nerves than waitin'. I'd rather fight a dozen battles than spend another mornin' like that.'

'It was well on to the middle of the afternoon when the orders was given. There was a racket then, all right!

The pretty, peaceful farmyard scene was broke up, an' instead, there was a hell of roarin' guns an' screamin' shells an' blindin' smoke. Talk about slaughter! You've heard of the Devil's Den, I'm thinkin'.'

The woman shook her head.

'It got pretty famous that day. It was a heap of rocks, full of little caves, an' every one of the holes held a Johnny with a sharpshooter. Our men got picked off as fast as they come up. A little ravine ran right by the place, an' the herd of cows I mentioned got penned up right in the range of the crossfirin'. Them animals would have learned a lesson that day, if there'd been anything left of them to remember it with. That's generally the way with life, most of us get our experience too late.'

'There was a hill called Little Round Top, an' General Warren see right off that was the key to the situation. There did n't seem to be anybody occupyin' it, but it was such a good point, right on the face of it, that he kep' a sharp eye on it. All of a sudden there came a bright flash from near the top, a blindin' flash that made us sit up an' take notice. The truth of it was a company of Rebs were in ambush, an' the sun struck on to their bayonets an' gave them away complete. It's funny how weather steps in sometimes an' balks things. Seems as if it had more to do with winnin' the battle than the whole army did.'

'The ways the Lord takes are beyond the understandin' of man,' said the woman. 'His arm is ever with the righteous.'

The veteran meditatively rubbed his rough hand over his shabbily-clad knee, as he remarked, —

'Mabbe I don't give the Lord credit where it's due. It seems to me we're mighty apt to call it the Lord's arm when it's on our side. I notice them

that lose ain't apt to regard it in that light. However, whoever had the managin' of it, that flash saved the day. Our company was one of those sent up to take the hill. In all the war there warn't a finer charge. I don't see how we ever done it with them guns. It was a steep slope, rocky, and rough with tangled undergrowth. We never could have got up in cold blood. We were facin' a hot fire, but our only thought was to get to the top. There warn't a man in the company but would rather have been shot than face our little cap'n after havin' played the coward. I say there warn't a man, — there was one, as I found out, but then, Lord! I don't call that thing a *man*.

'Well, up we went, rattley-bang, yankin' them guns over the rocks, stumblin', scramblin', tearin' our faces an' hands an' barkin' our shins, but keepin' right on. An' that ain't mentionin' the bullets whizzin' all about us.'

'It must have been awful,' interrupted the woman. 'It takes a lot of prayin' to keep up courage in the face of danger like that.'

'*Prayin'!*' ejaculated the veteran. 'If you call it prayin' to be bound to keep on if you had to kill every all-fired Reb in the Confederate Army to do it, an' to make a road of their dead bodies, then we was all prayin'. I guess men do things different from women. It don't make any odds what we thought; we *did*, and that was more to the point.

'About halfway up the hill, one of the guns got stuck some way, an' I had to stop an' help free it, so I fell behind a bit. As I was hurryin' to ketch up I stumbled on somethin' soft and yieldin'. It was a man, an' he was wearin' the blue. It took me some seconds to sense what it meant, an' then I realized I had run down a skulker,

hidin' in the rocks. I just reached out an' hauled him up by the collar of his coat, an' says I, "What you doin' here?" He was a man from my own company, worse luck. He was tremblin', an' his face was white. I shook him just as I would a rat. "Lemme alone!" he whimpered. "I was just gettin' my breath!" "Gettin' your breath!" I yelled. "You march up that hill as fast as you can go, or you'll get what mean little breath you've got knocked clean out of you, an' it won't be the Rebs that does it either!" With that I give him a kick that sent him flyin' in the right direction. You see, ma'am, I was hot at havin' our company shamed by a thing like that.

'Everybody knows what we did on that hill, an' how our charge saved the day. The names of the officers we lost on Little Round Top are writ up high in the records of the war; an' the men who fought for 'em an' fell with 'em are n't any less heroes, though they may not be in such big print. You can read all about it in any of the histories, but there's just one little story of that day that never got into a book. Nobody knows it but me, an' I saved our company from shame, an' a dead man's name from bein' a by-word an' a reproach.

'That evenin', when the firin' had stopped, I was prowlin' round the hill-side, lookin' after the wounded and such. I got off the main track of the charge an' blundered about a bit, tryin' to find my way back. I was gettin' a little impatient to know my course, when I saw somethin' black, lyin' on the ground behind a tree. I halted an' got my gun ready: you see, I thought it was a Johnny, skulkin' round to rob the dead. I crept up softly toward the figure. It did n't move. When I got near I see it was a dead body. It was lyin' on its face, an' its heels pointed up hill. Worse'n that, it was wearin' the

blue. With my gun as a lever I turned the body over an' looked at the face. It was more because I did n't want to accuse any one in my thoughts than because I wanted to see who the scamp was, that I turned him over.

'I bent over him to get a good look, an' there, with his white face starin' up at me, lay the man I had kicked up hill that afternoon. He had been shot as he was runnin' away again, shot in the back. That's the biggest disgrace a soldier can earn, I take it. Not an hour before, I'd been braggin' loud about our company, an' there was a man I'd messed with, an' marched with, givin' me the lie as he lay there, the marks of his guilt hittin' me in the face, as it were. It seemed to me as I stood there in the dusk an' stared down at his, as if he was a big, black blot on our fair record, an' as if he marred the glory of the company that had fought so brave. We was the heroes of the day, an' our deed would be in the mouth of every one the country over, an' that rascal spoilt it all. "Not a man but has done his duty," our cap'n had said. Oh, well, it ain't any use talkin', but I was mad clean through.

'As I told you, it ain't a pretty thing for you to hear, but I just took aim at that feller's forehead. It's bad enough to shoot a live man, but to send a bullet into a dead face turned up helpless to you — well — it's just plain butchery! But I done it. My shot hit him fair between the eyes. Then I left him.'

The veteran paused. The woman's face was turned toward him; both were lost in the interest of the story. The music of the returning band and Danny's shrill little cheers were unheeded. The streamers on the monument fluttered softly, and the shadow of the shaft, lengthening as the sun traveled to the west, fell upon the two old people. Finally the woman spoke.

'It was an awful thing to do. It makes me think of Indians maulin' the bodies they've killed. But I don't know but you was right. It would have been worse for them that loved him to bear a coward's shame. I guess you was right.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' returned the veteran. 'That's the way my wife took it. I'm glad if you can see it in that light. But you must n't make a mistake about one thing. I warn't thinkin' about that skulker, or them that loved him, when I done what I did. It was for the company I put that bullet into his dead skull, an' I'd do it for the company's sake forty times over — nasty job as it was.

'Of course,' he continued, 'I'm glad if his family got any comfort out of the thought that he was hit in the front. I never heard anything about him more, I never even heard if he was found, till I just see his name up there, writ in endurin' stone, along with brave men and heroes. Then the whole thing came back to me as plain as day, an' I felt the goose-flesh run over me, as I did when I shot into that coward's forehead. Yes, when I see that name, carved deep, Dan'el P. Ol——'

'Stop!'

The cry cut the name short, as clean as a shot. The veteran started in amazement. His companion had wheeled about on the bench, and was facing him. Her old eyes were blazing. Her withered cheeks flushed dark red; then the color went out and left the white of ashes.

'Why, ma'am!' stammered the old man. 'Why, ma'am! I guess you ain't feelin' well. I ought n't to have told you such a story. 'Tain't fit for ladies to hear. I guess you'll have to excuse me. You see, that name brought it back so vivid.

'Oh, stop!' again cried the woman. Her hands were working nervously



and she was trembling from head to foot.

A slow conviction dawned upon the veteran's bewildered brain.

'Why, ma'am!' he exclaimed once more. 'I'm right sorry if it was any one you happened to know. I'd never—'

'Hush! For God's sake, hush!' The woman was panting and breathless. 'Don't you see the child is comin'?'

The band had vanished and Danny, who had watched the last back around the corner, was hastening to his grandmother as fast as his crutches would allow. His eager little face was shining with its past delight. The woman rose quickly, clutching the back of the settee for support. The veteran struggled to his feet.

'*The child!*' he repeated in confusion. Then a light broke on him. He took a step forward, but the woman put out her poor quavering hands as if to push him away.

There they stood, those two old people, and stared dumbly into each other's eyes. The woman read in the man's face the horror of his deed, but she saw nothing to help her misery. The

veteran's face was as gray and drawn as that of his companion. His act was beyond recall. What he had smitten was more than life.

Then, as Danny came up and clutched his grandmother's gown, gazing half shyly, half admiringly at the old man in his uniform, the veteran straightened with a martial air. It was as if a call to battle had put new life into long unused muscles. He stretched out a tremulous hand and laid it on the crooked little shoulder. The rapture of being touched by a real soldier overcame the lad's bashfulness, and he smiled up at the old face above him.

'My grandfather fought in the war,' he said.

The veteran's voice was grave and steady as he answered, —

'Danny,' he said, 'always be proud of that. When things go hard you just shut your eyes an' think that you're a soldier's boy, an' that your name's his name, an' that he died in battle. Don't ever go back on that, Danny. There ain't any braver thing than a soldier, an' he died in battle.'

'He was shot in the forehead. He was the bravest of the brave,' said Danny.

## THE SONG OF SIVA

BY AMEEN RIHANI

'T is Night; all the Sirens are silent,  
All the Vultures asleep;  
And the Horns of the Tempest are stirring  
Under the Deep;  
'T is Night; all the snow-burdened Mountains  
Dream of the Sea,  
And down in the Wadi the River  
Is calling to me.

'T is Night; all the Caves of the Spirit  
Shake with desire,  
And the Orient Heaven's essaying  
Its lances of fire;  
They hear, in the stillness that covers  
The land and the sea,  
The River, in the heart of the Wadi,  
Calling to me.

'T is Night, but a night of great joyance,  
A night of unrest; —  
The night of the birth of the Spirit  
Of the East and the West;  
And the Caves and the Mountains are dancing  
On the Foam of the Sea,  
For the River inundant is calling,  
Calling to me.

## GERMAN AND AMERICAN METHODS OF PRODUCTION

BY W. H. DOOLEY

FEW Americans realize the vast stride which the German metal industries have taken in the last few years. The great iron and steel manufactures of the Rhine district — of Düsseldorf, Essen, Dinsburg, and Oberhausen — have attained a remarkable development, owing partly to the coal-mines of the Rhine and of Westphalia, to the great waterway of the Rhine and an excellent system of railroads, and partly to economic conditions which it may be interesting to compare with our own. The rise of some of the great German shops reads like a romance.

The German shops are obliged to do a great many kinds of work. This is because they must compete with foreign machine-works, and consequently have to turn out a more varied product than the American shops, which are protected by a high tariff against foreign competition. The American manufacturer, through his protection, has the opportunity to specialize. By giving his whole attention, thought, and energy to the perfecting of a few tools, or of a single one, he is able to undersell in European territory the native tool-manufacturers, and this despite the lower wages paid there.

Another advantage which the American industry has over the German is shop efficiency. German manufacturers have not the thousand and one devices which we have for doing away with manual labor; they do not yet understand, in the majority of German shops, how to operate the greatest number of tools with the smallest

number of men. This calls for the highest degree of intelligence and skill, such as is found to-day in our best American shops. One can still see in Germany two men at work on a gear-cutter intended by its American designer to be run by one man.

But the Germans are learning how to get the most work out of tools; they are copying as far as possible our American shop-organization, and are putting more engineering thought into their designs than has been given to the subject at any time in the history of tool construction. While the mechanical skill remains in our favor, every tool imported into Germany is subject to scrutiny, and if engineering skill backed by careful mathematical deductions can make an improvement, the German will be the first to discover the fact, and within a short time a new machine with improvements will be on the market.

Many of the metal plants in Germany are small compared with ours, but no comparison detracts from the importance of the Krupp works. The city of Essen does not present the common type of industrial community as it exists in any country: it is simply a one-man town. In 1811, when the first crucible furnace for casting steel was set up by a poor hard-working young man, Frederick Krupp, the total population was under 4000. In 1901 it was 183,500, out of which the Krupp contingent numbered about 84,000. Now this and a great deal more is essentially the work of one man, and it is unparal-

leled in the history of industry. The corporation now owns iron- and coal-mines, and has put up more than four thousand houses.

This great plant, which employs in its steel works at Essen, its works at Buckan, its shipbuilding yard at Kiel, and in its coal-mines, blast furnaces, etc., a total of more than 63,000 men, has been in existence for a century and has never had a strike.

The products of Krupp's are very varied. The fame of the house is chiefly associated with war implements, but all kinds of finished and unfinished materials for use in railroads, engines, and mills, and for other industrial purposes, are turned out in large and small quantities.

A specialty here is the casting of very large ingots of crucible steel; it is a remarkable sight and an object-lesson in German methods. Ingots of eighty-five tons are cast—a feat not attempted elsewhere. The steel is melted in small crucibles which are carried by hand from furnaces ranged on both sides of the foundry to the ingot mould in the middle. At a signal the furnaces are opened, the crucibles are drawn out and seized by a small army of workmen who run them down to the mould and pour them in. The manoeuvre is carried out with military precision and promptness. In a moment the place is aglow with the white heat of the furnace, the figures run from all sides and come staggering down in pairs with the pots full of liquid steel. It is a scene of intense activity, but without confusion. One after another the glowing pots are emptied; the molten metal runs like thick soup and plunges into the mould with a sputter. In a few minutes all is over; the furnaces close again, the used crucibles are thrown aside, and already the cast mass begins to congeal and change color. The steel so made is the purest known, close-grained, homogeneous

and uniform throughout, and of great strength. No such work could be done in this country with our impatience of hand-processes.

In some of the smaller foundries, women are employed in great numbers. They load the cars with coke and limestone, and do considerable of the general work around the plant. They usually begin work at six in the morning and leave as soon as the charge is drawn from the furnace—about four in the afternoon. One could not help noticing the contentedness of these female workers, who found time to knit and crochet between the charges.

The shops have been built at very different dates and vary accordingly, the most recent being quite up to date in construction, though not superior to those in our country and at Sheffield. They possess in a marked degree that neatness and cleanliness which is the most distinguishing feature of German factories, even the foundries showing an absence of the usual dirt, smoke, and confusion. Great order and system are maintained, largely with a view to the prevention of accidents. The Rhine-Westphalian Engineering and Small Iron Industries Association gives as the first of its rules for the prevention of accident that the gangways in all workshops must be broad enough to exclude, as far as possible, injury to workmen by machinery or transmission parts in motion; and must not be blocked by the heaping of material or the transportation of articles. Compare this condition with that of most of our engineering shops, where manufactured or half-manufactured articles are lying about promiscuously, blocking the gangway and affording no adequate room. The entire freedom from such disorderliness in German shops and workrooms undoubtedly conduces to efficiency as well as to safety; and it is secured chiefly through the habits in-

culcated in all alike — workmen, managers, and owners — by the military discipline they have alike undergone. Fencing of machinery is, for this reason, perhaps less complete and costly than that which is required in most factory districts in America.

With regard to the installation of machinery and workshop appliances, the larger German establishments are, generally speaking, quite up to the mark. They make use of electric power, automatic tools, and similar modern devices to as great an extent as any in America. There is no hesitation in introducing innovations, and no opposition on the part of the working people. Machinery and tools are procured from other countries without regard to any consideration but that of suitability; but Germany is year by year becoming more self-sufficing in this respect. Their small tools are nearly as good as the American, their heavy ones equal to the English.

German workshops are well equipped with sanitary washing and dressing accommodations. The workmen are more cleanly and careful in their habits than the Americans; they generally keep a working set of clothes and change before and after work. Consequently lockers are provided. Baths are common, particularly shower-baths with hot and cold water, and in summer are much used. The practice of providing comforts and conveniences for the employees is more common in Germany than in this country.

In some of the small metal industries, such as cutlery, the development of the trade has been hampered by the guilds. In the city of Solingen, for example, where they have made knives and forks, scissors and swords for centuries, the art has been jealously guarded by the old guilds, which strictly limited apprentices and output. Every master had to have a trade-mark, which was

registered by the local authority, nailed up on the church door, and had a legal validity. The greater part of this industry is still carried on at home, as in old times, on the 'chamber' system. It is encouraged by the local authority, which provides the men with gas and electric power, in place of the old water-wheel. The government has issued special orders in regard to the conditions under which work shall be carried on in the homes, with a result that the death-rate due to phthisis has been reduced from 18 to 3.1 in the thousand.

Cheap and inferior cutlery is turned out in Germany with the name Sheffield stamped on it; but they also produce first-class cutlery that will compete with any in the world. One is amazed at the incredible variety of knives made. One firm in Solingen has nine thousand patterns on its books for Germany alone, and may be actually making over three thousand to order at the same time. Every trade and district of Europe has its own knives, and they are constantly making new patterns for new societies or districts. In some cases one firm will average two new patterns a week for two years. This is a trade which will not be standardized, and that is one reason why America has failed to compete. Herein lies an important difference between the European and American manufacturer, — the former is always anxious to meet the needs of the market, while the latter standardizes certain brands and offers nothing else.

A great many of the working people in this district own their own houses; and it is the custom of the place to keep a goat, the 'poor man's cow.' There are over fourteen thousand goats in the city.

The German working people are, as a class, good, steady, regular, and trustworthy; they are not as quick as the

Americans, but they do what they are told to do, and do it well. We could not give to our mechanics, clever as they are, a piece of work to be done from foreign plans, with a metric system different from our own; but German mechanics may often be seen at work on an engineering order from England, using the original drawings with the English measures. At the same time they are not in the least inventive; they never make suggestions, nor is there any plan of encouraging them to do so; but they keep the rules and do not shirk. This is one of the principal reasons why German industry is so strong.

Roughly speaking, the working hours are ten a day. In the engineering works of Düsseldorf the hours are as follows: Begin work at 6.30 A.M.; breakfast, 8.15 to 8.30; dinner, 12 to 1.30 P.M.; tea, 4.15 to 4.30 P.M.; close at 6.30 P.M. Total, 12 hours minus 2 hours for meals, equals 10 hours; or 60 hours a week.

In the Krupp steel works at Essen, work is begun at 6 A.M.; breakfast is from 8 to 8.15; dinner 12 to 1.30 P.M.; tea 4 to 4.15; close at 6 P.M., making a total of 12 hours, minus 2 hours for meals. In the cutlery works at Solingen the time allowed for breakfast and tea is longer for women and youthful workers than for grown men, giving two or three hours less of work in the week.

Note the time required for meals; it is as characteristic of the Germans, as indifference to meals and hurry are of our people. American workmen in the iron and textile industries usually work about 56 hours a week, except in the southern cotton mills where they often work 62 hours a week. There is a movement on the part of legislatures to reduce by statute the number of hours of work a day to eight. As a rule, the only interval allowed here is for dinner, and that is generally no more than half or

three quarters of an hour. In some American shops, at moments of unusual pressure, no interval is allowed at all; the men work at the machines during their dinner period and eat their dinner as best they can. The machinery runs continuously with two shifts of workers, and this is the secret of the great production of the American steel mills in particular, and of the excessively high wages earned in them. Respect for meal-time belongs to Europeans.

Every branch of textile working in Europe is the outgrowth of a household art. When new conditions appeared, due to the changing from hand-processes to automatic machines, each mill or small factory that sprung up specialized in one or another of the textile operations, as wool-washing, weaving, carding, or spinning. The manager of a weaving mill frequently knows little if anything of a spinning mill, and vice versa. One of the results of this mill organization is that the manager of each establishment develops into a more competent man in his specific vocation than one who is hindered, like the mill-managers of the United States, with the superintendence of all the processes involved in the converting of raw cotton or wool into finished cloth. On the other hand, the concentration in textile work in America has tended to economy, and improvement in textile machinery, particularly in the matter of speed. The fastest-running machines in the world, for the formation of so delicate a fibre as silk, are in operation in the silk mills of Paterson, and so nice is their adjustment and so well perfected their mechanism that they run even more smoothly than the slower-gear machinery of Germany.

Parallel with this improvement in machinery has been the progress made in the quality of goods produced. While the early American weavers turned



out simple pieces, that is, plain silks, the American silk manufacturer to-day finds nothing too difficult for his skill or too expensive for the market. Slowly, but surely, the textile products of domestic manufacturers have crowded out foreign products, except for some novelty or new design in silk fabrics which the home silk-weaver of Germany has developed by the aid of the government.

Germany is not famous for the cotton industry, which is still in a comparatively early stage of development; but its advance is shown in the history of München Gladbach, where the chief cotton factories are situated. In 1860 the population of the city was about seventeen thousand; it is now over seventy thousand, and the increase is due to cotton. This compares with the progress of some of our southern cities. There is no doubt that Germany means to go forward with this branch of textiles.

No foreign market can compete with the United States in the manufacture of shoes. In Germany the shoe manufacturers send out their agents to find out what is wanted in the trade, and then attempt to manufacture ladies' shoes, slippers, men's and boys' shoes in the same factory. Here the manufacturer turns out a certain product which is his specialty, and sells it wherever possible. If he manufactures several products he has a separate factory.

The German shoe manufacturers say that they cannot work on the American basis of manufacturing a certain shoe product. They are obliged to collect their trade from almost every country except America; it comes in small orders. They have to accommodate themselves to everybody's whims, make patterns and styles for every district of Europe, which increases not alone the cost of production, but per-

haps, to a greater extent, that of distribution. In the German shoe shops, moreover, the old conditions of apprenticeship still hold, hampering the change from hand to machine processes and preventing a large output.

The average American thinks that the success of Germany is due to low wages and long hours of work. This is not true, for, if labor is cheaper there, coal is dear, machinery dearer, and imported raw material pays a tax. The industrial supremacy of Germany is the effect of definite and deliberate political action. Thirty years ago the German statesmen realized that the nation was inferior to the American and English in natural resources and natural ingenuity; this inferiority forced upon their attention the value of thrift and of education. Thrift was multiplied by capital, and education multiplied by industrial efficiency.

America and England have served them as models of shop-organization and equipment. They have imported American and English machines and tools; they have engaged the best men from the best shops of these two countries and have copied their methods of work and organization; but besides this they have devoted special attention to a matter which America has ignored to a great extent — the scientific or technical education of their people. In order to make this clear, it will be necessary to note the great change that has taken place in our industrial world in regard to the training of workmen.

In old times the education of the artisan was by a well-defined apprenticeship to a master with a number of workers and a few apprentices, who took the boys and taught them the complete trade. This was a very satisfactory method so long as the master had time to teach the apprentice, and the apprentice had time to learn all about

his trade. But a great scientific advance revolutionized industrial and economic conditions. Factory system and modern application of machines and capital to manufacture took place on a large scale.

Men, women, and children were needed to tend the machines, and young people, who would, under ordinary conditions, have become apprentices, were attracted to the mills and factories, etc., by the large initial wage. The master became so busy maintaining himself against the competition of others, and keeping up with the technical advancement of his trade, that time failed him for the instruction of his apprentice, while the latter found that the trade had developed to such an extent that he could no longer learn its fundamentals by mere activity in his master's workshop.

Thus the apprentice, no longer a pupil, has become merely a hired boy, who, while making himself useful about a workshop, learns what he can by observation and practice. If he sees the interior of his master's home, it is to do some work in no way connected with his trade. In old times the master worked with his men; now he rarely works at his trade; his time is more profitably spent in seeking for customers, purchasing material, or managing his finances. The workshop is put in charge of a foreman, whose reputation and wages depend on the amount of satisfactory work that can be produced at the least cost. He has no time to teach boys, and as there is little profit in the skilled trades for the boy between fourteen and seventeen, he is not wanted. Boys of this age are in great demand in factory work — cotton, worsted mills, etc.

The old apprentice system is not likely to be revived. The shop is no longer the training-school for craftsmanship. The workmen of the future

must learn how to work before they seek employment. All professional men do this. What the scientific schools are to the engineer and architect, what the business college is to the clerk, the trade school must be to the future mechanic. The rapid development of technical education in modern times is due largely to the discovery that, without such instruction, the trades themselves were deteriorating.

Practice in one section of a trade does not always produce skill, and gives no knowledge whatever of theory. A boy or girl who applies for a position at a mill is given some one operation at a machine which runs very rapidly day in and day out. As the result of performing this operation day after day, it becomes a habit, and is done without much mental effort. This is particularly true with certain industrial operations, as 'doffing' on the spinning frame, that is, replacing full spools with empty ones. This work can be performed only by young people during the age of fourteen to seventeen, and depends on dexterity of the fingers. A boy begins and leaves work at the stroke of the bell, when the machinery moves and stops, and really becomes a part of the machine. This continues till the age of seventeen, when the fingers become too stiff to do the work, and the boy or girl is practically turned on the street, having gained no knowledge or skill for future use. If a boy during these ages has a natural curiosity for information about the processes that precede or follow his own operation, the machine he tends, or the power that drives the machine, or the simple ordinary calculations used in figuring speeds, drafts, etc., he has little opportunity to see; and if he asks about what little he does see, older workers will tell him to find out as they did. The whole atmosphere around the mill is such as to stifle the propensity of young

people to know. If the boy desires to change to another department in order to learn the different processes, the overseer will refuse him because he is most useful in his present position. The outcome of a boy spending these precious years doing work which requires no thinking, and receiving no systematic training outside or inside of the mill, is that he loses the power of initiative, the habit of thinking, and all interest in his work. By the time he reaches manhood he knows less than when he left school, and has not sufficient education to take the responsibility attached to a better position. Such is the universal condition in large industrial centres.

Experience has shown that evening schools do not appeal to tired children. Boys between fourteen and eighteen have the 'gang spirit' in them, and after working hard all day they desire companionship of their fellow workers on the street corners, at music halls, or moving-picture shows. Their eyes, wearied with long labor in the day, cannot endure the fatigue of book-work by night, but they are revived and charmed by the splendor of gay lights of the theatre and moving pictures. Physicians confirm this experience by stating that children of this age should not attend evening schools.

We have built up in the United States at an enormous expense a colossal system of education, and we allow the results of it to be very largely wasted and lost. We cease to educate these all important years, during which we all know that education is most needed and valuable to our working people.

England faced this great educational problem years ago. A half-time system was introduced by the Commission on the Employment of Young Persons in Factories, in 1833, to prevent overwork and under-education. The success of this scheme is shown

by the report of the late Commission on Technical Education, which states: 'Half-time children of the great manufacturing [factory] town of Keighley, England, numbering from fifteen hundred to two thousand, although they receive less than fourteen hours of instruction per week, and are required to attend the factory for twenty-eight hours in addition, yet obtain at the examinations a higher percentage of passes than the average of children throughout the whole country receiving double the amount of schooling.' Similar experiences in different parts of England and the Continent show that the long-time system (all-day schooling) and the omission of industrial work are in violation of the laws of physiology.

The German Government has solved its educational problems in a more satisfactory manner than any other country. According to their scheme of education, every worker in a profession, trade, or commercial pursuit, must have not only a general education, but technical preparation for the particular work selected by him. In the United States we believe in the same policy, but apply it to those entering the professions only, disregarding the great mass — ninety-five per cent — that leave school at fourteen.

Germany insists that every child be under educational influence till the age of eighteen. The child leaves the common school at fourteen. He may go to work, to a higher school and prepare for college, or to a technical school. In America he may leave school at fourteen and is not obliged to attend any other school.

The Germans act on the principle, admitted by everybody who knows or cares anything about education, that the way to secure a good training for the mind is not to end the school life at the most plastic period, fourteen

years of age, or in the case of foreigners as soon as they can pass an examination, but to insist that every boy shall spend a certain number of hours a week under educational training and sound teaching till he reaches manhood. There is less 'cramming,' and the instruction is slower, more thorough, more reasoned, than it can be under our American system of hurrying children through the school. For we must remember that our young men in industrial plants are nothing more than mere machines; they exercise no independent thought any more than the spinning frames or the machine lathes, and the result is that they become deadened.

The German Government supports continuation schools, called Fortbildung Schule, for boys above fourteen to continue their instruction after leaving the regular day schools. Attendance upon this school is obligatory in most places for the boy till he is eighteen years of age. The weekly period of instruction is ten hours, of which three hours come on Saturday morning from 9 to 12 o'clock, and three hours each on two working days, from 9 to 12 in the morning, or from 4 to 7 in the afternoon. This arrangement of hours can be changed to suit the needs of the employer. No instruction is given after 7 P. M.

The instruction is adapted to the needs of the various trades; there are classes in arithmetic for machinists, loom-fixers, etc. The terms used in the class-room savor of the shop and mill. What is three fourths of  $25\frac{1}{2}$ ? does not mean so much to the foundry man as a problem like this: If a copper casting weighs  $25\frac{1}{2}$  pounds, and the specific gravity of iron is three fourths that of copper, what will the casting weigh if made of iron? Then again, the same problem would not interest the textile worker unless it involved

mill calculations. Working people have minds of a distinctly concrete order. They have intensely practical aims when they come to school, and are unwilling to study systematically an entire subject as they did in the common schools. They demand that the instruction shall lead directly to the specific things they are dealing with in their work. The German continuation school adapts its methods of instruction to meet the needs of the working people.

To give an illustration — the Munich Continuation School for Machinists' Apprentices offers the following subjects: Religion, machine-shop calculations and bookkeeping, business correspondence and reading, the study of life and citizenship, mechanical drawing, physics and machinery, materials and shop-work. The subjects of instruction are in the closest possible connection with the requirements of the machinist's trade.

The instruction in physics and machinery, as well as in materials and shop-work, is undertaken by a skilled machinist; the remaining instruction is imparted by teachers of the same grade as those of the common schools.

It is in these schools that those who are to form the rank and file of the metal trades receive their theoretical and basic training.

There are in addition special trade-schools for machinists, such as the Berlin School of Trades and Crafts. The trade-school for machinists aims to render them capable of acting as laboratory assistants, foremen, or superintendents of mechanical establishments. It also furnishes a basis for further studies in special lines. The course covers one year.

The winter term begins in October, the summer term in April. The tuition for each term is fifteen dollars. Pupils of small means may be allowed free

scholarships by the Board of Directors.

When workingmen of the different metal industries have completed the courses in the lower industrial schools — continuation and trade-schools — and desire a preparation for positions between journeyman-machinist and engineer or draftsman, they have every opportunity, as there are four classes of middle technical schools: the schools of industry (*industriell Schulen*), the master-workmen's schools (*Werkmeister's Schulen*), the higher trade-schools (*höhere Schulen*), and the *Technicums*.

The master-workmen's schools are more ambitious in their aims than the lower industrial schools. They were established for the purpose of preparing the apprentice-journeymen to become master-workmen. Pupils cannot be admitted before the age of sixteen, and they are required to have had two or three years of practical experience in the machinist's trade, and to show industry and desire to learn. The studies are chiefly in the direct line of the machinist's trade, and the course is from one to two years, and requires the whole time of the pupil.

These schools have long been popular in Germany among the metal-workers. Some of them are intended mainly for men of a much larger workshop experience than the minimum limit, who wish to broaden their trade horizon. They take in the older men in the metal trades, those who have been long out of school and who never expect to become thorough book students, but whose strength lies in their shop skill. These men have only moderate aspirations for advancement; they may be ambitious to own little machine-shops of their own, but do not expect to rise high in the scale or to become heads of great industries. Such men usually have receptive minds and possess good

judgment. They expect to obtain in the schools, through direct practical teaching, the necessary theory to enable them to carry out the higher demands of the trade. These schools must of necessity be, to a great extent, evening schools, for they exist to give a chance to men already fully occupied who, in all probability, have families dependent upon them, and cannot give up a day's work. Even to exceptional men of this stamp, recognition, in the shape of advancement, comes but slowly.

Younger men who attend the higher trade-schools for machinists and metal-workers have, in some respects, more opportunity. These schools demand for entrance a fair degree of advancement in elementary mathematics and physical science, and accept only well-developed, ambitious young men, who may expect to attain to the higher positions in larger machine-shops and metal manufactories; some of them may even enter the technical universities to prepare themselves for the highest engineering positions.

The *Technicums* have in many instances a lower age-limit than the other schools — admitting at the age of fifteen, with the requirement of a year or two of high-school study, and only one year of practical experience in the machine shop. Thus it becomes a low-grade school of practical technology.

At the head of such institutions stands the school of technology, corresponding to our similar school, giving the highest possible training in engineering. The training received in this school often exceeds the requirement of the industries; hence the need of institutions of lower grade to meet the actual industrial demands.

There are also special schools for shoemaking, tanning, and other trades. In the textile industry, German schools hold high rank. The importance of



textile schools cannot be too highly estimated. They are the main factor by which the German textile industry maintains its competitive power in the foreign market. As has been said above, cheapness of labor is not sufficient to attain this end; cheap hands must be taught, and taught well, or their work in the end will cost more than that of more expensive hands who possess greater skill and have acquired a more thorough understanding of their trade.

The financial assistance given by the German Government in textile education has enabled enormous progress to be made. All these schools have large staffs of lecturers and assistants; the fees are moderate, the usual charge being fifty dollars a year for the day course. There is a large attendance, although the entrance examinations are severe. The fees charged to foreigners in all these schools are enormous, being usually five times the amount charged to German students.

Most of the textile schools have museums attached. The one at the Crefeld Textile School is very interesting. It is divided into two parts: one a room in which modern styles are exhibited, the pieces being constantly changed; here one will often find local manufacturers with their designers and customers, studying the fabrics and making new designs for the trade; the other, the museum proper, which is in two rooms, each being divided into sections, and containing over ten thousand pieces from the earliest periods to modern times. The Germans make a specialty of finishing and designing, and by the use of the museums are able to outdo the Americans.

The German Government recognizes the duty, and exercises the right, of regulating industries in the interest of the employed; but in doing so, it is careful to keep in view the general in-

dustrial interests. The German laws are consequently in many respects much less stringent than ours, which seem to have been enacted under spasmodic influences without any guiding principle. This may be explained by the fact that the German Government has been obliged to foster industries, and, in order to do this efficiently, must strike, in its legislation, a happy medium between the claim of the employed for protection, and that of the community at large for the promotion of industrial enterprise. In America and England the necessity for encouraging manufactures so far has not been considered, and the legislatures have merely from time to time taken up the duty of protecting the employed, with such drags upon their action as the private interests of employers have been able to effect. The protection, in short, has been all on one side.

But the time when this plan could be pursued with safety here and in England may be said to have passed. Manufacturing industries have now come to such a delicate balance that the possibility of their toppling over must be taken into account; and it is for the interest of the community to prevent such a catastrophe. If our industries do not need encouragement from the legislative branch of the government, they certainly do require protection from serious shocks. It is, therefore, instructive to note the way in which the German Government has dealt with this matter, and the excellence of the results.

The most stringent regulations passed by the government are those affecting children and women, and it is in this respect that the state has clearly in view the interests of the community as represented by its workers. The total number of children under fourteen years employed for special reasons and exempt by law in the manufacturing indus-



tries in Germany is about 1630. These children are between thirteen and fourteen, and the hours of employment are restricted to six, with half an hour interval for meals. Between fourteen and sixteen they may work not more than ten hours, they must have an hour's pause at midday, and half an hour both in the forenoon and afternoon, unless their working day is not more than eight hours; no continuous period exceeds four hours. During the rest periods, any participation in work is forbidden, even remaining in the room is allowed only when their own department of the work is brought to a complete standstill.

When past eighteen, they cease to be youthful workers and are under no special regulations except that all under twenty-one must be provided with a 'work-book' or register, containing name, age, birthplace, nature of employment, date of engagement, discharge, and other particulars. All boys under eighteen are obliged to attend a continuation school for nine or ten hours during the week, where they receive instruction in the technical knowledge of their trade, and religious instruction from their own clergyman. This time is taken out of the regular day-work without loss of pay. In a number of larger engineering and machine-shops the writer saw no youthful workers.

Workmen may be fined to the extent of one half of their earnings, except in cases of acts against fellow-workmen, of offenses against morality, or of those against regulations, maintenance of order and of security, when fines may be imposed to the full extent of the average earnings. All fines must be applied to the benefit of the workers, and generally go to the sick fund, but this does not affect the right of employers to obtain compensation for damage. All particulars of fines im-

posed must be entered in a book, which is open to inspection by a government officer.

Every industrial establishment must have a set of rules hung up in an accessible place in each department, stating the hours of work, with the regular interval for meals, the time and manner of paying wages, the length of notice terminating employment, and the conditions under which notice is unnecessary; also the particulars of punishment, including fines, and the objects to which they will be applied. Punishments which wound self-respect or offend morality are inadmissible. These rules are equally binding on employer and employed, but before they are issued, opportunity must be given to adult workers to express their views, and the rules to which objections are made must be submitted within three days of issue to the factory inspector, who may order amendments if they are not in accordance with the law or with special regulations. Punishments not provided for in the rules cannot be imposed, nor can other grounds of dismissal be included in the contract.

It is a rare thing for a firm to have any differences with its workmen. Indeed, I was definitely informed by one firm that there had been only five cases of dispute in nine years, and these did not come from the workmen as a whole, or any considerable number of them, but were cases of individual complaint. They have in Germany an institution corresponding to the Conseil des Prud'hommes in France, which they call Gewerbe Gerichte, to which are brought all cases of disputes of employees and employers. The average number of cases tried by this bureau never exceeds five hundred a year. The bureau consists of five or three people. The government appoints a chairman who is a lawyer, and there are representatives of the employer and the employee also

appointed by the government. Sometimes two are selected instead of one. Their decision is not final, as is that of the arbitration board in this country. If a workman or employer does not accept this decision, it is binding for only two weeks. Then the workman may leave, or the employer may discharge him. To give an illustration: One of the workmen in an engineering firm thinks he should receive four marks more a week in wages. He goes to the firm and makes the demand. They refuse him. He appeals to the *Gewerbe Gerichte*. The *Gewerbe Gerichte* says, 'No, do not pay it.' The workman can leave at the end of two weeks by giving a two-weeks' notice; or, if the decision is given in favor of the workman, the firm is obliged to pay him the increase for at least two weeks, and then they may give him a fortnight's notice to quit.

Notice of termination of employment is usually a fortnight, but it may be dispensed with on the part of an employer on the following grounds: false representation, theft, or other criminal acts; leaving work without permission, or refusing to fulfill the contract; carrying fire or lights about, contrary to orders; acts of violence or gross abuse

directed against the employer, his representatives or family; willful damage; inducing member of an employer's family or his representatives, or fellow workmen, to behave in a manner contrary to law or morality; inability to continue work; or an alarming disease. Notice may be dispensed with by the workers on corresponding grounds; also for non-payment of wages in the prescribed manner; neglect to provide sufficient work for piece-workers; or some danger to life and health in the employment which could not be inferred from the contract.

The rate of wages is not included in these rules. The existence of such a code, legally binding on employers and employed, is a characteristically German method of doing business; it is in accordance with that respect for law and order which is such a marked feature of German life, and contributes materially, no doubt, to the smooth working of the industries. The rights and obligations of 'work-giver' and 'work-taker' — to use the excellent German terms — are publicly defined and guaranteed by law. This conduces to tranquillity, and makes attempts at individual bullying or vague talk about 'rights' palpably futile.

## OLD FRIENDS AND NEW

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

IN searching for standards of criticism in fiction, recalling on the one hand the failure of the purely dogmatic formula to meet our need, and, on the other, the kaleidoscopic fashion in which contemporary appreciations shift and veer, one wonders whether an author is not, after all, his own best judge. The lesser achievement, measuring itself by the greater, needs little help from the critic in showing its limitations, while the greater helps set a standard, not only for others but for himself. There is no other judge of a man that quite equals his own best self; there is no other critic at once so just and so severe as his own best work; and the best work of a serious writer of prose fiction is that in which he gives the deepest interpretation of the human spectacle, penetrating beneath the mask of contemporary fashion and custom to the struggle of those spiritual forces that make for human failure or human growth.

In placing the poorer work of some of our contemporary authors side by side with the better, one is sometimes inclined to cry out against the age for the way in which it drags down talent. Why does the author of *Peccavi* turn to writing clever but mischievous tales of burglar life? Why does the man who could create *The Four Feathers* begin to write mere detective stories? <sup>1</sup> That earlier book was a genuine contribution to art, an unusual interpretation of human character, worked out through

a plot which kept alive the finer sort of suspense that comes from wondering which way the human will will turn. Countless people are writing detective stories; many can write them worse, and some can write them better than Mr. Mason does. To readers of this species of fiction, who enjoy the clever processes of reasoning by which, in logical succession, the many wrongfully suspected people are eliminated, and attention is fixed on the guilty one, it will prove a disappointment in this story to find that nearly all the suspected people committed the murder. There proves to be one innocent person, but the artistic as well as the ethical balance is better when there proves to be one sinner. Interesting as the book is in many ways in its foreign setting, one cannot help wishing that Mr. Mason would leave to lesser people the mystery and murder stories, and express in his earlier manner his rather remarkable insight into character and his subtle moral sense.

The same kind of criticism may be applied to *Mrs. Fitz*.<sup>2</sup> This lively comedy reverses the order of the tottering-kingdom-and-young-hero story, bringing princess, king, and the conspiracy that doth hedge a king, into the quiet atmosphere of an English country house. The book provides harmless amusement, and it is a relief to find, in an English tale, the endless scenes about the inevitable tea-table varied by the introduction of a bit of powder

<sup>1</sup> *At the Villa Rose*. By A. E. W. MASON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

<sup>2</sup> *Mrs. Fitz*. By J. C. SNAITH. New York: Mofatt, Yard & Co.

and shot; but one cannot help wishing that Mr. Snaith could see how much more original, how much better of its kind, was *Broke of Covenden* than is his lighter work, be it historical comedy, pseudo-historical, or mere comedy. Except in the case of Nevil Fitzwaren, the rake who becomes the hero of the tale, there is nothing distinctive in the character-study; while the plot is, as has been suggested, only the familiar one of the *Prisoner of Zenda* turned the other way about.

From Arnold Bennett comes another of his realistic novels,<sup>1</sup> so long that they bid fair to be as long as life itself, and yet are full of interest. Again a section of life in one of the Five Towns is presented, dreary, smoky, sordid; and against this background moves Clayhanger's lad, 'the spitten image of his poor mother.' 'The fat old women . . . who, in child-bed and at grave-sides, had been at the very core of life for long years,' see, when he passes, only a fresh lad with fair hair and gawky knees and elbows, 'but they could not see the mysterious and holy flame of desire for self-perfecting blazing within that tousled head.' Through seven hundred pages he holds your attention as he slowly gives up his plans and hopes, reluctantly abandons his own ambitions and enters his father's business, loves a woman who unaccountably proves false, and, believing in her throughout, wins her at the end, when life has played with her and cast her off and she brings him only her wrongs. It is apparently a story of slow defeat, wrought inch by inch with terrible thoroughness, yet the last words are, 'He braced himself to the exquisite burden of life.'

It is a rather fine thing, the art of Arnold Bennett, though one would not be exaggerating in saying that it

<sup>1</sup> *Clayhanger*. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

lacks selective power. He denies himself the spectacular; here is none of the picturesque misery of the slums; here is no vivid rendering of quick sensations, only the endless jogging on along humdrum ways. Slowly the personalities emerge, going the round of their dreary tasks, and as you follow you have no sense of reading a book, only a half-painful, half-pleasant feeling of sharing human experience, difficult in a thousand homely ways. The actual uncertainty of daily life attends you. Was it, or was it not, a pity that the boy had to give up his hope of being an architect? You never know, any more than he did; and the same blind forces seem to carry you forward that carry you on in existence itself. This grim clinging to life and the best one has found in it, though it be but a decent habit, the fashion of stumbling blindly along the trail of old hopes, brings to the reader at times an almost intolerable sense of reality. Maggie, who never suspects her own heroism; Hilda Lessways, revealed to you chiefly through her sympathy with the old Methodist parson, whose only offense against society was that he had forgotten to die; the father, with his hard idealism wrought out in his stationer's business, are more real than many personages in fiction more vividly sketched; and the father's illness and death bring before you with almost unendurable pathos the manifold pitifulnesses of life. If, at times, you stop, resenting the author's power, saying that this is a rendering of experience without faith, without beauty, with no windows left open for the soul; if you cry out against the intolerable thoroughness with which the author seems to represent all of life except the point, you realize, upon longer consideration, that this is an art of submerged ideals, and of faiths that live on unconscious of themselves. After all,

*Clayhanger* is a story of the slow, sure shaping of the clay in the light of a divine idea.

Two comedies, also from the hand of this indefatigable author, appear among the new books: *Helen with the High Hand*,<sup>1</sup> and *Denry the Audacious*,<sup>2</sup> the former a study of feminine, the latter, of masculine audacity, of power to work one's will, just the quality lacking in the hero of *Clayhanger*. *Helen with the High Hand* has a touch of the artificial in the heroine's character, suggesting old comedy types; and the best of the book consists in the presentation of the old uncle, with all the minute realism of a Dutch portrait. The second comedy is by far the better of the two, and the account of the hero who knows invariably how to grasp the opportunity of the moment is amusing throughout. How, one wonders, did the Five Towns happen to produce a type which seems American rather than English, possessing in such marked degree the qualities that have led here to success in business and in statesmanship? But the irony of *Clayhanger* and *The Old Wives' Tale* is better than the humor of the lighter stories.

*Celt and Saxon*,<sup>3</sup> an unfinished novel found among the papers of George Meredith, has a brilliant opening, with promise of vital delineation of interesting characters. It is, however, fragmentary, and it is impossible, from the chapters left, even to guess at the scheme of the book, or the dramatic relationships of the many personages introduced. It may be that, in the determination to contrast, in as many ways as possible, the impulsive and imaginative Celt with the steadier and more

dogmatic Saxon, the story would have suffered. Certainly, the latter part, as it now stands, is more a disquisition with illustrations, than a story, and the sadness of realizing that this is the last work to come from the great author is tempered by the fear that his brilliant rendering of human beings, alive and capable of growth, would have been henceforward vivid in moments only. It is with deep regret that we say farewell to the only one of our great novelists in whose work a knowledge of evolution was real and vital as part and parcel of his being, the very condition of his perception. In George Eliot's novels, the knowledge of the newly discovered scientific laws lies side by side, in solid blocks, with the creative parts of the work; in Meredith it is subtly back of all perception and of all imaginative creation, so that his characters, to an extent unprecedented in fiction, seem directly related to the mainspring of life.

In several of the *Tales of Men and Ghosts*<sup>4</sup> the psychological subtleties of Mrs. Wharton's art are carried into the realm of illusion, or even into the dim border-lands of insanity. There is one real ghost story, 'Afterward,' which achieves the prime object of its species in making you believe in the ghost; while in 'The Eyes,' a haunting illusion, described by its victim, suddenly betrays a crisis in the life of one of the listeners. For sheer cleverness, 'The Bolted Door' perhaps stands out as the best in the book. It is a story of apparent insanity, centring in a delusion of murder; the circumstantial accounts of the murderer, growing more and more improbable as he tries to confess to one person after another, become evidence of growing insanity, — only to prove true at the end. The shrewd handling of the intricate mazes of

<sup>1</sup> *Helen with the High Hand*. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

<sup>2</sup> *Denry the Audacious*. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *Celt and Saxon*. By GEORGE MEREDITH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

<sup>4</sup> *Tales of Men and Ghosts*. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

thought in this incipient mental unbalancing are admirable, and here, as in all the tales, we have the mastery of a story-teller who knows how to manage her climaxes.

Mrs. Wharton's skill in handling her material, the balance, measure, restraint of her work, are too well recognized to need comment. It is a pleasure to watch her unfolding of a story, the deft way in which descriptive phrase, unobtrusive incident, and bit of conversation play into one another's hands, until the working of the inner life stands fully revealed. Here, as is usual, we have that indefinable atmosphere of satire, pungent, purifying, if not always satisfying. In one or two stories of the group we have something deeper than satire, as in 'The Debt,' an all-too-brief tale, having the technical skill of the others and something more. This analysis of the mind and heart of a man on the advance wave of modern thought brings one a longing for more work of this kind from the author's hand. The finer sense of honor recorded here, the passion for truth that burns through all else, leave one with the hope that our immense gain in outer matters, mere material matters, mere knowledge of external things, has not meant, as so many would have it, retrogression for the soul. Another phase of the new morality shows, with a bit less of originality than in 'The Debt,' in 'The Blond Beast.' In both, the positive note somewhat shames the lighter, cleverer, merely satiric work of this gifted author. If she can discern in this fashion the underlying forces making for truth and righteousness, discern with an insight granted to but few, why is not more of her work constructive, positive, instead of negative? Why does she not write a tale of the height and scope of *The House of Mirth*, designed to build up where that tore down? The least of us can satirize, can see many

of the things that are wrong with the world, though few can tell with such skill the tale of the things that are wrong; but few, perhaps, can detect, in the rush and stir of modern life, sweeping our old ideals away, the presence of permanent sources of consolation, of hope, of self-respect for the rapidly advancing race. One wishes that 'The Debt' were a three-volume novel, that it might outweigh the desolating influence of *The House of Mirth*.

The idealism that sets high the prizes of life and of art, as high as the artist's best endeavor, and high above mere success of the market-place, is always welcome, and is rare enough to-day. In *The Creators*<sup>1</sup> we enter an atmosphere of straining after high achievement; and we find that, in many ways, the young, who are trying to win the prizes of the world unseen, are good company. And yet, the new book by the author of *The Divine Fire* is disappointing. There is an immaturity about it, and a lack of that rather profound wisdom that made *The Divine Fire* so unusual. Youthfulness of mood is refreshing, but not always satisfying, and an air of unripeness marks this book, in which each character thinks himself or herself a genius, and recognizes geniuses in all his friends. England has not in a century produced so many geniuses as walk through the pages of this book, and the word is repeated with a distressing frequency that makes one wonder what the author means by it. It is a surprise to come upon something so akin to the callowness of spirit of the young German Romanticists in the work of a writer capable of such severe analysis as Miss May Sinclair. The lack of measure, of judgment, is apparent in many ways, and nowhere

<sup>1</sup> *The Creators*. By MAY SINCLAIR. New York: The Century Company.



more apparent than in the snobbishness voicing itself in the outcry of the geniuses against the 'dreadful, clever little people.'

The immaturity of spirit is reflected in the workmanship. There is a lack of centralization; it is everybody's story; it is nobody's story. That power of developing a central character, so amazingly good in *The Divine Fire*, is absent from *The Creators*, and one turns back to the earlier book with a feeling of satisfaction that, whatever present or future brings from this gifted writer, she has the permanent satisfaction of having produced a masterpiece.

One must approach the work<sup>1</sup> of Mr. Henry James with all the respect due to our master of fiction, who has, for many years, held a great part of our discriminating public in an attitude of unquestioning discipleship, and whose influence is stronger than any other upon several of our cleverest younger writers of fiction. Many of those unable to assume the rôle of disciples are silent in their doubt, so potent is this author's name; and we have grown to accept, as one of the conventions of our criticism, a belief that his work stands upon an almost impossibly high level. Yet, if I may speak out boldly, much of the later work rouses question in my mind, question in regard to the depth of its interpretative power; and more than one tale leaves an impression, both as regards theme and style, of a straining after effect that does not belong to the highest artistic achievement.

The power of the earlier work is not difficult to recognize; the power of dealing with the apparently trivial, as in *Daisy Miller*, and of making it the medium of large interpretations; the appealing power of a delicate and subtle character-study, as in *The Portrait of*

*a Lady*. I cannot help feeling that the balance has been slowly changing in Mr. James's work, more and more of the sensational in situation and in style creeping into it, more and more of the trivial that is merely trivial, and that has not larger interpretations to offer. *What Maisie Knew* exemplifies the point; so, surely, does part of *The Golden Bowl*; so do some of the stories in this new book, especially the first one, 'The Velvet Glove,' whose central plot is this, that the gifted American author, instead of praising the work of the novelist bearing the pseudonym Amy Evans, kisses her. The second story, 'Mora Montravers,' gives you the character-sketch of a girl of modern type, independent and audacious, against a background of old-fashioned conventions. She is never directly presented, and it is only by combining, with the author's help, the various somewhat distorted reflections in her relatives' minds, eliminating, and setting straight, that you get an idea of her. 'The Bench of Desolation' is a clever study of some of the ironies of the human affections; the 'Round of Visits' is perhaps the best of the tales, with its sudden, illuminating flash of character-contrasts; and here the disproportion between matter and manner is not so apparent as in the others.

It requires courage to challenge the style of Mr. James, who so long has stood as the master that we take for granted in all that comes from his pen a masterfulness. Delicate shades of thought and of feeling are his province, and he is granted subtlety of style that expresses the exact *nuances* he wishes to convey. Granted those qualities of delicacy, distinction, and quiet charm which characterize innumerable passages in his work, what is Mr. James doing with expressions like these, dealing with minor situations? 'With the sense somehow that there were too

<sup>1</sup> *The Finer Grain*. By HENRY JAMES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

many things, and that they were all together, terribly, irresistibly, doubtless blessedly in her eyes and her own person.' 'The logic of his having so tremendously ceased, in the shape of his dark storm-gust, to be engaged to another woman.' 'Her motive, in fine, disconcerting, deplorable, dreadful in respect to the experience otherwise so boundless.' 'The adventure that . . . he would have been all so stupidly, all so gallantly, and, by every presumption, so prevailingly ready for.' 'This so prodigiously different, beautiful and dreadful truth'; 'idiotized surrender'; 'inordinately'; 'betrayingly,' 'tinglingly,' 'tortuously,' 'immensely exposed and completely abashed,' — pages bristle with expressions like these.

Delicate shadings of thought are not usually brought out by such highly colored adjectives and adverbs. The great artist is known always by the measure and the mastery of his style; he saves the great word for the great moment, and the great word, which suggests the depth of human experience, is characterized by its power of suggestion rather than by its violence. Mr. James, in 'The Velvet Glove,' amuses himself with the style of Amy Evans's book, a commonplace love-story of the superlative type, but her vocabulary, with its 'passionate,' its 'flowering land,' its 'blighting desolation,' is no more extreme than his own, though his words are more far-sought. Is he not doing just that which he accuses Amy Evans of doing, straining to make the moment assume greater significance than it has, lashing adjective and adverb to a fictitious value? The story which he is writing and the story at which he is laughing are both, though in widely different spheres, lacking in that simplicity and sincerity which are the marks of genuine art.

A reviewer in a recent magazine

challenges the reader to produce another author whose processes of thought are so labyrinthine, who can express so many shades and phases of human feeling. At times I cannot help wondering if the thought is really as labyrinthine as the expression. Does not the ambiguity that results from a brigand lawlessness in the fashioning of sentences cause often a look of intricacy of thought which vanishes upon closer consideration? 'That would be an answer, however, he continued intensely to see, only to inanely importunate, to utterly superfluous Amy Evans — not a bit to his at last exquisitely patient companion, who was clearly now quite taking it from him that what kept him in his attitude was the spring of the quick desire to oblige her, the charming loyal impulse to consider a little what he could do for her, say "handsomely yet conscientiously" (oh, the loveliness!) before he should commit himself.'

In kindly spirit we may grant much of license to this master of unchallenged position, whose whims lead him to most individual views in regard to the parts of speech, and whose relative pronouns may or not emerge from these sentence-heaps to attach themselves to the right nouns, but surely we are not bound to consider this a great style, or even a good style. Measure, balance, lucidity, — these qualities are not too much to ask of the prose style of great masters of English, and the spell of a great name should not keep us from recognizing the lack of these qualities in Mr. James's later work. Few can doubt the value and the charm of his long line of character-interpretations of national and of international interest. Can any readers who recall the clarity of the earlier style deny that for Mr. James to rewrite his earlier work in his later manner is almost a national calamity?

A novel of great originality and

depth comes to us in *Hearts Contending*,<sup>1</sup> by Georg Schock, who has heretofore been known only as a writer of short stories dealing, as does this work, with Pennsylvania Germans. This is a tale of primitive lives and passions, among a people shut away in their mountain valley from the stream of modern life. Its basic idea is that of the Book of Job, and the tale is in many ways almost as primitive as the Book of Job. The slow and powerful unfolding of the story compels the deepest interest; more and more the reader finds himself in the grip of real tragedy, brought about, not by external causes, but by natural human feeling and innocent human motives. Not every writer of tragedy has, combined with such deep insight into the causes of human trouble, so much balance and moderation of judgment. The way in which, after the many-sided, fatal misunderstandings, all slowly rights itself, has something of the slow sanity of Nature's very self.

The author of this book betrays the rare combination of the power to observe with the power to think out the results of observation; too many realists have an excess of the former gift, and crowd their fiction with insignificant details. Here every touch picturing the people, their customs, and their background has interpretative power, and relates itself to the underlying idea of the book. Moreover, there is a genuinely poetic quality in the nature-interpretations, whereby you are permitted to see the gray sweep of the Blaeberg, the green Heilighthal, and to share the color and the mystery of spring, the depth of life in summer days. A Homeric simplicity and dignity attend the life; husband and wife salute each other from opposite sides of the kitchen like a pair of friendly sovereigns

meeting, and the son Anthony, emerging from the gray mist, riding his white steed and leading a pair of gray roans, is worthy to stand by the heroes who fought about Troy.

So simple and natural are the people that we find ourselves, in watching them, doubly bewildered that life should so cast its net to entangle them. Job, the house father, and Susanna his wife; Anthony, the eldest son; Jonathan, who, drawn by the smell of the earth and the love of a girl, gives up the ministry and breaks his parents' hearts, are brought before us by simple and vivid touches; and two of the characters, the son Jesse, and Bertha, who innocently starts all the trouble, are made still more real by means of that subtler fashion of suggestion, of tracing their effect upon other people.

The language of these people strikes one as being a bit stilted and overcorrect. Though this gives an effect of quaint dignity which in certain ways suits the majestic story, and is a relief after the over-insistence and dialect in other tales, it detracts in certain ways from the naturalness that attends everything else in the book. In spite of this defect, the author's style shows unusual restraint, and unusual suggestive power, not in mere epigram or in intellectual snap-shots, but in brief and pregnant sayings that sum up an immense amount of experience and of wisdom regarding life.

There is a tonic quality, a tonic reality about the book, and one will go far in the new fiction without finding anything to equal it in picturesque reality and simplicity. Nowhere else, among the new books, are there scenes of such tragic power as that of the quarrel in the harvest field, or of the chapter giving Anthony's revenge, ending with the scene where Job took his dead son on his back, 'reversing the way of generations,' and carried him to the top and

<sup>1</sup> *Hearts Contending*. By GEORG SCHOCK. New York: Harper & Brothers.

over the slope, along the road toward home.

The season's output of fiction brings before us many interesting phases of American life. *The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls*<sup>1</sup> presents the domestic difficulties and adventures of a young artist and his wife in a somewhat alien suburban atmosphere. The tales are at once humorous and thoughtful, and there is a refreshing originality about the two young folk, who face the world-old situation with their minds full of new ideas and questions. The frank speech of a newer day strengthens the bond between them, as the struggle to carry out an artist's ideals in a material and mechanical civilization strengthens the man's hold on his art. One might perhaps plead with the author not to explain so fully at times by reflective comment that which his own deft turning of the narrative has already explained; but one would not quarrel with work so full of vitality, in which very real people face the facts of life with courage, and with eyes wide open.

It is a pleasure to find Richard Harding Davis returning, in his book of short stories,<sup>2</sup> to his earlier manner, which many of his readers prefer to his later style in the stories of romantic adventure. Most of these new tales, simple in *motif* and in execution, emphasize the permanent and genuine in human affection, and certain clear distinctions between right and wrong. Several play pleasantly, in the fashion which the author likes, on moral ideals made a bit more piquant by social contrasts, and here and there, as in some of the earlier work, the social contrast is made more important than the moral issue.

<sup>1</sup> *The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls*. By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

<sup>2</sup> *Once Upon a Time*. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The Prodigious Hickey*<sup>3</sup> and *The Varmint*,<sup>4</sup> by Owen Johnson, give lively pictures of American boys at boarding school, and are, in many ways, amusing enough. Various types are vigorously represented, and the practical jokes, the inexhaustible spirits, the worship of physical courage make the pictures seem, to those who know boys, true to life. The notices that state kinship between this work and Tom Brown's *School-Days at Rugby* are, however, misleading, and rouse misgiving. There are plenty of hard knocks in 'Tom Brown,' and there is much emphasis on the passion for tarts and the love of jokes; but all through, you are aware of shaping forces: the school trains the boys, and the reader can feel, through the rough-and-tumble deeds, the influences making them gentlemen, holding up a high sense of honor, and leading the ideals of school-boy pluck to finer issues. Here, there is nothing of this; the authorities are mere ciphers. Lucius Cassius, the professor of Latin, has methods so outgrown and pedantic that the intellectual part of the school life must be, if he represents its best, worse than useless. Of moral influence from the elders there is as little as of intellectual, and though the lads have a rough-and-ready code of their own, it sadly needs strengthening. In Hickey's selling to his comrades the silver clappers as if they were genuine souvenirs of the missing college bell, and earning much money thereby, there is a touch of American business trickery that would be below the English boy's sense of honor. If the American boy in school is as absolutely unrestrained as this would seem to indicate, the schools sadly need re-

<sup>3</sup> *The Prodigious Hickey*. By OWEN JOHNSON. New York: The Baker Taylor Company.

<sup>4</sup> *The Varmint*. By OWEN JOHNSON. New York: The Baker Taylor Company.

form; for football, though it undoubtedly has its uses, can hardly serve as the one and only civilizing force brought to bear upon the young.

Among the books are certain local studies, some by people with well-known names, some by new-comers, representing different degrees of artistic and interpretative value.

*Opal*,<sup>1</sup> a tale of common life and folk in the middle west, is a racy account of character and event, with more substance than its name would imply. The shrewd turns of characterization betray a nice sense of humor, and much insight into the quips and cranks of human nature, which, in this author's gentle philosophy, are but minor discords in the music of humanity. If a bit too much of the obviously didactic sways conversation, incident, and character; if some of the characters turn almost too suddenly from hard feelings to kindly deeds, at least the author is aware of the actual motives of change and the depths from which they sprung.

*Jim Hands*,<sup>2</sup> a tale of a factory town, is the story of the love of the proprietor's son for a daughter of one of the employees. While it has many of the conventional features of its type, it digs down much deeper than the ordinary dialect story into the sources and meaning of our democracy; and the scene where the elderly Irish woman gives the governor her opinions on corrupt politics, is enough to revive fading hopes in regard to the permanency of a republic. The wit and wisdom of the book, though poured out too lavishly at first, too sparingly at the last, are real wit and real wisdom.

*Just Folks*,<sup>3</sup> is a series of sketches of

life in a poor quarter of Chicago, from the point of view of a young woman who is acting as truant officer. It is valuable in bringing to the reader a sense of the complexities of life in such a quarter, where many nationalities and countless temperaments are jostling one another. The fact that the book is not fitted to a certain theme, cutting off all other issues, lends it a certain effectiveness, as it permits the author to present the many daily crises of life in their human rather than in their artistic relationship. The story of lost Angela Ann is full of deep significance; and the picture of Mary Casey, her mother, with the indomitable Irish love enfolding sinning daughter, erring son, and vagabond husband, is beautifully wrought. The book is full of concrete suggestions and incidents, which, bringing the lives of the submerged vividly before us, may set many minds at work, and at work hopefully, upon some of our innumerable social problems.

Regarding a record, as terrible as that contained in *The House of Bondage*,<sup>4</sup> of a side of life not usually confessed, comments on art or lack of art would be almost as great an impertinence as discussion of æsthetic values in the cloud-effects of the judgment day. Yet, if these things are true, and the quiet massing of detail carries conviction with it, this presentation of the most cruel of all the cruel human tragedies of our modern life cannot be ignored. Suffice it to say that this story of the traffic in the bodies and the souls of women is told with high dignity, and, in spite of its full revelations, a certain reserve. There is close centralization, and all the network of political chicanery and corruption, all the many manifestations of unscrupulous greed, are

<sup>1</sup> *Opal*. By BESSIE R. HOOVER. New York: Harper & Brothers.

<sup>2</sup> *Jim Hands*. By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD. New York: The Macmillan Company.

<sup>3</sup> *Just Folks*. By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN. New York: The Macmillan Company.

<sup>4</sup> *The House of Bondage*. By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company.

closely interwoven about the central figure of the one helpless girl. She is all the more appealing because there is nothing especially notable about her; she has no unusual power or grace; she is only one of the many victims of what we call our civilization; and one follows with increasing horror the Nemesis worked out in the story, as a fate worse than the worst of Greek tragedy becomes the consequence of an initial slight mistake. The book is, primarily, an arraignment of men, but there is another side also, best expressed, perhaps, in the words of one of Olive Schreiner's *Dreams*: —

'I thought I stood in Heaven before God's throne, and God asked me what I had come for. I said I had come to arraign my brother, Man.

'God said, "What has he done?"

'I said, "He has taken my sister, Woman, and has stricken her, and

wounded her, and thrust her out into the streets; she lies there prostrate. His hands are red with blood. I am here to arraign him, that the kingdom be taken from him, because he is not worthy, and given unto me. My hands are pure."

'I showed them.

'God said, "Thy hands are pure. Lift up thy robe."

'I raised it; my feet were red, blood-red, as if I had trodden in wine.

'God said, "How is this?"

'I said, "Dear Lord, the streets on earth are full of mire. If I should walk straight on in them my outer robe might be bespotted; you see how white it is! Therefore I pick my way."

'God said, "*On what?*"

'I was silent, and I let my robe fall. I wrapped my mantle about my head. I went out softly. I was afraid that the angels would see me.'

## THE PACE THAT KILLS

BY FORD MADDOX HUEFFER

IN New York the thing that most impresses the newly arrived stranger — coming at any rate from London — is the pace set by foot-passengers in the streets. On the other side we are accustomed to hear and to believe that America is the land of hurry; here, if anywhere, we think, the adage that time is money will be appreciated. We expect to find streets filled with messenger boys rushing on errands; telegraph boys running; shops in which the serving is done at lightning speed, and trains that the eye can hardly follow. We expect to find, in short, a new se-

cret of speed — which is equivalent to saying highly-organized service of all kinds. So that, riding in a trolley up Broadway for the first time (and you cannot imagine how romantic a thing it is to be on that Broadway of which one has heard so much!), I rubbed my eyes in astonishment.

Between, say, Union Square — or perhaps between Ninth Street — and Bowling Green, Broadway is the more or less exact counterpart of the London Strand. It is actually broader, but it appears more narrow because the houses are so much higher, and it is a



little straighter because it is a made road, not a road evolved from what was once a path along river-mud. The general effect is identical: there are the same kinds of shops, and a crowd of the same type passing to or from the business quarter of the city. But, as I have said, one rubs one's eyes, looking out at the crowd on the sidewalk. It is the Strand crowd — cosmopolitan, varied; people touching one another so closely that the tops of their heads appear to form another tier on the street: a tier paved with hats instead of wood blocks or granite sets. There it is, the crowd. But it appears to stop still!

In one's first astonishment one thinks that all these people are waiting for a procession to pass; one cannot believe that they are the procession. Nevertheless, as the slow trolley passes onward one realizes that the crowd is actually in motion; that it is the thing itself, not the procession. It is an extraordinary shock — this first impression of the land of hurry.

For the dweller in great cities grows accustomed to the *tempo* of his streets, and for me, to whom the Strand sets the tone of life, this slow progress of the crowd on Broadway is a standing bewilderment. I have looked at it again and again, and although I have long since given up expecting to see it accelerate its pace, the words still rise to my lips, the question still remains unanswered in my subconsciousness: 'When are they going to hurry up?'

For, in the Strand, all the heads bob up and down to the time of a quick-step waltz; on Broadway they go with the slow stride of a processional march. And the Londoner, jumping off the Broadway trolley at a block in the traffic, expecting that, as he would in the Strand, he will be able to get along faster on foot and will be able to jump on another trolley higher up and so gain a minute or two, this Londoner dis-

covers, bewildered and irritated, that there is no getting through the crowd — and there's no getting the crowd to hurry up. It is, for his quicker-tuned pulse, a solid, packed mass with which he must fall in step. And for him in New York it is always the same. There is no saving a minute or two, and no one appears to wish to do it. In London you may save a little by sending a district messenger to do an errand; in New York you will do it quicker yourself. In London the motor-bus dodges through a jam; the hansom cuts in between a great wagon and the curb, slips round a side street and into the main thoroughfare, and there is that glorious thing, your 'minute saved.' But here the trolley cannot dodge traffic; the driver of the hansom is an autocrat who says, 'Wall!' if you tell him to look sharp. And, personally, I am inclined to see the reason for all this in the fact that the New York crowd does not sympathize with hurry.

All Nature loves a lover — and all London loves a Londoner in a hurry. If in London you tell a cabman that you have only seven minutes in which to catch a train — two miles off, he will say, 'Yes, sir,' and whip up his horse, gallop through a square, taking his chance of a fine if a bobby sees him; he will put his hand to the trap-door and say, 'I think we shall do it, sir,' — and he *does* do it. He enters, in fact, into the spirit of the thing — it is a sporting matter for him. And it is the same with messenger-boys, railway-porters, or fellow passengers. I have even made a South Eastern train come in 'on time,' and catch an almost impossible connection, by telling the guard that I was in a hurry.

But I cannot imagine myself doing any of these things in New York. I received too many rebuffs in my first day or two. I should positively dread to tell a hotel clerk to hurry up with

my bill because I wanted to catch a train. Instead, I must miss two engagements and reckon that I can do in the day in New York only two thirds of what I can do in London. The New Yorker, in fact, may be in a hurry at times — but he finds no one to help him. This is of course a free country, and there is no reason why a servant should put himself out to oblige his master; there is no reason why a servant should work at top speed. And, indeed, he is n't, your New Yorker, even a servant. The railway officials, the ticket clerks, the baggage-men, the brakemen, are officials, and there it ends. In London every official is a servant of the Public. In London every railway official is there to help you; in New York he is there to give you your ticket, to see that you have a ticket, or to see that you do not travel without a ticket. And you cannot hurry.

At Charing Cross Station in London there are three hundred baggage-porters whose duty it is to help passengers. I dash up in my cab, with my trunk, five minutes before the train starts; one porter takes my ticket, another takes my trunk; I am driven to the basement of the station, throw myself into the barber's chair, say I have three minutes to be shaved in, am shaved, and catch my train. I could not do that in New York. And think what a difference that makes to the amount of work one can do in the year. At Charing Cross Station there are three hundred porters; in the Boston North Station there are seven baggage-men. To get your baggage checked yourself you must be in the depot twenty minutes before the train starts, you must bribe a baggage-man extravagantly, and even then your trunk will not come on the train by which you travel. As for a shave —!

I think that the New Yorker's shave is symptomatic of the whole rate of life

in New York. It is, if you will, luxurious, but you have to allow twenty minutes out of your day for it. In London I never allow more than five minutes. Here I lie down in a chair and say, 'I'm in a hurry. Be as quick as you can, please.' My barber surveys me with no look of interest and goes to talk for five minutes to the lady manicurist. When he returns I say from my recumbent position, 'I'm in a *great* hurry.' He says, 'Yep?' interrogatively, as if I had given him a piece of quite uninteresting information. He goes to a mirror and for some moments examines a wart on his cheek. Eventually he shaves me. It is the same in the banks. In Boston I had to wait exactly seventeen minutes to cash a letter of credit. The clerk was talking to a lady-typist about a clam-bake. — Well: he was a free man — so he told me when I remonstrated.

Fortunes are made with great rapidity in the United States. But think how fast they might be made. For time is money. I have made this little calculation: my time is worth say ten shillings — or two dollars and a half — an hour. I travel by rail with luggage one hundred and twenty times a year; in London I gain fifteen minutes per time, or in the year thirty hours, or seventy-five dollars. In London I am shaved three hundred times in the year and on each shave, in comparison with New York, I gain one quarter of an hour. In the year this saves me upwards of thirty pounds sterling. And, when I take into account the time lost over meals, over the purchase of things in stores, everything that depends upon quick and efficient service, I figure out that my working efficiency in London is at least one third greater than it is here. The baggage-check system alone in America is responsible for an incalculable loss of time; it is absolutely unnecessary — and anyhow I would a

hundred times rather lose my baggage than be kept waiting for a check.

Let me, however, at once say that I do not wish to be taken as implying that the New Yorker is not in the right in thus sacrificing his time to the mental attitude of his servants. Each nation without a doubt has the type of service that it most desires — and I very well know that the New Yorker is proud of the independence of his — I was going to say dependants, but that is not the word; and I cannot quite think of *any* word that is *le mot juste*. It is, of course, part of the American's fine idealism; of his reverence for humanity, and of his irresponsibility. London is a serious place: we are all so terribly in earnest. New York, and that is part of its fascination, is absolutely irresponsible. A thing may get done, or it may not. It is all part of the day's journey. At any rate, no man's personal dignity is lessened. If you have not, in the large, any very efficient public service in New York, you have not at all the menial spirit. And it is a good thing to have crushed that out of life. For there is, in the world, nothing more disagreeable than the thoroughly efficient English servant who sneers at his master behind his back. At the same time there is nothing more agreeable than the English spirit of efficient service when the servant is thoroughly interested in his work, likes his master, and is anxious, in the English phrase, to 'make a good job of it.' I don't, but then I am an Englishman, know of any feeling more delightful than that of directing thoroughly efficient subordinates with a love of their and my particular organization, the feeling that I am getting the most out of myself, out of my helpers, and out of the whole machine. That of course happens only when things are at their best in London, but when it does happen there is no human feeling for me so nearly divine.

New York, of course, has another problem before it. It has to go the one step further; it has to show London and the Eastern world how something still more nearly divine can be extracted from human contacts. It has done away with the menial spirit, which is the reverse of the European medal; it has done away, very largely, with the feeling of responsibility which over there furrows so many brows and renders so many lives so burdensome. That is why New York is gay, and London heavy and solemn. New York has another problem: it has evolved the proud, free, independent, and non-menial man. Before it will have definitely taken its poor humanity the one stage further forward on the long road toward the millennium, it must evolve a spirit — perhaps it is only a spirit — of co-ordinate effort, of noble discipline. It has produced a fine individualism; it has not yet, it seems to me, evolved a system of getting from each individual his very best in the interests of the whole machine of the state. For it must be remembered that the problem of humanity is really that; that what humanity really needs is the time to think. And while men lose time at their work they have no leisure, or less leisure to, in the American phrase, loaf and invite their souls.

And, if I have any criticism to make of a life that excites, interests, and fills me with wonder, it is simply this: in Europe we have evolved a leisure class, which is a good thing. America is in the way to evolve a much better thing: not a class, but a race with leisure; not a race that does no work, but one that gets rid of the necessary daily toil, with a minimum of wasted effort, in a minimum of time. For the man who does this is indeed the free man. And that America will evolve this type when it has had time to settle down, who shall doubt?

## THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

### XLVI

LEFT alone among the little mahogany tables of Gustard's, where the scent of cake and orange-flower water made happy all the air, Barbara had sat for some minutes, her eyes cast down, as a child from whom a toy has been taken contemplates the ground, not knowing precisely what she is feeling. Then, paying one of the middle-aged females, she went out into the Square. There a German band was playing Delibes' Coppélia; and the murdered tune came haunting her, a ghost of incongruity.

She went straight back to Valleys House. In the room where three hours ago she had been left alone after lunch with Harbinger, her sister was seated in the window, looking decidedly disturbed. In fact, Agatha had just spent an awkward hour. Chancing, with little Ann, into that confectioner's where she could best obtain a particularly gummy sweet which she believed wholesome for her children, she had been engaged in purchasing a pound, when, looking down, she perceived Ann standing stock-still, with her sudden little nose pointed down the shop, and her mouth opening; glancing in the direction of those frank, inquiring eyes, Agatha saw to her amazement her sister and a man whom she recognized as Courtier. With a readiness which did her complete credit, she placed a sweet in Ann's mouth, and saying to the middle-aged female, 'Then you'll send those, please. Come Ann!' went out.

Shocks never coming singly, she had no sooner reached home than from her father she learned of the development of Milton's love-affair. When Barbara returned, she was sitting, unfeignedly upset and grieved; unable to decide whether or no she ought to divulge what she herself had seen, but withal buoyed up by that peculiar indignation of the essentially domestic woman whose ideals have been outraged.

Judging at once from the expression of her face that she must have heard the news of Milton, Barbara said, 'Well, my dear Angel, any lecture for me?'

Agatha answered coldly, 'I think you were quite mad to take Mrs. Noel to him.'

'The whole duty of woman,' murmured Barbara, 'includes a little madness.'

Agatha looked at her in silence.

'I can't make you out,' she said at last; 'you're not a fool!'

'Only a knave.'

'You may think it right to joke over the ruin of Milton's life,' murmured Agatha; 'I don't.'

Barbara's eyes grew bright; and in a hard voice she answered, 'The world is not your nursery, Angel!'

Agatha closed her lips very tightly, as who should imply, 'Then it ought to be!' But she only answered, 'I don't think you know that I saw you just now in Gustard's.'

Barbara eyed her for a moment in amazement, and began to laugh.

'I see,' she said; 'monstrous depravity — poor old Gustard's!'

And still laughing that dangerous laugh, she turned on her heel and went out.

At dinner and afterwards that evening she was very silent, having on her face the same look that she wore out hunting, especially when in difficulties of any kind, or if advised to 'take a pull.' When she got away to her own room she had a longing to relieve herself by some kind of action that would hurt some one, if only herself. To go to bed and toss about in a fever — for she knew herself in these thwarted moods — was of no use! For a moment she thought of going out. That would be fun, and hurt them, too; but it was difficult. She did not want to be seen, and have the humiliation of an open row. Then there came into her head the memory of the roof of the tower, where she had once been as a little girl. She would be in the air there, she would be able to breathe, to get rid of this feverishness. With the unhappy pleasure of a spoiled child taking its revenge, she took care to leave her bedroom door open, so that her maid would wonder where she was, and perhaps be anxious, and make them anxious.

Slipping through the moonlit picture-gallery, to the landing outside her father's sanctum, whence rose the stone staircase leading to the roof, she began to mount. She was quite breathless when, after that unending flight of stairs, she emerged on the roof at the extreme northern end of the big house, where, below her, was a sheer drop of a hundred feet. At first she stood, a little giddy, grasping the rail that ran round that garden of lead, still absorbed in her brooding, rebellious thoughts. Gradually she lost consciousness of everything save the scene before her. High above all neighboring houses, she was almost appalled by the majesty of what she saw. This night-

clothed city, so remote and dark, so white-gleaming and alive, on whose purple hills and valleys grew such myriads of golden flowers of light, from whose heart came this deep incessant murmur — could it possibly be the same city through which she had been walking that very day! From its sleeping body the supreme wistful spirit had emerged in dark loveliness, and was low-flying down there, tempting her.

Barbara turned round, to take in all that amazing prospect, from the black glades of Hyde Park, in front, to the powdery white ghost of a church-tower, away to the east. How marvelous was this city of night! And as, in presence of that wide darkness of the sea before dawn, her spirit had felt little and timid within her — so it felt now, in face of this great, brooding, beautiful creature, whom man had made. She singled out the shapes of the Piccadilly hotels, and beyond them the palaces and towers of Westminster and Whitehall; and everywhere the inextricable loveliness of dim blue forms and sinuous pallid lines of light, under an indigo-dark sky. Near at hand, she could see plainly the still-lighted windows, the motor-cars gliding by far down, even the tiny shapes of people walking; and the thought that each of them meant some one like herself, seemed strange.

Drinking of this wonder-cup, she began to experience a queer intoxication, and lost the sense of being little; rather she had the feeling of power, as in her dream at Monkland. She too, as well as this great thing below her, seemed to have shed her body, to be emancipated from every barrier — floating deliciously identified with air. She seemed to be one with the enfranchised spirit of the city, drowned in perception of its beauty. Then all that feeling went, and left her frowning, shivering, though

the wind from the west was warm. Her whole adventure of coming up here seemed bizarre, ridiculous. Very stealthily she crept down, and had reached once more the door into the picture-gallery, when she heard her mother's voice in amazement say, 'That you, Babs?' And turning, saw her coming from the doorway of the sanctum.

Of a sudden very cool, with all her faculties about her, Barbara only stood looking at Lady Valleys, who said with hesitation, 'Come in here, dear, a minute, will you?'

In that room, resorted to for comfort, Lord Valleys was standing with his back to the hearth, and an expression on his face that wavered between vexation and decision. The doubt in Agatha's mind whether she should tell or no, had been terribly resolved by little Ann, who in a pause of conversation had announced, 'We saw Auntie Babs and Mr. Courtier in Gustard's, but we did n't speak to them.'

Upset by the events of the afternoon, Lady Valleys had not shown her usual *savoir faire*. She had told her husband. A meeting of this sort in a shop celebrated for little save its wedding-cakes was, in a sense, of no importance; but, being both disturbed already by the news of Milton, it seemed to them nothing less than sinister, as though the heavens were in league for the demolition of their house. To Lord Valleys it was peculiarly mortifying, because of his real admiration for his daughter, and because he had paid so little attention to his wife's warning of some weeks back. In consultation, however, they had only succeeded in deciding that Lady Valleys should talk with her. Though without much spiritual insight, both these two had a certain cool judgment; and they were fully alive to the danger of thwarting Barbara. This had not prevented Lord Valleys from expressing himself strong-

ly on the 'confounded unscrupulousness of that fellow,' and secretly forming his own plan of dealing with this matter. Lady Valleys, more deeply conversant with her daughter's nature, and by reason of femininity more lenient toward the other sex, had not tried to excuse Courtier, but had thought privately, 'Babs is rather a flirt.' For she could not altogether help remembering herself at the same age.

Summoned thus unexpectedly, Barbara, her lips very firmly pressed together, took her stand coolly enough by her father's writing-table.

Seeing her thus suddenly appear, Lord Valleys instinctively relaxed his frown; his experience of men and things, his thousands of diplomatic hours, served to give him an air of coolness and detachment which he was very far from feeling. In truth, he would rather have faced a hostile mob than his favorite daughter in such circumstances. His tanned face, with its crisp, gray moustache, his whole head indeed, took on, unconsciously, a more than ordinarily soldier-like appearance. His eyelids drooped a little, his brows rose slightly.

She was wearing a blue wrap over her evening frock, and he seized instinctively on that indifferent trifle to begin this talk.

'Ah! Babs, have you been out?'

Alive to her very finger-nails, with every nerve tingling, but showing no sign, Barbara answered, 'No; on the roof of the tower.'

It gave her a malicious pleasure to feel the real perplexity beneath her father's dignified exterior. And detecting that covert mockery, Lord Valleys said dryly, 'Star-gazing?'

Then, with that sudden resolution peculiar to him, as though he were bored with having to delay and temporize, he added, 'Do you know, I doubt whether it's wise to make appoint-



ments in confectioners' shops when Ann is in London.'

The dangerous little gleam in Barbara's eyes escaped his vision, but not that of Lady Valleys, who said at once, 'No doubt you had the best of reasons, my dear.'

Barbara curled her lip, inscrutably. Indeed, had it not been for the scene they had been through that day with Milton, and for their very real anxiety, both would have seen then, that, while their daughter was in this mood, least said was soonest mended. But their nerves were not quite within control; and with more than a touch of impatience Lord Valleys ejaculated, 'It does n't appear to you, I suppose, to require any explanation?'

Barbara answered, 'No.'

'Ah!' said Lord Valleys. 'I see. An explanation can be had, no doubt, from the gentleman whose sense of proportion was such as to cause him to suggest such a thing.'

'He did not suggest it. I did.'

Lord Valleys's eyebrows rose still higher.

'Indeed!' he said,

'Geoffrey!' murmured Lady Valleys, 'I thought *I* was to talk to Babs.'

'It would no doubt be wiser.'

In Barbara, thus for the first time in her life seriously reprimanded, there was at work the most peculiar sensation she had ever felt, as if something were scraping her very skin — a sick, and at the same time devilish, feeling. At that moment she could have struck her father dead. But she showed nothing, having lowered the lids of her eyes.

'Anything else?' she said.

Lord Valleys's jaw had become suddenly more prominent.

'As a sequel to your share in Milton's business, it is peculiarly entrancing.'

'My dear,' broke in Lady Valleys

very suddenly, 'Babs will tell me. It's nothing, of course.'

Barbara's calm voice said again, 'Anything else?'

The repetition of this phrase in that maddening cool voice almost broke down her father's sorely-tried control.

'Nothing from you,' he said with deadly coldness. 'I shall have the honor of telling this gentleman what I think of him.'

At those words Barbara drew herself together, and turned her eyes from one face to the other.

Under that gaze, which, for all its cool hardness, was so furiously alive, neither Lord nor Lady Valleys could keep quite still. It was as if she had stripped from them the well-bred mask of those whose spirits, by long unquestioning acceptance of themselves, have become inelastic, inexpansive, commoner than they knew. In fact, a rather awful moment! Then Barbara said, 'If there's nothing else, I'm going to bed. Good-night!'

And as calmly as she had come in, she went out.

When she had regained her room, she locked the door, threw off her cloak, and looked at herself in the glass. With pleasure she saw how firmly her teeth were clenched, how her breast was heaving, how her eyes seemed to be stabbing herself. And all the time she thought, 'Very well! my dears! Very well!'

## XLVII

In that mood of rebellious mortification she fell asleep. And, curiously enough, dreamed not of him whom she had in mind been so furiously defending, but of Harbinger. She fancied herself in prison, lying in a cell fashioned like the drawing-room at Sea House; and in the next cell, into which she could somehow look, Harbinger was digging at the wall with his nails.

She could distinctly see the hair on the back of his hands, and hear him breathing. The hole he was making grew larger and larger. Her heart began to beat furiously; she awoke.

She rose with a new and malicious resolution to show no sign of rebellion, to go through the day as if nothing had happened, to deceive them all, and then —! Exactly what 'and then' meant, she did not explain even to herself.

In accordance with this plan of action she presented an untroubled front at breakfast, went out riding with little Ann, and shopping with her mother afterwards. Owing to this news of Milton, the journey to Scotland had been postponed. She parried with cool ingenuity each attempt made by Lady Valleys to draw her into conversation on the subject of that meeting at Gustard's, nor would she talk of her brother; in every other way she was her usual self.

In the afternoon she even volunteered to accompany her mother to old Lady Harbinger's, in the neighborhood of Prince's Gate. She knew that Harbinger would be there, and with the thought of meeting that other at 'five o'clock,' had a cynical pleasure in thus encountering him. It was so complete a blind to them all! Then, feeling that she was accomplishing a master-stroke, she even told him, in her mother's hearing, that she would walk home, and he might come if he cared. He did care.

But when once she had begun to swing along in the mellow afternoon, under the mellow trees, where the air was sweetened by the southwest wind, all that mutinous, reckless mood of hers vanished, she felt suddenly happy and kind, glad to be walking with him. To-day too he was cheerful, as if determined not to spoil her gayety; and she was grateful for this. Once or

twice she even put her hand up and touched his sleeve, calling his attention to birds or trees, friendly, and glad, after all those hours of bitter feelings, to be giving happiness. When they parted at the door of Valleys House, she looked back at him, with a queer, half-rueful smile. For, now the hour had come!

In a little unfrequented ante-room, all white panels and polish, she sat down to wait. The entrance drive was visible from here; and she meant to encounter Courtier casually in the hall. She was excited, and a little scornful of her own excitement. She had expected him to be punctual, but it was already past five; and soon she began to feel uneasy, almost ridiculous, sitting in this room where no one ever came. Going to the window, she looked out.

A sudden voice behind her said, 'Auntie Babs!'

Turning, she saw little Ann regarding her with those wide, frank, hazel eyes. A shiver of nerves passed through Barbara.

'Is this your room? It's a nice room, is n't it?'

She answered, 'Quite a nice room, Ann.'

'Yes. I've never been in here before. There's somebody just come, so I must go now.'

Barbara involuntarily put her hands up to her cheeks, and quickly passed with her niece into the hall. At the very door the footman William handed her a note. She looked at the superscription. It was from Courtier. She went back into the room. Through its half-closed door the figure of little Ann could be seen, with her legs rather wide apart, and her hands clasped on her low-down belt, pointing up at William her sudden little nose. Barbara shut the door abruptly, broke the seal, and read: —

DEAR LADY BARBARA, — I am sorry to say my interview with your brother was fruitless.

I happened to be sitting in the Park just now, and I want to wish you every happiness before I go. It has been the greatest pleasure to know you. I shall never have a thought of you that will not be my pride; nor a memory that will not help me to believe that life is good. If I am tempted to feel that things are dark, I shall remember that you are breathing this same mortal air. And to beauty and joy I shall take off my hat with the greater reverence, that once I was permitted to walk and talk with you. And so, good-bye, and God bless you.

Your faithful servant,  
CHARLES COURTIER.

Her cheeks burned, quick sighs escaped her lips; she read the letter again, but before getting to the end could not see the words for mist. If in that letter there had been a word of complaint or even of regret! She could not let him go like this, without good-bye, without any explanation at all. He should not think of her as a cold, stony flirt, who had been merely stealing a few weeks' amusement out of him. She would explain to him at all events that it had not been that. She would make him understand that it was not what he thought — that something in her wanted — wanted —! Her mind was all confused. 'What was it?' she thought; 'what did I do?' And sore with anger at herself, she screwed the letter up in her glove, and ran out. She walked swiftly down to Piccadilly, and crossed into the Green Park. There she passed Lord Malvezin and a friend strolling up toward Hyde Park Corner, and gave them a very faint bow. The composure of those two precise and well-groomed figures sickened her just then. She wanted to run, to fly to this

meeting that should remove from him the odious feeling he must have, that she, Barbara Caradoc, was a vulgar enchantress, a common traitress and coquette! And his letter — without a syllable of reproach! Her cheeks burned so that she could not help trying to hide them from people who passed,

As she drew nearer to his rooms she walked slower, forcing herself to think what she should do, what she should let him do! But she continued resolutely forward. She would not shrink now — whatever came of it! Her heart fluttered, seemed to stop beating, fluttered again. She set her teeth; a sort of desperate hilarity rose in her. It was an adventure! Then she was gripped by the feeling that had come to her on the roof. The whole thing was bizarre, ridiculous! She stopped, and drew the letter from her glove. It might be ridiculous, but it was due from her; and closing her lips very tight, she walked on. In thought she was already standing close to him, her eyes shut, waiting, with her heart beating wildly, to know what she would feel when his lips had spoken, perhaps touched her face or hand. And she had a sort of mirage vision of herself, with eyelashes resting on her cheeks, lips a little parted, arms helpless at her sides. Yet, incomprehensibly, his figure was invisible. She discovered then that she was standing before his door.

She rang the bell calmly, but instead of dropping her hand, pressed the little bare patch of palm left open by the glove to her face, to see whether it was indeed her own cheek flaming so.

The door had been opened by some unseen agency, disclosing a passage and flight of stairs covered by a red carpet, at the foot of which lay an old, tangled, brown-white dog full of fleas and sorrow. Unreasoning terror seized on Barbara; her body remained rigid, but

her spirit began flying back across the Green Park, to the very hall of Valleys House. Then she saw coming towards her a youngish woman in a blue apron, with mild, reddened eyes.

'Is this where Mr. Courtier lives?'

'Yes, Miss.' The teeth of the young woman were few in number and rather black; and Barbara could only stand there saying nothing, as if her body had been deserted between the sunlight and this dim red passage, which led to — what?

The woman spoke again, 'I'm sorry if you was wanting him, Miss, he's just gone away.'

Barbara felt a movement in her heart, like the twang and quiver of an elastic band, suddenly relaxed. She bent to stroke the head of the old dog, who was smelling her shoes.

The woman said, 'And, of course, I can't give you his address, because he's gone to foreign parts.'

With a murmur, of whose sense she knew nothing, Barbara hurried out into the sunshine. Was she glad? Was she sorry? At the corner of the street she turned and looked back; the two heads, of the woman and the dog, were there still, poked out through the doorway.

A horrible inclination to laugh seized her, followed by as horrible a desire to cry.

### XLVIII

By the river the west wind, whose murmuring had visited Courtier and Milton the night before, was bringing up the first sky of autumn. Slow-creeping and fleecy gray, the clouds seemed trying to overpower a sun that shone but fitfully even thus early in the day. While Audrey Noel was dressing, sunbeams danced desperately on the white wall, like little lost souls with no tomorrow, or gnats that wheel and wheel in brief joy, leaving no footmarks on the air. Through the chinks of a side

window covered by a dark blind, some smoky filaments of light were tethered to the back of her mirror. Compounded of trembling gray spirals, so thick to the eye that her hand felt astonishment when it failed to grasp them, and as jealous as ghosts of the space they occupied, they brought a moment's distraction to a heart not happy. For how could she be happy, her lover having been away from her now thirty hours, without having overcome with his last kisses the feeling of disaster which had settled on her when he told her of his resolve. Her eyes had seen deeper than his; her instinct had received a message from Fate.

To be the dragger-down, the destroyer of his usefulness; to be not the helpmate, but the clog; not the inspiring sky, but the cloud! And because of a scruple which she could not understand! She had no anger with that unintelligible scruple; but her fatalism and her sympathy had followed it out into his future. Things being so, it could not be long before he felt that her love was maiming him; even if he went on desiring her, it would be only with his body. And if, for this scruple, he were capable of giving up his public life, he would be capable of living on with her after his love was dead! This thought she could not bear. It stung to the very marrow of her nerves. And yet surely life could not be so cruel as to have given her such happiness, meaning to take it from her! Surely her love was not to be only one summer's day; his love but an embrace, and then — forever nothing!

This morning, fortified by despair, she admitted her own beauty. He would, he *must* want her more than that other life, at the very thought of which her face darkened. That other life was so hard, and far from her! So loveless, formal, and yet — to him so real, so desperately, accursedly real! If he must indeed

give up his career, then surely the life they could live together would make up to him — a life among simple and sweet things, all over the world, with music and pictures, and the flowers and all Nature, and friends who sought them for themselves, and in being kind to every one, and helping the poor and the unfortunate, and loving each other! But he did not want that sort of life! What was the good of pretending that he did? It was right and natural that he should want to use his powers! To lead and serve! She would not have him otherwise. With these thoughts hovering and darting within her, she went on twisting and coiling her dark hair, and burying her heart beneath its lace defenses. She noted too, with her usual care, two fading blossoms in the bowl of flowers on her dressing-table, and, removing them, emptied out the water and refilled the bowl.

Before she left her bedroom the sunbeams had already ceased to dance, the gray filaments of light were gone. Autumn sky had come into its own. Passing the mirror in the hall which was always rough with her, she had not courage to glance at it. Then suddenly a woman's belief in the power of her charm came to her aid; she felt almost happy — surely he must love her better than his conscience! But that confidence was very tremulous, ready to yield to the first rebuff. Even the friendly, fresh-cheeked maid seemed that morning to be regarding her with compassion; and all the innate sense, not of 'good form,' but of form, which made her shrink from anything that should disturb or hurt another, or make any one think she was to be pitied, rose up at once within her; she became more than ever careful to show nothing even to herself.

So she passed the morning, mechanically doing the little usual things. An overpowering longing was with her all

the time, to get him away with her from England, and see whether the thousand beauties she could show him would not fire him with love of the things she loved. As a girl she had spent nearly three years abroad. And Eustace had never been to Italy, nor to her beloved mountain valleys! Then, the remembrance of his rooms at the Temple broke in on that vision, and shattered it. No Titian's feast of gentian, tawny brown, and alpenrose could intoxicate the lover of those books, those papers, that great map. And the scent of leather came to her now as poignantly as if she were once more flitting about noiselessly on her business of nursing. Then there rushed through her again the warm, wonderful sense that had been with her all those precious days — of love that knew secretly of its approaching triumph and fulfillment; the delicious sense of giving every minute of her time, every thought and movement; and all the sweet unconscious waiting for the divine, irrevocable moment when at last she would give herself and be his. The remembrance too of how tired, how sacredly tired, she had been, and of how she had smiled all the time with her inner joy of being tired for him.

The sound of the bell startled her. His telegram had said, the afternoon! She determined to show nothing of the trouble darkening the whole world for her, and drew a deep breath, waiting for his kiss.

It was not Milton, but Lady Casterley.

The shock sent the blood buzzing into her temples. Then she noticed that the little figure before her was also trembling; drawing up a chair, she said, 'Won't you sit down?'

The tone of that old voice, thanking her, brought back sharply the memory of her garden at Monkland, bathed in the sweetness and shimmer of summer,

and of Barbara standing at her gate, towering above this little figure, which now sat there so silent, with very white face. Those carved features, those keen, yet veiled eyes, had too often haunted her thoughts; they were like a bad dream come true.

'My grandson is not here, is he?'

Audrey shook her head.

'We have heard of his decision. I will not beat about the bush with you. It is a disaster — for me a calamity. I have known and loved him since he was born, and I have been foolish enough to dream dreams about him. I wondered perhaps whether you knew how much we counted on him. You must forgive an old woman's coming here like this. At my age there are few things that matter, but they matter very much.'

And Audrey thought, 'And at my age there is but one thing that matters, and *that* matters worse than death.' But she did not speak. To whom, to what should she speak? To this hard old woman, who personified the world? Of what use, words?

'I can say to you,' went on the voice of the little figure, that seemed so to fill the room with its gray presence, 'what I could not bring myself to say to others; for you are not hard-hearted.'

A quiver passed up from the heart so praised to the still lips. No, she was not hard-hearted! She could even feel for this old woman from whose voice anxiety had stolen its despotism.

'Eustace cannot live without his career. His career is himself; he must be doing, and leading, and spending his powers. What he has given you is not his true self. I don't want to hurt you, but the truth is the truth, and we must all bow before it. I may be hard, but I can respect sorrow.'

To respect sorrow! Yes, this gray visitor could do that, as the wind passing over the sea respects its surface, as

the air respects the surface of a rose, but to penetrate to the heart, to *understand* her sorrow, *that* old age could not do for youth! As well try to track out the secret of the twistings in the flight of those swallows out there above the river, or to follow to its source the faint scent of the lilies in that bowl! How should she know what was passing in here — this little old woman whose blood was cold? And Audrey had the sensation of watching some one pelt her with the rind and husks of what her own spirit had long devoured. She had a longing to get up, and take the hand, the chill, spidery hand of age, and thrust it into her breast, and say, 'Feel that, and cease!'

But, withal, she never lost her queer dull compassion for the owner of that white carved face. It was not her visitor's fault that she had come! Again Lady Casterley was speaking.

'It is early days. If you do not end it now, at once, it will only come harder on you presently. You know how determined he is. He will not change his mind. If you cut him off from his work in life, it will but recoil on you. I can only expect your hatred, for talking like this; but, believe me, it's for your good, as well as his, in the long run.'

A tumultuous heart-beating of ironical rage seized on the listener to that speech. Her good! The good of a corse that the breath is just abandoning; the good of a flower beneath a heel; the good of an old dog whose master leaves it for the last time! Slowly a weight like lead stopped all that fluttering of her heart. If she did not end it at once! The words had now been spoken that for so many hours, she knew, had lain unspoken within her own breast. Yes, if she did not, she could never know a moment's peace, feeling that she was forcing him to a death in life, desecrating her own love and pride! And the spur had been given by another! The



thought that some one — this hard old woman of the hard world — should have shaped in words the hauntings of her love and pride through all those ages since Milton spoke to her of his resolve; that some one else should have had to tell her what her heart had so long known it must do — this stabbed her like a knife! This, at all events, she could not bear!

She stood up, and said, 'Please leave me now! I have a great many things to do, before I go.'

With a sort of pleasure she saw a look of bewilderment cover that old face; with a sort of pleasure she marked the trembling of the hands raising their owner from the chair, and heard the stammering in the voice: 'You are going? Before — before he comes? You — you won't be seeing him again?' With a sort of pleasure she marked the hesitation, which did not know whether to thank, or bless, or just say nothing and creep away. With a sort of pleasure she watched the flush mount in the faded cheeks, the faded lips pressed together. Then, at the scarcely whispered words, 'Thank you, my dear!' she turned, unable to bear further sight or sound. She went to the window and pressed her forehead against the glass, trying to think of nothing. She heard the sound of wheels — Lady Casterley had gone. And then, of all the awful feelings man or woman can know, she experienced the worst: she could not cry!

At this most bitter and deserted moment of her life, she felt strangely calm, foreseeing clearly, exactly, what she must do, and where go. Quickly it must be done, or it would never be done! Quickly! And without fuss! She put some things together, sent the maid out for a cab, and sat down to write.

She must do and say nothing that could excite him, and bring back his illness. Let it all be sober, reasonable!

It would be easy to let him know where she was going, to write a letter that would bring him flying after her. But to write the calm reasonable words that would keep him waiting and thinking, till he never again came to her, broke her heart.

When she had finished and sealed the letter, she sat motionless, with a numb feeling in hands and brain, trying to realize what she had next to do. To go, and that was all!

Her trunks had been taken down already. She chose the little hat that he liked her best in, and over it fastened her thickest veil. Then, putting on her traveling-coat and gloves, she looked in the long mirror, and seeing that there was nothing more to keep her, lifted her dressing-bag, and went down.

Over on the embankment a child was crying; and the passionate screaming sound, broken by the gulping of tears, made her cover her lips, as if she had heard her own escaped soul wailing out there.

She leaned out of the cab to say to the maid, 'Go and comfort that crying, Ella.'

Only when she was alone in the train, secure from all eyes, did she give way to desperate weeping. The white smoke rolling past the windows was not more evanescent than her joy had been. For she had no illusions — it was over! From first to last, not quite a year! But even at this moment, not for all the world would she have been without her love, gone to its grave, like a dead child that evermore would be touching her breast with its wistful fingers.

## XLIX

Barbara, returning from her visit to Courtier's deserted rooms, was met at Valleys House with the message: Would she please go at once to Lady Casterley?

When, in obedience, she reached Ravensham, she found her grandmother and Lord Dennis in the white room. They were standing by one of the tall windows, apparently contemplating the view. They turned indeed at sound of Barbara's approach, but neither of them spoke or nodded. Not having seen her grand-uncle since before Milton's illness, Barbara found it strange to be so treated; she too took her stand silently before the window. A very large wasp was crawling up the pane, then slipping down with a faint buzz.

Suddenly Lady Casterley spoke.

'Kill that thing!'

Lord Dennis drew forth his handkerchief.

'Not with that, Dennis. It will make a mess. Take a paper-knife.'

'I was going to put it out,' murmured Lord Dennis.

'Let Barbara with her gloves.'

Barbara moved towards the pane.

'It's a hornet, I think,' she said.

'So he is!' said Lord Dennis dreamily.

'Nonsense,' murmured Lady Casterley, 'it's a common wasp.'

'I know it's a hornet, granny. The rings are darker.'

Lady Casterley bent down; when she raised herself she had a slipper in her hand.

'Don't irritate him!' cried Barbara, catching her wrist.

But Lady Casterley freed her hand. 'I will,' she said, and brought the sole of the slipper down on the insect, so that it dropped on the floor, dead. 'He has no business in here.'

And, as if that little incident had happened to three other people, they again stood silently looking through the window.

Then Lady Casterley turned to Barbara. 'Well, have you realized the mischief that you've done?'

'Ann!' murmured Lord Dennis.

'Yes, yes; she is your favorite, but that won't save her. This woman — to her great credit — I say to her great credit — has gone away, so as to put herself out of Eustace's reach, until he has recovered his senses.'

With a sharp-drawn breath Barbara said, 'Oh! poor thing!'

But on Lady Casterley's face had come an almost cruel look.

'Ah!' she said. 'Exactly. But, curiously enough, I am thinking of Eustace.' Her little figure was quivering from head to foot. 'This will be a lesson to you not to play with fire!'

'Ann!' murmured Lord Dennis again, slipping his arm through Barbara's.

'The world,' went on Lady Casterley, 'is a place of facts, not of romantic fancies. You have done more harm than can possibly be repaired. I went to her myself. I was very much moved. If it had n't been for your foolish conduct —'

'Ann!' said Lord Dennis once more.

Lady Casterley paused, tapping the floor with her little foot.

Barbara's eyes were gleaming. 'Is there anything else you would like to squash, dear?'

'Babs!' murmured Lord Dennis.

But, unconsciously pressing his hand against her heart, the girl went on, — 'You are lucky to be abusing me today — if it had been yesterday —'

At these dark words Lady Casterley turned away, her shoes leaving little dull stains on the polished floor.

Barbara raised to her cheek the fingers which she had been so convulsively embracing. 'Don't let her go on, uncle,' she whispered, 'not just now!'

'No, no, my dear,' Lord Dennis murmured, 'certainly not — it is enough.'

'It has been your sentimental folly,' came Lady Casterley's voice from a far corner, 'which has brought this on the boy.'

Responding to the pressure of the

hand, back now at her waist, Barbara did not answer; and the sound of the little feet retracing their steps rose in the stillness. Neither of those two at the window turned their heads; once more the feet receded, and again began coming back.

Suddenly Barbara, pointing to the floor, cried, 'Oh, granny, for Heaven's sake, stand still; have n't you squashed the hornet enough, even if he did come in where he had n't any business?'

Lady Casterley looked down at the débris of the insect. 'Disgusting!' she said; but when she next spoke it was in a less hard, more querulous voice. 'That man — what was his name — have you got rid of him?'

Barbara went crimson. 'Abuse my friends, and I will go straight home and never speak to you again.'

For a moment Lady Casterley looked almost as if she might strike her granddaughter; then a little sardonic smile broke out on her face. 'A creditable sentiment!' she said.

Letting fall her uncle's hand, Barbara cried, 'In any case, I'd better go. I don't know why you sent for me.'

Lady Casterley answered coldly: 'To let you and your mother know of this woman's most unselfish behavior; to put you on the *qui vive* for what Eustace may do now; to give you a chance to make up for your folly. Moreover, to warn you against —' she paused.

'Yes?'

'Let me —' interrupted Lord Dennis.

'No, Uncle Dennis, let granny take her shoe!'

She had withdrawn against the wall, tall, and as it were, formidable, with her head up. Lady Casterley remained silent.

'Have you got it ready?' cried Barbara. 'Unfortunately he's flown!'

A voice said, 'Lord Milton.'

He had come in quietly and quickly, preceding the announcement, and stood

almost touching that little group at the window before they caught sight of him. His face had the rather ghastly look of sunburnt faces from which emotion has driven the blood; and his eyes, always so much the most living part of him, were full of such stabbing anger, that involuntarily they all looked down.

'I want to speak to you alone,' he said to Lady Casterley.

Visibly, for perhaps the first time in her life, that indomitable little figure flinched. Lord Dennis drew Barbara away, but at the door he whispered, 'Stay here quietly, Babs; I don't like the look of this.'

Unnoticed, Barbara remained hovering.

The two voices, low, and so far off in the long white room, were uncannily distinct, emotion charging each word with preternatural power of penetration; and every movement of the speakers had to the girl's excited eyes a weird precision, as of little figures she had once seen at a Paris puppet-show. She could hear Milton reproaching his grandmother in words terribly dry and bitter. She edged nearer and nearer, till, seeing that they paid no more heed to her than if she were an attendant statue, she had regained her position by the window.

Lady Casterley was speaking.

'I was not going to see you ruined before my eyes, Eustace. I did what I did at very great cost. I did my best for you.'

Barbara saw Milton's face transfigured by a dreadful smile — the smile of one defying his torturer with hate.

Lady Casterley went on. 'Yes, you stand there looking like a devil. Hate me if you like — but don't betray us, moaning and moping because you can't have the moon. Put on your armor, and go down into the battle. Don't play the coward, boy!'

'By God! Be silent!'

Milton's answer cut like the lash of a whip.

And weirdly, there was silence. It was not the brutality of the words, but the sight of force suddenly naked of all disguise — like a fierce dog let for a moment off its chain — which made Barbara utter a little dismayed sound. Lady Casterley had dropped into a chair, trembling. And without a look Milton passed her.

If their grandmother had fallen dead, Barbara knew he would not have stopped to see. She ran forward, but the old woman waved her away. 'Go after him,' she said; 'don't let him go alone.'

And infected by the fear in that wizened voice, Barbara flew.

She caught her brother as he was entering the taxi-cab in which he had come, and without a word slipped in beside him. The driver's face appeared at the window, but Milton only motioned with his head, as if to say, 'Anywhere, away from here!'

The thought flashed through Barbara, 'If only I can keep him in here with me!' She leaned out, and said quietly, 'To Nettlefold, in Sussex — never mind your petrol — get more on the road. You can have what fare you like. Quick!'

The man hesitated, looked in her face, and said, 'Very well, Miss. By Dorking, ain't it?'

Barbara nodded.

## L

The clock over the stables was chiming seven when Milton and Barbara passed out of the tall iron gates, in their swift-moving small world, that smelled faintly of petrol. Though the cab was closed, light spurts of rain drifted in through the open windows, refreshing the girl's hot face, relieving a little her dread of this drive. For, now that Fate

had been really cruel, now that it no longer lay in Milton's hands to save himself from suffering, her heart bled for him; and she remembered to forget herself. The immobility with which he had received her intrusion was ominous. And though silent in her corner, she was desperately working all her woman's wits to discover a way of breaking into the house of his secret mood. He appeared not even to have noticed that they had turned their backs on London and passed into Richmond Park.

Here the trees, made dark by rain, seemed to watch gloomily the progress of this whirling-wheeled red box, unreconciled even yet to such harsh intruders on their wind-scented tranquillity. And the deer, pursuing happiness on the sweet grasses, raised disquieted noses, as who should say, 'Poisoners of the fern, defilers of the trails of air!'

Barbara vaguely felt the serenity out there in the clouds, and the trees, and the wind. If it would but creep into this dim, traveling prison, and help her; if it would but come, like sleep, and steal away dark sorrow, and in one moment make grief — joy. But it stayed outside on its wistful wings; and that grand chasm which yawns between soul and soul remained unabridged. For what could she say? How make him speak of what he was going to do? What alternatives indeed were now before him? Would he sullenly resign his seat, and wait till he could find Audrey Noel again? But even if he did find her, they would only be where they were. She had gone, in order not to be a drag on him — it would only be the same thing all over again! Would he then, as granny had urged him, put on his armor, and go down into the fight? But that indeed would mean the end, for if she had had the strength to go away now, she would surely never come back and break in on his life a second time. And a grim

thought swooped down on Barbara. What if he resigned everything! Went out into the dark! Men did sometimes — she knew — caught like this in the full flush of passion. But surely not Milton, with his faith! 'If the lark's song means nothing — if that sky is a morass of our invention — if we are pettily creeping on, furthering nothing — persuade me of it, Babs, and I'll bless you.' But had he still that anchorage, to prevent his slipping out to sea?

This sudden thought of death to one for whom life was joy, who had never even seen the Great Stillness, was very terrifying. She fixed her eyes on the back of the chauffeur, in his drab coat with the red collar, finding some comfort in its solidity. They were in a taxi-cab, in Richmond Park! Death — incongruous, incredible death! It was stupid to be frightened! She forced herself to look at Milton. He seemed to be asleep; his eyes were closed, his arms folded — only a quivering of his eyelids betrayed him. Impossible to tell what was going on in that grim waking sleep, which made her feel that she was not there at all, so utterly did he seem withdrawn into himself!

He opened his eyes, and said suddenly, 'So you think I'm going to lay hands on myself, Babs?'

Horribly startled by this reading of her thoughts, Barbara could only edge away and stammer, 'No; oh, no!'

'Where are we going in this thing?'

'Nettlefold. Would you like him stopped?'

'It will do as well as anywhere.'

Terrified lest he should relapse into that grim silence, she timidly possessed herself of his hand.

It was fast growing dark; the cab, having left the villas of Surbiton behind, was flying along at great speed among pine trees and stretches of heather, gloomy with faded daylight.

Milton said presently, in a queer,

slow voice, 'If I want, I have only to open that door and jump. You who believe that "to-morrow we die" — give me the faith to feel that I can free myself by that jump, and out I go!' Then, seeming to pity her terrified squeeze of his hand, he added, 'It's all right, Babs; we shall sleep comfortably enough in our beds to-night.'

But so desolate to the girl was his voice, that she hoped now for silence.

'Let us be skinned quietly,' muttered Milton, 'if nothing else. Sorry to have disturbed you.'

Pressing close up to him, Barbara murmured, 'If only — Talk to me!'

But Milton, though he stroked her hand, was silent.

The cab, moving at unaccustomed speed along these deserted roads, moaned dismally; and Barbara was possessed now by a desire which she dared not put in practice, to pull his head down, and rock it against her. Her heart felt empty, and timid; to have something warm resting on it would have made all the difference. Everything real, substantial, comforting, seemed to have slipped away. Among these flying dark ghosts of pine trees — as it were the unfrequented borderland between two worlds — the feeling of a cheek against her breast alone could help muffle the deep disquiet in her, lost like a child in a wood.

The cab slackened speed; the driver was lighting his lamps, and his red face appeared at the window.

'We'll 'ave to stop here, Miss; I'm out of petrol. Will you get some dinner, or go through?'

'Through,' answered Barbara.

While they were passing the little town, buying their petrol, asking the way, she felt less miserable, and even looked about her with a sort of eagerness. Then when they had started again, she thought: If I could get him to sleep — the sea will comfort him!

But his eyes were staring, wide open. She feigned sleep herself; letting her head slip a little to one side, causing small sounds of breathing to escape. The whirring of the wheels, the moaning of the cab-joints, the dark trees slipping by, the scent of the wet fern drifting in, all these must surely help! And presently she felt that he was indeed slipping into darkness — and then — she felt nothing.

When she awoke from the sleep into which she had seen Milton fall, the cab was slowly mounting a steep hill, above which the moon had risen. The air smelled strong and sweet, as though it had passed over leagues of grass.

'The Downs!' she thought. 'I must have been asleep!'

In sudden terror, she looked round for Milton. But he was still there, exactly as before, leaning back rigid in his corner of the cab, with staring eyes, and no other signs of life. And still only half awake, like a great warm sleepy child startled out of too deep slumber, she clutched, and clung to him. The thought that he had been sitting like that, with his spirit far away, all the time that she had been betraying her watch in sleep, was dreadful. But to her embrace there was no response, and awake indeed now, ashamed, sore, Barbara released him, and turned her face to the air.

Out there, two thin, dense-black, long clouds, shaped like the wings of a hawk, had joined themselves together, so that nothing of the moon showed but a living brightness imprisoned, like the eyes and life of a bird, between those swift sweeps of darkness. This great uncanny spirit, brooding malevolent over the high leagues of moon-wan grass, seemed waiting to swoop, and pluck up in its talons, and devour, all that intruded on the wild loneliness of these far-up plains of freedom. Barbara almost expected to hear coming

from it the lost whistle of the buzzard hawks. And her dream came back to her. Where were her wings — the wings that in sleep had borne her to the stars; the wings that would never lift her — waking — from the ground? Where too were Milton's wings? She crouched back into her corner; a tear stole up and trickled out between her closed lids — another and another followed. Faster and faster they came. Then she felt Milton's arm round her, and heard him say, 'Don't cry, Babs!' Instinct telling her what to do, she laid her head against his chest, and sobbed bitterly. Struggling with those sobs, she grew less and less unhappy — knowing that he could never again feel quite so desolate as before he tried to give her comfort. It was all a bad dream, and they would soon wake from it! And they would be happy; as happy as they had been before — before these last months! And she whispered, 'Only a little while, Eusty!'

## LI

Old Lady Harbinger dying in the early February of the following year, the marriage of Barbara with her son was postponed till June.

Much of the wild sweetness of spring still clung to the high moor borders of Monkland on the early morning of the wedding-day.

Barbara was already up and dressed for riding when her maid came to call her; and noting Stacey's astonished eyes fix themselves on her boots, she said, 'Well, Stacey?'

'It'll tire you.'

'Nonsense; I'm not going to be hung.'

Refusing the company of a groom, she made her way towards the stretch of high moor where she had ridden with Courtier a year ago. Here, over the short and as yet unflowering heather, there was a mile or more of level gal-



loping ground. She mounted steadily, and her spirit rode, as it were, before her, longing to get up there among the peewits and curlew, to feel the crisp, peaty earth slip away under her, and the wind drive in her face, under that deep blue sky. Carried by this warm-blooded sweetheart of hers, ready to jump out of his smooth hide with pleasure, snuffling and sneezing in sheer joy, whose eye she could see straying round to catch a glimpse of her intentions, from whose lips she could hear issuing the sweet bit-music, whose vagaries even seemed designed to startle from her a closer embracing—she was filled with a sort of delicious impatience with everything that was not this perfect communing with vigor.

Reaching the top, she put him into a gallop. With the wind furiously assailing her face and throat, every muscle crisped, and all her blood tingling—this was a very ecstasy of motion!

She reined in at the cairn whence she and Courtier had looked down at the herds of ponies. It was the merest memory now, vague and a little sweet, like the remembrance of some exceptional spring day, when trees seem to flower before your eyes, and in sheer wantonness exhale a scent of lemons. The ponies were there still, and in distance the shining sea. She sat thinking of nothing but how good it was to be alive. The fullness and sweetness of it all, the freedom and strength! Away to the west, over a lonely farm, she could see two buzzard hawks hunting in wide circles. She did not envy them—so happy was she, as happy as the morning. And there came to her suddenly the true, the overmastering longing of mountain-tops.

'I must,' she thought, — 'I simply must!'

Slipping off her horse she lay down on her back, and at once everything was lost except the sky. Over her body,

supported above solid earth by the warm, soft heather, the wind skimmed without sound or touch. Her spirit became one with that calm, unimaginable freedom. Transported beyond her own contentment, she no longer even knew whether she was joyful.

The horse Hal, attempting to eat her sleeve, aroused her. She mounted him, and rode down. Near home she took a short cut across a meadow, through which flowed two thin bright streams, forming a delta full of lingering 'milkmaids,' mauve marsh orchis, and yellow flags. From end to end of this long meadow, so varied, so pied with trees and stones and flowers and water, the last of Spring was passing.

Some ponies, shyly curious of Barbara and her horse, stole up, and stood at a safe distance, with their noses dubiously stretched out, swishing their lean tails. And suddenly, far up, following their own music, two cuckoos flew across, seeking the thorn trees out on the moor. While she was watching the arrowy birds, she caught sight of some one coming towards her from a clump of beech trees, and suddenly saw that it was Mrs. Noel.

She rode forward, flushing. What dared she say? Could she speak of her wedding, and betray Milton's presence? Could she open her mouth at all without rousing painful feeling of some sort? Then, impatient of indecision, she began, 'I'm so glad to see you again. I did n't know you were still down here.'

'I only came back to England yesterday, and I'm just here to see to the packing of my things.'

'Oh!' murmured Barbara. 'You know what's happening to me, I suppose?'

Mrs. Noel smiled, looked up, and said, 'I heard last night. All joy to you!'

A lump rose in Barbara's throat.

'I'm so glad to have seen you,' she murmured once more; 'I expect I ought to be getting on'; and with the word 'Good-bye,' gently echoed, she rode away.

But her mood of delight was gone; even Hal seemed to tread unevenly, for all that he was going back to that stable which ever appeared to him desirable ten minutes after he had left it.

Except that her eyes seemed darker, Mrs. Noel had not changed. If she had shown the faintest sign of self-pity, the girl would never have felt, as she did now, so sorry and upset.

Leaving the stables, she saw that the wind was driving up a huge, white, shining cloud. 'Is n't it going to be fine after all?' she thought.

Reëntering the house by an old and so-called secret stairway that led straight to the library, she had to traverse that great dark room. There, buried in an armchair in front of the hearth, she saw Milton with a book on his knee, not reading, but looking up at the picture of the old cardinal. She hurried on, tiptoeing over the soft carpet, holding her breath, fearful of disturbing the queer interview, feeling guilty, too, of her new knowledge, which she did not mean to impart. She had burnt her fingers once at the flame between them; she would not do so a second time!

Through the window at the far end she saw that the cloud had burst; it was raining furiously. She regained her bedroom unseen. In spite of her joy out there on the moors, this last adventure of her girlhood had not been all success; she had again the old sensations, the old doubts, the dissatisfaction which she had thought dead. Those two! To shut one's eyes, and be happy — was it possible? A great rainbow, the nearest she had ever seen, had sprung up in the park, and was come to earth again in some fields close by.

The sun was shining already through the wind-driven bright rain. Jewels of blue had begun to star the black and white and golden clouds. A strange white light — ghost of Spring passing in this last violent outburst — painted the leaves of every tree; and a hundred savage hues had come down like a motley of bright birds on moor and fields.

The moment of desperate beauty caught Barbara by the throat. Its spirit of galloping wildness flew straight into her heart. She clasped her hands across her breast to try and keep that moment. Far out, a cuckoo hooted — and the immortal call passed on the wind. In that call all the beauty and color and rapture of life seemed to be flying by. If she could only seize and evermore have it in her heart, as the buttercups imprisoned the sun, or the fallen raindrops on the sweetbriars round the windows inclosed all changing light! If only there were no chains, no walls, and finality were dead!

Her clock struck ten. At this time to-morrow! Her cheeks turned hot; in a mirror she could see them burning, her lips scornfully curved, her eyes strange. Standing there, she looked long at herself, till, little by little, her face lost every vestige of that disturbance, became solid and resolute again. She ceased to have the galloping wild feeling in her heart, and instead felt cold. Detached from herself, she watched, with contentment, her own calm and radiant beauty resume the armor it had for that moment put off.

After dinner that night, when the men left the dining-hall, Milton slipped away to his den. Of all those present in the little church he had seemed most unemotional, and had been most moved. Though it had been so quiet and private a wedding, he had resented all cheap festivity accompanying the passing of his young sister. He would have

had that ceremony in the little dark disused chapel at the Court; those two, and the priest alone. Here, in this half-pagan little country church, smothered hastily in flowers, with the raw singing of the half-pagan choir, and all the village curiosity and homage — everything had jarred, and the stale aftermath sickened him. Changing his swallow-tail to an old smoking-jacket, he went out on to the lawn. In the wide darkness he could rid himself of his exasperation.

Since the day of his election he had not once been at Monkland; since Mrs. Noel's flight he had never left London. In London and work he had buried himself; by London and work he had saved himself! He had gone down into the battle.

Dew had not yet fallen, and he took the path across the fields. There was no moon, no stars, no wind; the cattle were noiseless under the trees; there were no owls calling, no night-jars churring, the fly-by-night chafers were not abroad. The stream alone was alive in the quiet darkness. And as Milton followed the wispy line of gray path cleaving the dim glamour of daisies and buttercups, there came to him the feeling that he was in the presence, not of sleep, but of eternal waiting. The sound of his footfalls seemed desecration. So devotional was that hush, burning the spicy incense of millions of leaves and blades of grass.

Crossing the last stile, he came out, close to her deserted cottage, under her lime tree, which on the night of Courtier's adventure had hung blue-black round the moon. On that side, only a rail and a few shrubs confined her garden.

The house was all dark, but the many tall white flowers, like a bright vapor rising from earth, clung to the air above the beds. Leaning against the tree, Milton gave himself to memory.

From the silent boughs which drooped round his dark figure, a little sleepy bird uttered a faint cheep; a hedgehog, or some small beast of night, rustled away in the grass close by; a moth flew past, seeking its candle flame. And something in Milton's heart took wings after it, searching for the warmth and light of his blown candle of love. Then, in the hush he heard a sound as of a branch ceaselessly trailed through long grass, fainter and fainter, more and more distinct; again fainter; but nothing could he see that should make that homeless sound. And the sense of some near but unseen presence crept on him, till the hair moved on his scalp. If God would light the moon or stars, and let him see! If God would end the expectation of this night, let one wan glimmer down into her garden, and one wan glimmer into his breast! But it stayed dark, and the homeless noise never ceased. The weird thought came to Milton that it was made by his own heart, wandering out there, trying to feel warm again. He closed his eyes and at once knew that it was not his heart, but indeed some external presence, unconsoled. And stretching his hands out, he moved forward to arrest that sound. As he reached the railing, it ceased. And he saw a flame leap up, a pale broad pathway of light blanching the grass.

And, realizing that she was there, within, he gasped. His finger-nails bent and broke against the iron railing without his knowledge. It was not as on that night when the red flowers on her window-sill had wafted their scent to him; it was no sheer overpowering rush of passion. Profounder, more terrible, was this rising up within him of yearning for love — as if, now defeated, it would nevermore stir, but lie dead on that dark grass beneath those dark boughs. And if victorious — what then? He stole back under the tree.

He could see little white moths traveling down that path of lamplight; he could see the white flowers quite plainly now, a pale watch of blossoms guarding the dark sleepy ones; and he stood, not reasoning, hardly any longer feeling; stunned, battered by struggle. His face and hands were sticky with the honey-dew, slowly, invisibly distilling from the lime tree. He bent down and felt the grass. And suddenly there came over him the certainty of her presence. Yes, she was there — out on the veranda! He could see her white figure from head to foot; and, not realizing that she could not see him, he expected her to utter some cry. But no sound came from her, no gesture; she turned back into the house. Milton ran forward to the railing. But there, once more, he stopped — unable to think, unable to feel; as it were, abandoned by himself. And he suddenly found his hand up at his mouth, as though there were blood there to be stanchd that had escaped from his heart.

Still holding that hand before his mouth, and smothering the sound of his feet in the long grass, he crept away.

## LII

In the great glass house at Ravensham, Lady Casterley stood close to some Japanese lilies, with a letter in her hand. Her face was very white, for it was the first day she had been allowed down after an attack of influenza; nor had the hand in which she held the letter its usual steadiness. She read: —

‘MONKLAND COURT.

‘Just a line, dear, before the post goes, to tell you that Babs has gone off happily. The child looked beautiful.

She sent you her love, and some absurd message — that you would be glad to hear, she was perfectly safe, with both feet firmly on the ground.’

A grim little smile played on Lady Casterley’s pale lips: Yes, indeed, and time too! The child had been very near the edge of the cliffs! Very near committing a piece of romantic folly! That was well over! And raising the letter again, she read on: —

‘We were all down for it, of course, and come back to-morrow. Geoffrey is quite cut up. Things can’t be what they were without our Babs. I’ve watched Eustace very carefully, and I really believe he’s safely over that affair at last. He is doing extraordinarily well in the House just now. Geoffrey says his speech on the Poor Law was head and shoulders the best made.’

Lady Casterley let fall the hand which held the letter. Safe? Yes, he was safe! He had done the right — the natural thing! And in time he would be happy! He would rise now to that pinnacle of desired authority which she had dreamed of for him, ever since he was a tiny thing, ever since his little thin brown hand had clasped hers in their wanderings amongst the flowers, and the furniture of tall rooms. But, as she stood — crumpling the letter, gray-white as some small resolute ghost, among her tall lilies that filled with their scent the great glass house — shadows flitted across her face. Was it the fugitive noon sunshine? Or was it some glimmering perception of the old Greek saying—‘Character is Fate’; some sudden sense of the universal truth that all are in bond to their own natures, and what a man has most desired shall in the end enslave him?

(The End.)

## AMERICAN UNTHRIFT

BY CHARLES T. ROGERS

If the flat statement were to be made that one city-dweller in every twenty — one voter in every four — finds it necessary at some time during the course of a year to discount two days' labor for the immediate price of one, finds it necessary to borrow money at 120 per cent, the general public, and even economists too, perhaps, would exclaim that the thing was impossible. Yet such a statement is approximately demonstrable.

The loan-office, with a fixed place of business, frankly announced by a sign and advertised in the newspapers, and lending money on salary or chattel mortgage to strangers, is virtually an American institution. Twenty years ago it was almost unknown here, and in its organization and method of doing business it is not known to-day outside this country. To any one who doubts the startling percentage of city borrowers, I offer the following facts.

Except in one or two New England States and some of the Southern States, these loan-offices flourish generally throughout the country to-day; and, even in the states excepted, there is no want of 'vest-pocket' lenders, of whom more will be said hereafter. To get information in regard to the established offices, write to the assessors of any cities you may select; the answers will show that the proportion of loan-offices to the average city's population is about the same the country over — one such office for every twenty thousand people. Certain investigations, which can readily be verified in a sim-

ilar way, show that the average loan-office, during the course of a year, clears from eight hundred to a thousand loans — or, to come back to my original assertion, one loan to one person in twenty in the city in question. When one considers the number of 'vest-pocket' lenders and persons who practice usury as a 'side line,' it is apparent that the proportion of borrowers must be even greater; but, as these irregular lenders and the extent of their operations cannot be accurately traced, they are left out of the computation.

'It is the oldest, or one of the oldest, commercial enterprises in the world,' said the manager of a loan-office, as I stood in his office and watched the borrowers come and go. A surprising number were respectably dressed, and a majority even of the shabbier customers afforded, to a close observer, unmistakable signs of being in employment. Whenever a patron entered and found another borrower in the place, there were signs of mutual uneasiness. The business was accomplished with dispatch, the only hitches, apparently, occurring in the case of persons appearing for the first time.

'And it looks as though it will never become respectable,' said the manager, resuming his reflections after a pause. 'It is mentioned in the ethical writings of the ancient Hindus, and the Chaldeans had a statute applying to usury three thousand years before Christ kicked the money-changers out of the Temple. And yet it seems to thrive.'

The manager was a rather more scholarly person than one would expect to find in his professional pursuit. He had, apparently, been driven into the business to satisfy his belly-need; and had found that, for a comfortable salary, he had put himself beyond the reach of most of those social amenities which make life worth while. Thrown upon his own intellectual resources, he had evidently taken a certain flagellating delight in delving into the history and bibliography of his business.

That his statement as to the growth of usury was a truthful one became apparent on the most casual investigation. Every state in the Union has a statute forbidding the exaction of interest beyond a certain percentage. In most states the limit is six per cent per annum; in a few it is eight per cent, and in some others a rate of ten per cent is legal if stipulated in the paper binding the loan. In a majority of the states these hoary statutes have been supplanted by others imposing a heavy license tax on those who make a business of lending money, as distinguished from banking operations. Within the past decade there have been written into many state codes laws imposing pains and penalties on persons convicted of practicing usury; and these clauses lie cheek-by-jowl on the same page with those other statutes licensing a business that, apparently, cannot be suppressed. Yet, except in some eight or nine states, scattered throughout the South and New England, there is scarcely a city of twenty thousand or more inhabitants lacking one or more 'loan-offices,' established in a professed place of business, and with signs and newspaper advertisements informing the man who wants to borrow money, 'with or without security,' where to apply for it.

The 'vest-pocket' usurer, whose clientèle is limited to those with whom

he is personally acquainted, does business in every hamlet. In the cities, also, the 'vest-pocket' man may be found, concealing his occupation and avoiding the payment of high license taxes; while few, indeed, are the factories and mercantile establishments where one cannot find some employee who loans money to his fellows in sums ranging up to the amount of the weekly wages, and charges them therefor from ten to twenty per cent interest per week.

One firm of three brothers has loan-offices bearing its name in more than twenty cities, and, presumably, many more conducted in the name of the local manager wherever such concealment of identity seems expedient. The name of another money-lender is blazoned in gold letters on the doors of offices in nearly forty cities. Oddly enough his business is conducted under the active supervision of women managers, — a fact which may furnish matter for speculation to those who contend that women are not acute and exact in such matters, as well as to persons who believe that the usurer's most profitable occupation is snatching the last crust from the mouths of the needy. Still another money-lender — the only Hebrew among those cited — who has offices scattered all over the country prefers to mask his identity in different cities as this or that 'Security' or 'Trust' company. Firms known to conduct half a dozen or more offices are numerous, and there are a vast number of local houses.

'Three features of this business,' said my pessimistic manager, 'never fail to furnish me with at least one surprise per week, each. They are: the average American's lack of thrift, the average man's utter ignorance of arithmetic and simple interest, and the extraordinary resourcefulness of the people who swindle us.'



As soon as money-lending became systematic — when the business developed beyond the 'vest-pocket' stage, and lenders began lending money to strangers without security — the swindlers came into the field. The commonest scheme is for the swindler to post himself as to the address, employers, etc., of some workman who may never have had any need to borrow. Then the swindler comes to the lender and gives the other man's name and address, supplementing the information with details as to the work he is doing, the salary paid him, and so forth. The lender's custom, when a new patron appears, is to tell the borrower to return in a day or two and get the money he wants or a refusal. In the interim, of course, he inquires into the customer's statements, and finds out everything possible concerning his financial standing and character.

The method originally employed by the first houses organized to lend money to strangers, was to make inquiry by telephone or mail, disguising the queries so as to make it appear that the information was wanted by a small tradesman, or by some one who was contemplating hiring the prospective borrower. The thing that made the impersonator's scheme feasible was the necessity for circumspection on the part of the lender, lest the prospective patron's employer might learn that the man was borrowing money of a 'Shylock.' In a majority of such cases, employers are prone to discharge the workman forthwith, rather than be bothered with possible garnishment and the like — although such methods are seldom resorted to by the lender nowadays. One office where I made especial inquiry, lost, I was told, through dishonest borrowers and impersonators, as much as eighteen per cent of the amount loaned out each month.

The agent told me he knew not one case, but a score of cases, where an incorrigible drunkard or loafer impersonated some wage-earner in his own family.

In all such instances the lender works at a disadvantage, for although the public has only a vague idea of the ethics of the loan business, it is commonly considered almost a virtue to swindle a usurer. Another source of heavy loss is the journeyman laborer. Many craftsmen see the world without expense by wandering all over the country; and, in nearly every town they visit, they are too apt to work only long enough to get themselves some sort of a standing with employers. This standing they use for the purpose of borrowing all the money they can get before 'jumping' the town. Sometimes they defraud three or four lenders in one city, but this form of swindling is passing. Nowadays, the losses from this source are considerably modified by a more or less effective interchange of local information as to borrowers. The large concerns with offices scattered over the country can, of course, trace a defaulting borrower still further. Their safety, as well as that of the smaller houses, has been increased by the close unionizing of many trades. Nowadays a man who travels to another city for work usually carries his union card and, naturally, cannot have it changed to fit a new alias each time, in case he desires to defraud a lender.

When my friend the manager spoke of the ethics of his business he was, perhaps, not far wrong. That the usurer fills a want and meets a condition is evident. The frowns of forty centuries have not daunted him. He has multiplied as population has increased, and here he still is taking his profit — an outrageous profit it is true, as the borrower views it; but the fact that he

is allowed to take it with but scanty interference demonstrates that he is firmly entrenched behind the necessities of the community. The greater part of the excessive interest charged is, according to the showing made by the loan-offices, due to the importance of charging off a large amount each year to profit-and-loss, on account of defaulted loans, loans settled by borrowers who refuse to pay more than the legal rate and who cannot be bluffed, loans settled at less than legal interest, expense of guarding against defaults, and, finally, heavy license taxes, legal or illegal.

A brief summary of conditions revealed by the books and card-indexes of three firms in three different cities may throw some light on this condition. In the case of one of the cities mentioned, the books and indexes of the loan-offices were gone over by accountants appointed by a court, and found to be in good condition. The court was trying an action brought by certain loan-offices in a Middle Western city to enjoin the imposition of a license tax, which they claimed amounted to confiscation. After some difficulty, for capital is proverbially timid in these matters, the books of the firms in the other cities were available for inspection. The entries of the three firms were averaged, and the result proved as follows:—

Average capital: \$10,000.

Average number of loans outstanding the year round: 400.

Average size of loan: \$20.

Terms of loan: usually to be paid in four monthly installments, averaging \$7 each. On smaller loans the rate is somewhat higher; and on larger ones, made to the better class of borrowers, a trifle less.

Fixed expenses: salaries, \$3000 per year; office-rent, \$600; advertising, \$400; license (legal or illegal), \$1500.

Losses on defaults and settlements, at legal or less than legal interest: \$1500.

By totaling the expense and the losses it will be seen that a loan-office doing business with strangers on a standing capital of \$10,000 must charge off seventy per cent of the standing (not the working) capital for all operating charges before it can earn anything for itself.

When one begins to calculate profits, several considerations must be included within the scope of the problem. A glance at the terms of the loans will show that each borrower paid \$8 interest on a loan of \$20, the loan being cleared in four months. Comparing the number of loans outstanding, on the average, throughout the year, it is obvious that the loan-office was able to keep about \$8000 at work. Inasmuch as the average loan is closed in four months, it follows that the loan-office turns over its average working capital three times each year at simple interest.

Setting the problem down in dollars, and supposing that the office started the year with an absolutely clean slate, the account would stand something like this:—

First four months: amount loaned \$8000; interest due at the end of the first four months, under the terms of the average \$20 loan, \$3200.

Second period of four months: the same.

Third period of four months: the same; making a total gross interest profit of \$9600 for the year, on an active capital of \$8000.

From this, deduct the \$7000 before itemized as expense and losses, and it will be seen that the three loan-offices furnishing the average here set down cleared an average profit for the year (1908) of \$2600. This was an even 26 per cent on the average capital set

aside by the various owners of the offices named.

It will be noted that no mention is made in the foregoing computation of the possibilities of compounding. This omission is due to the fact, heretofore indicated, that the average loan-office, with a capital of \$10,000, is able, as a rule, to keep only four fifths of its money employed. Experience, comparatively recent, has taught the backer of the loan-office that the most economical results are to be obtained from an office working on \$10,000, or, at the outside figure, \$15,000 capital, and employing four persons. Attempts to extend the business of any one office beyond this scale have resulted disastrously.

The American loan-office as it is conducted to-day can be successfully conducted only by rigid adherence to the rule — 'personal investigation of each borrower.' If the man who finances a loan-office desires to compound his interest, he can do so only by opening new offices working on the plan outlined in the foregoing paragraphs — which could hardly be called compounding. Aside from the economical working of an office of the sort mentioned, borrowers fight shy of a crowded office, the majority of them, for sufficient reasons, not caring to extend their list of personal acquaintances while borrowing from a loan-office — much less, to run the risk of meeting old friends at an office patronized by more than an average number of clients.

Considered in its larger aspects, after the brief survey already made of its nation-wide extent, the business of lending money as it is conducted in the United States to-day is, perhaps, most interesting as an appalling exhibit of prevalent American unthrift. When one considers that, in addition to the loan-offices with a fixed place of

business, there are heaven only knows how many lesser usurers, the problem becomes a nice one for the experts who are attempting to diagnose the commercial ills that affect the nation — despite our seeming prosperity and enormous commerce. Some few of the economists who have considered the problem have fastened the guilt of the present stringency in the financial affairs of the body of the nation, upon the increased production of gold — alleging that, as money has become more plentiful, it naturally requires more money to buy a given article. The general public, less contemplative in so vital a case, has chosen to lay the blame for the higher cost of living upon certain rich men who are believed to possess secret control of the transportation and marketing of a considerable portion of the food and staple supplies. For an economist who, instead of undertaking a survey of the affairs of the nation as a whole, should study carefully and in detail the movement of money, the figures here cited might prove interesting. When one urban dweller in every twenty finds it necessary at some time during the year to borrow money at the rate of 120 per cent per annum, it ought to be fairly evident that the increased production of gold — the world's accepted standard of value — has not wrought any beneficial change in the status of the average American.

What is perhaps the most disheartening phase of the business becomes apparent when one undertakes to estimate the benefit that the loan-office affords to the really needy — the class popularly supposed to furnish the bulk of its business. As a matter of fact, the modern American money-lending establishment fails utterly to reach the really poor. Three fifths of the loans made nowadays by the established loan-offices are made on salaries —

that is, to persons in employment who sign a note-of-hand secured by nothing more than the fact that they have a job.

The loan-office affords no relief to persons out of work and in want — no matter how honest they may be. It prefers to lend money on a salary rather than on a chattel mortgage on personal effects. Some offices even scorn jewelry left in pledge. Experience has taught both borrower and lender that a man established in a salaried position will make a greater effort to pay promptly than one who gives a chattel mortgage.

'Three fourths of the loans on chattel mortgage have to be extended,' has become a maxim among money-lenders. The reason is obvious. No man contemplates with equanimity any prospect of losing his employment; and troubles with money-lenders, once they become public, result almost invariably in the discharge of the borrower by his employer. This fear, it is true, is usually a vague one. The lender in nearly all cases finds it to his interest to conduct his operations discreetly, and will not air the business except in extreme cases. He may be trusted not to kill the goose that lays the golden egg until the fowl stops laying, and is apparently pluming for a flight to another roost.

Newspaper men, who are called upon to investigate a large number of cases involving alleged rapacity on the part of the money-lender, are generally somewhat cynical in such matters. In most instances the foreclosure of a chattel mortgage by the lender means that he has an uncomfortably long line of such loans outstanding in some particular neighborhood, and that he is taking the action for the sake of the moral effect it may have in the cases of the other delinquents. A reputation for persistent and consistent hard-heartedness in such matters is likely to

bring results as disastrous to the usurer as it does to the small tradesman. He has his prospective, as well as his present clientèle to consider; and both are limited.

Money-borrowing — or rather borrowing and discounting the future, which seems to be unusually popular at present — may be termed a great national palliative, which, in turn, has had other palliatives applied to it by well-meaning persons; but thus far the remedies suggested have all been offered by one class of people. These would-be healers are well-meaning folk whose hearts have been wrung by tales of atrocities practiced upon the poor by 'loan-sharks.' Legislation has proved of no use. Some few philanthropists have given sufficient attention to the problem to make them chary of law, and have attempted to meet the condition by 'competition.' Loan-companies designed to serve the laudable double purpose of furnishing needy persons with money at a fair rate of interest, and of lowering the rates charged by the ordinary loan-office, have been experimented with in a number of cities. These quasi-philanthropic concerns have as a rule been planned either as offices organized and conducted in the same way as the regular loan-offices, or as loan-funds operated in factories, etc., for the sole benefit of the employees.

The philanthropic loan-office, designed to deal with all comers and to meet the professional usurer on his own ground, is naturally the more interesting, because it offers a fair basis for comparison with its rival, and furnishes a reasonable opportunity of testing the veracity of statements made as to returns. In nearly every case, the philanthropic loan-office dealing with strangers has been abandoned by the backers after they found that doing business along regular loan-office

lines at a 'fair' rate of interest meant simply the furnishing of benefactions instead of loans. In most instances, no detailed financial statement as to defaults, extensions, etc., can be had from them, but one case, that of a Cincinnati institution, affords some interesting figures.

The Cincinnati concern was set in motion by a 'practical' man, who hoped to get into running order a machine that would provide loans on chattels at moderate rates for the self-respecting poor. The necessary capital was furnished by local philanthropists, and the plan was given a fair and prolonged trial. After successive readjustments of terms and practice, the office was finally brought to a point where it met the conditions imposed by the backers — that it be self-supporting. When it reached that point the manager found to his disgust that he was charging 48 per cent per annum on the smaller loans; furthermore, that he was not reaching really needy folk at all; and, finally, that, in order to remain self-supporting, the office was compelled to refuse applications from persons, a considerable number of whom were afterwards able to obtain loans from the 'Shylocks,' at the latter's higher rate. The manager gave the public a detailed statement of the case, which was investigated and found to be correct.

There are now, principally in the Eastern States, a number of loan-organizations conducted for the benefit of the employees of various factories, department stores, and the like. Inasmuch as these are close corporations, doing business only with the employees of the particular concerns in question, they do not offer a fair basis for comparison with the operations of the professional usurer. They do not lend money to strangers, but to persons known to those having the loan-fund

in charge; also, in collecting payments on loans they have obvious advantages over the usurer. Some of them have a system whereby the amount due on the loan is withheld from the employee's pay envelope, without regard to his ability to make some particular payment with comfort.

These industrial concerns are capitalized in various ways: sometimes by the employer acting alone, sometimes by his coöperation with his employees, who furnish part of the capital by assessment, while some few corporations have loan-funds capitalized wholly by their employees. In the two last-named cases, there is of course an object-lesson in thrift furnished by the operations of the loaning system. In order that the coöperative industrial loan-fund be conducted with success, it is of course necessary that thrifty employees be offered a greater inducement than savings banks can give in order to get small investors to contribute their share of the capital. This fact, combined with the necessity of paying some one to manage the business, and the further necessity of charging off a certain number of inevitable defaults, results in an interest-charge exceeding the legal rate. In other words, the employees, in order to protect themselves from usury, are compelled to practice usury themselves. The rate of interest charged by these industrial loan-organizations varies between fifteen and thirty per cent — the former rate being virtually the minimum, although special conditions obtaining in some shops may make a slightly lower rate possible.

That these industrial institutions, if generally operated throughout the country, would rob the ordinary loan-office of a considerable portion of its patronage, and deprive the 'fellow employee,' and the 'vest-pocket' man, whose rates are the highest of all, of

their opportunities for usury, is apparent. The people reached by the industrial concerns are the very cream of the usurer's patronage. What the elimination of these folk from the clientèle, actual and prospective, of the loan-office would lead to, in the way of still higher interest-rates for those still at the mercy of the loan-office, remains to be seen, inasmuch as the industrial concerns are, so far, not numerous. It is, however, a prospect not to be considered with any great equanimity, in view of the unquestionable fact that employers generally would look with more favor on a proposition to start such a loan-fund than they would on any proposal to increase wages.

One other fact worth noting in the case of these industrial loan-enterprises has been fairly well established. They fail to stop a certain proportion of employees from resorting to the 'Shylock.' Experience shows that there are always a number of employees who do not care to have their fellows or their employers know when they fail to make both ends meet. In addition to these, there is the usual percentage of transient employees who resort to the loan-offices in times of stress because they are not eligible as borrowers from the fund, or from other motives sufficient to themselves.

Disregarding people who might be reached by industrial or coöperative loan-agencies of the kind just considered, there still remains the bulk of the loan-office patrons—persons employed by smaller factories or firms which do not have a working force large enough to make an industrial loaning enterprise feasible. For these the loan-office is still the only refuge in time of stress brought by sickness, birth, and, frequently, by death. The office also stands there as a beguilement to those who lack the thrift and self-denial necessary to accumulate the purchase

price of some coveted article, no matter whether the thing desired be a Christmas gift for some 'best girl,' or a necessary article of furniture or wearing apparel. And also there are, and always will be, unnumbered persons with whom the cost of a bare living so closely approaches the amount of the weekly wage, that the delayed purchase of necessary wearing apparel, furniture, and the like, becomes, at some time or other, a very real and pressing emergency. To these the loan-office must continue to appeal successfully.

I have said that the philanthropic loan-office and the industrial loan-fund, in order to do business successfully, have found it necessary to weed out prospective borrowers more vigorously than the 'loan-shark'; and that the 'loan-shark,' with his higher rate of interest, has, in turn, a dead-line beyond which he cannot operate at a profit. Beyond this second line are the people who need a loan most cruelly of all, and who are unable to get it at any price — unless they are fortunate enough to possess certain stock articles which custom has made the pawnbroker's familiar security. Just what a dollar is worth to these people when obtainable in the form of a loan is a matter of pure conjecture. That the great majority of them are negatively honest, in that they do not steal, is certain. What percentage of the whole number would prove honest borrowers when dealing with a loan-office specially designed to meet their needs can, of course, be determined only by actual practice.

There is another pressing need for money of which the prosperous think seldom, — I mean the increased chances for getting a job which a little cash confers on a man out of employment. It is not only that cash supplies him with meals and carfare. Many a man has forfeited his chance of a



position by reason of an unpaid board-bill or shabby clothes. There are plenty of workmen in every large city to-day who carry from office to office perfectly useless letters of recommendation from their last employer, men whose honesty, for the practical purposes of a loan-office, can be measured with as much exactness as that of the man who is able to get a loan by virtue of being at work.

The loan-office that will serve those who are needy and self-respecting must, evidently, be prepared to make a much longer time-loan than any of the agencies already considered, philanthropic or otherwise, have thus far been willing to offer. The loan must be made upon no security beyond carefully investigated evidences of good character, good habits, and industry. Interest and partial payments cannot be expected until the borrower finds employment. The rate necessarily cannot be determined until actual operations have shown the percentage of defaults in this class of borrowers. It remains to be seen whether such an institution can ever be conducted on a self-supporting basis at something like the rate the loan-office now charges persons with chattels, or persons in employ-

ment. Should such an institution ever be proved practicable, though it might not herald a millennium, it would mark a considerable stride in the direction of service to the people.

In the mean time the great mass of people who own no commercial security will, under the stress of real or fancied necessity, be compelled to resort to the loan-office when wanting a loan. For these folk there is apparently no hope of a lowering of the rates now in force. Competition by industrial or employers' loan-funds does not promise to lower the loan-office rate to those not fortunate enough to be employed where they can obtain a co-operative loan. On the contrary, by the paradox already noted, such competition will, if it ever becomes extensive, be likely to cause a rise in the loan-office rate, or a closer weeding-out of borrowers. For the generality of borrowers who *will* or must patronize loan-offices there is little to be offered in the way of advice save the mocking adjuration: 'Put money in thy purse,' to which may be added the sage advice, well understood by those who have had experience, 'Never borrow an amount exceeding two thirds of one month's wages.'

## THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

THE exercise of hospitality, as described in the earlier records of our race and still observed in parts of the old world, has primarily to do with strangers, the poor, and the holy orders. Its obligations are regarded, in Oriental countries, as more sacred than human life. The scriptures of all religions emphasize its importance, but almost invariably associate it with considerations of future reward. Abraham and Lot are held up as exemplars for all posterity because, having taken in some wayfarers, they discovered later that they had been entertaining angels unawares. Even the great woman of Shunam, who built a little guest-house and furnished it for Elisha, did so because she was convinced that he was 'an holy man of God,' and received her compensation in a double miracle.

Long before our generation, these primitive ideals lost their hold. In modern civilization the holy orders have largely made place for secular charity organizations, and hospitality for the purpose of sparing hardship we call philanthropy. The entertainment of others with the design of filling them with wine, which in the old times seemed about the only variant, we tolerate as conviviality or condemn as carousing. We have given the term 'stranger' a new interpretation, so that it no longer means the person we do not know, but any one not of our own household; the real stranger seeks shelter and food in a public hostelry, and only the friend is invited to take up his abode with us.

Finally, the host who is suspected of dispensing his courtesies in the hope of a reward, becomes an object of contempt.

Although these negative changes are universally recognized, there are affirmative phases of the subject which still perplex many good people. What reason has hospitality, nowadays, for existing? To whom shall it be extended? What forms shall it take? These are among the questions one hears discussed. It would be foolish to attempt to answer them with reference to any individual, without knowing him pretty well, because so much would depend on his idiosyncrasies. As regards the interests of the family, however, which not only is the social unit, but in a sense also represents the social mean, a few reflections may not come amiss.

First, then, the practice of hospitality has the same value, as a factor in family life, that the stirring of the soil and occasional mulching have in the life of a tree. The family which settles down to a hermit existence, no matter how clever, how genial, or how fond of each other its members may be, grows either sodden or eccentric as time goes on; or, as a friend expresses it, they 'seem more and more Dickens-y every year.' If the members have much force of character, their peculiarities gradually intensify and crystallize; and, if they are commonplace, their dullness becomes wooden. The intrusion of an unaccustomed element now and then, prying up their imbedded prejudices, putting them for a time

upon their manners, stimulating their merriment by applications of unfamiliar wit and humor, and letting in upon them some of the atmosphere of the larger world outside, is a blessing past estimating. Hospitality is a habit easy to neglect, for at the outset we are flattered by discovering how well we can get on alone; and, once in the rut of isolation, inertia — in this instance another name for laziness — keeps us there indefinitely.

Like the old savage whose first experience of a Christmas-tree was so delightful that he wanted one every week, the skeptical reader may ask why, if a visit from a friend is so wholesome, I do not advocate keeping one always in the house. That extreme would be as bad as the other. Every family, just as every human being, ought to have certain periods of privacy. This is necessary for the individual in order to restore his moral equipoise, give his mind a chance to work without any external impulse, and, to borrow a phrase from commerce, enable him to take account of stock. It is advisable for the family, in order that the good derived from a visit may be deliberately absorbed and assimilated, and that all may feel the refreshment which comes with a change back from unusual conditions, however tonic in themselves, to the normal and customary. Father, mother, sons, and daughters, see one another in a new light by a process of unconscious comparison with the departed guest. The foibles of one seem less irritating, the virtues of another more conspicuous, the small details of household administration more interesting, after a temporary diversion.

Where shall you draw the lines to bound your hospitalities? Is it incumbent to throw open your house to any old acquaintance from a distance who happens to be staying a day or two in

town to break a journey? That depends. A sound, well man, more accustomed to a free existence than to home restraints, would doubtless prefer a hotel or a club, with the privilege of dropping in at your house when the spirit moves. If, on the other hand, he is ill or on the verge of illness, and needs the sympathetic environments of a home, take him in by all means if you can. That is more than hospitality; it is humanity, and its reagent effect upon yourself will be as fine as its direct effect upon the beneficiary.

Must you open your home to one whose sole claim is that he is of your blood kindred? Perhaps I shall provoke some sincere censure when I answer, No. Let the honor of guestship crown only individual desert. Consanguinity may expand your financial responsibilities, or impel you to shield from punishment the blackest sheep who bears your father's surname; but that is a matter of sentiment, not duty.

And what shall we say of the demands on you where the person you are considering has forced civilities upon yourself in the past? As to that, your judgment must reckon first with your conscience. Were the courtesies actually forced, or were they accepted under a mere pretense of reluctance? If the latter, then obviously your honest course is to pay your penalty with as good grace as possible, and try to profit by the experience.

Not so easy to solve is the problem presented by a friend of earlier days, whom you would enjoy having with you for his own or for old times' sake, and about whom, if you were living alone, you would not hesitate for an instant; but whose personality or connections, wholly outside of the nicer moralities, seem to render him ineligible for the intimacy of your family life. Unconscious of his own short-

comings from your point of view, he probably wonders at your aloofness. It would be more embarrassing to attempt to explain matters than to risk offending him by inaction and silence; yet, there you are! Your first allegiance is not to your friend, but to your family. If you were to stretch the protective line far enough to admit him, future complications could hardly fail to arise. He might insist, for instance, on returning your favors, and in a way which you could neither conscientiously accept nor graciously refuse. So the breach of a lifetime's friendship would better be hazarded now than assured later.

Most discussions of hospitality err, it seems to me, in trying to settle all such difficulties by referring them to one test question: Do we invite a guest into our home for his pleasure, or for ours? To proceed on either assumption alone is unfortunate, for inevitably the guest soon bores the host, or the host the guest. Every one knows persons whom he respects thoroughly, and at a convenient distance even likes, but who, to his taste, are as uninteresting as good. That they enjoy his society is shown by the eagerness with which they seek it at every opportunity, and continue in it as long as they can. Were he a pure altruist, he would urge them to come to him at any time and stay indefinitely; but how long he would last under this constant drain on his vitality is an open question. It must be equally evident to any of us who are capable of taking an honest inventory of ourselves, that there are persons at the further focus of our social ellipse whose intimacy we should like to cultivate by hospitable attentions, but whom we should surely wear out by an overdose of them.

Now, what is to be gained by doing, in the name of good-fellowship, that which is bound to inflict suffering upon

your neighbor or yourself? Whether or not your tedious friend realizes his limitations, at least do his general intelligence the credit of believing that he would be sure to find out the truth after a little, and that he would then feel sorry for the annoyance he had caused.

A like regret would overcome you if you awoke one day to the fact that you had been forcing unwelcome civilities upon somebody else. As one of our main desires ought to be to promote the happiness of the world, why should we be willing to increase its discomforts for the sake merely of observing sundry empty conventions? The right test question, in short, is not whether we should enjoy entertaining a certain person as a guest, or whether he would enjoy being thus entertained, but whether the enjoyment would be reciprocal, and as nearly equal as may be. Unless we can be sure that both parties will find pleasure in the temporary relation, we are worse than foolish to establish it, since it means the saddling of our guest with a sense of obligation, whose discharge in kind will bring on another ordeal for him, or for us, or for both.

Keeping this fundamental thought in mind, let us consider the forms our hospitality may take. Here again we find popular opinion divided between two extremes. On one side it is taken for granted that the chief end of hospitality is to fill a guest's cup of enjoyment to overflowing, by surrounding him with all the luxuries the host's purse can afford, or more if need be. In the remoter districts we sometimes find a family stowing itself away in cramped and cheerless quarters under its own roof, to the end that a 'best room' and a 'spare chamber,' used but twice or thrice a year, may be kept always in spick-and-span order for guests who are to be entertained ceremoniously.

'Company' viands are then served on 'company' china, spread on 'company' table-linen; and 'company' conversation supersedes, to every one's discomfort, the usual flow of friendly chat. The whole family heaves a sigh of relief when its guest takes himself off, and the burden which has oppressed its spirit is lifted.

And the guest? He must be dull indeed if he cannot see, beneath their effort to be polite, what a dead weight these good people find him to carry. The impression he bears away from his visit has nothing genial in it. If he is a person of right feeling, the consciousness that he has been a nuisance to his entertainers clouds his memory of the period, and his sense of the uselessness of it all is irritating, in spite of his appreciation of the kindly intent that inspired it. This crude illustration need only have some of its harsher lines softened in order to fit situations encountered daily in places not remote, and among a class of whom we expect a broader social outlook. They are simply a little more clever than the others in elaborating their disguise of accustomedness and spontaneity.

Putting the form and method of entertainment to the test suggested in an earlier paragraph, what is the result? If we would assure the mutual pleasure of host and guest, it is plain that the host must not rush into extravagances, involving needless privations for himself and his household, and try to hoodwink his guest into believing these the every-day conditions of his domestic life. This rule would not forbid putting an extra touch of daintiness upon the fare offered the visitor, as an expression of everybody's gratification at his coming; but such a simple tribute of friendship is a wholly different thing from a display for shallow purposes of deception, or a vain-glorious attempt to surround the guest

with the thousand luxuries with which, as the possessor of larger wealth than his host, he is assumed to have been surrounded at home.

At bottom, of course, all this is a question of conscience. But once more try to put yourself into the other fellow's place, and pay him the compliment of supposing that he is as capable of guessing at your daily environment as you are of guessing at his. If you have discovered his sumptuousness, he probably had discerned your simplicity of living. What you lay before him, therefore, will be pretty certain to take in his mind its intrinsic value, whether it be real or counterfeit; and the idea that he may suspect you of having merely played a part, while you know that that is just what you have been doing, will not prove the pleasantest souvenir of his visit. One of the most notable dinner-givers at whose table I have ever sat, once poured into my private ear her grievance that nearly every one seemed to feel compelled to repay her civilities in her own coin. 'It reduces society to the sordid level of a market,' she said; adding, with a candor quite devoid of ostentation, 'It is easy for me to do this sort of thing, but not for many of the friends I like best to draw about me. Yet most of them fancy that they must entertain me on a grand scale or not at all. Why can't they unbend, and let me drop in upon them now and then for a chop and a boiled potato?'

So, instead of shouldering your guest with a smothered groan at his weight, and straining yourself out of shape to carry him, bid him welcome to what you have, and in the way you have it. Is your breakfast hour eight? Continue it during his visit, though you may know that he ordinarily breakfasts at nine. If he feels the need of later sleep than you, keep his portion hot so that he can have it when he does appear.

But don't send the children to school with half-satisfied appetites, and make John late at his office, and subject the whole domestic administration to a convulsion, on account of your guest; for, if he is as courteous in thought as you aim to be in action, such a disturbance will only cause him chagrin. If the family bed-time is ten and he is a night-owl, put him in an easy-chair, see that the lamp is well trimmed, freshen the fire with an extra log, lay your books and magazines and cigars convenient to his hand, and tell him to loaf and invite his soul to as late an hour as he chooses; but go to bed yourself as usual. In short, show him that your home is liberty-hall in the best sense, being dedicated to the liberty of the family as well as to that of the friend.

As a non-abstainer, but a believer in moderation in all things, I listen with much interest when others debate the question of stimulants in its relation to our present subject; but I notice that they rarely get very far with their general conclusions. I never met but one man who was willing to avow the doctrine that the rites of hospitality take precedence of any consideration for the inward moral struggles of a fellow being; and that whoever crosses a neighbor's threshold should have all the consequent privileges pressed upon him, irrespective of his antecedents, his present condition, his habits, or his preferences. This seems like the wild idolatry of a phrase, with no sane appraisal of the thing for which it stands. The last extremity of inhospitality, as I view it, would be knowingly to lead one's guest into doing that which would injure him; and I should as soon think of urging a giddy-headed friend to climb out upon the edge of a precipice for the pleasure of the landscape, as of encouraging my neighbor to trifle with a tipping in-

firmity of which I was aware or seriously apprehensive. Personally, indeed, I carry precaution so far that no one whom I have reason to believe weak in this respect ever sees wine on my table. If I have occasion to invite other guests to meet him at dinner, I choose those on whom the absence of stimulants will impose no sacrifice; and I am astonished at the increasing multitude of such men, even in walks which used to be more or less notorious for free-living.

Descending from the sphere of morals to that of mere good taste, how far is it well to go in the way of petty deviations to meet the possible whims of your guest? Suppose, for instance, that he is accustomed to a cocktail before dinner, but you are not. In the cause of hospitality, are you required to make and take one with him? By no means, I should say. If you wish one, very well; if not, why should you make a martyr of yourself for his imaginary delectation? You reason, perhaps, that it would seem unsociable to let him take his artificial appetizer alone. My dear sir, you might just as well say that if he prefers boiled tea to your favorite quick decoction, you must be prepared to tan the lining of your stomach, too, for sociability's sake. Nay, nay! Point him to the decanter and the bitters, and bid him do his own mixing, as he will be able to do it more satisfactorily than a tyro like you; then help yourself to a few sips of water, or what you will, if you wish to toy with a glass of something while he is disposing of his cocktail. He will have no ground for complaining of your churlishness, and you will have no belated apologies to make to your department of the interior.

A few years ago, the weed that cheers presented no problems worth considering; but of late —? Well, I confess that I am still too old-fashioned



to enjoy seeing a woman with a lighted cigarette between her lips. Grant all that any one has to say about the pure logic of it: admit that a woman has as good a right as a man to smoke—which carries the correlative acknowledgment of her right to chew tobacco, take snuff, play football, and hang convicted murderers; there is nevertheless something within me, an instinct or a sensibility beyond the reach of syllogisms, against which the idea grates. Perhaps this is due to the survival of an idealization planted in my mind during its callow period; a survival which, thanks to my peculiar environment, has resisted atrophy thus far. Whatever the cause, I am inhospitable enough never to offer cigarettes to a guest of the other sex. If she feels that she must have one, she knows where they are to be found; but I would rather have her take one away and consume it in privacy than join me in my after-dinner smoke in the library. That is not because I should relish the notion of her clandestine self-indulgence, but on the same principle which would move me, when a good Catholic is at my table, to steer the talk away from the merits of Renan as a biographer, however pleased I might be to take part in such a conversation at some other time and place.

A safe general rule of hospitality for the community at large would run somewhat like this: Treat your guest with the same consideration which, in your inmost heart, you feel that you owe to the members of your own household who are on an equal footing of maturity and dignity with yourself. Please note that I say 'owe,' not 'show,' thus escaping the violent assumption that you habitually treat your family in all respects as you know you ought to. The best of us, unhappily, are apt to slip into an easy-going neglect of the minor amenities when we are strictly 'among ourselves.'

The little familiarities of daily intercourse tend to blunt our perception that marriage is only a longer and stronger betrothal; that our children who have grown up are now men and women like ourselves; and that our parents have not ceased to be our parents because our respect for their authority has outgrown its first garment of awe. So I have founded my rule on the conditions which ought to obtain, rather than on those which commonly do; and my proposal is that, instead of turning your household upside down, changing your family's ways into others which do not appeal to you as better, or running into excesses which you cannot defend to your sober sense, you simply throw open your door to your guest, draw him in with an unstudied welcome, and make him one of yourselves for the time he passes under your roof. Could you pay him a more touching compliment? Could you be more considerate at once of his feelings and of your own self-esteem?

Obligation to your guest, however, does not end with his departure. He leaves behind him an odor—it may be aromatic, or disagreeable, or neutral—of which the whole household is sensible while it lasts. How shall it be treated? Like the memory of the dead, of whom we strive to say nothing unless it be good? His character may commend itself to your admiration more than ever, and yet his tactlessness or ineptitude may have given everybody a deal of discomfort. He may be a friend from whom you had been separated so long that you had forgotten his oddities, yet in whom you discover them, not only persistent, but enlarged. Or, in your diverging careers, he may have acquired points of view and modes of thought with which you cannot sympathize in the least. Or you find that he has lost all

real interest in you, and you in him, though neither realized it in the first flush of your reunion.

Possibly, again, he may be a friend whom you have been in the way of meeting at intervals, but not in circumstances which would give you the inside view that you cannot help getting by daily contact even for a fortnight; and you find him to be wholly different from the image formed in your mind. He may have presumed upon his closer relations with the family to reveal as clay the feet you had fondly conceived to be of brass. Or he may have proved one of those sprawling personalities — figuratively speaking, of course — who take up a great deal more room in any group than they are expected or entitled to; who appear to be everywhere at all hours; who lack repose themselves, and seem obsessed by a mania for robbing every one else of it. Or, though unable to entertain himself when left alone for the purpose, he may have been too profusely uneasy about the trouble he was causing whenever any one came to his rescue.

The temptation to canvass the departed guest is strong, and not at all unnatural. To denounce him because he has not measured up to your ideal, is pitifully narrow; to dwell exclusively on his virtues and ignore his shortcomings, is pure hypocrisy. There is a golden mean, however, between evasive praise and distilled censure. It consists in a process of analysis equally free from the carping and the mawkish disposition. For those traits which are exemplary, a good word can always be said without exaggeration; the imperfections which are so clear as to call for no comment may safely be left without any; while the subtler faults may be discussed without bitterness, and only to such extent as may be necessary for their use as domestic correctives.

In their educational aspects, a clear distinction must be drawn between the hospitality which is sporadic and the hospitable habit. The members of a family where a visit from an acquaintance is an event, may derive much benefit from such a visit through the opportunity it affords for filling their lungs with the outside air, as it were, exchanging views with one who has been studying the world from a different angle, refurbishing stores of information which had grown stale in their memories, and, after all is over, summing up both visit and visitor, comparing notes and drawing parallels and contrasts. To revert to a metaphor already used, sporadic hospitality has the effect of an occasional loosening and sprinkling of the social soil, as distinguished from the continuous cultivation which results from the hospitable habit. The good which comes to a field from being stirred and refreshed now and then is by no means negligible; the consequent growth, though perhaps fitful and irregular, is growth nevertheless. Measure it, however, by the productiveness of the soil kept constantly in condition, and you realize how great an advantage every live organism put into the latter enjoys from the very start. There are no stones to dig out, no clods to dissolve, no weed-growths to disintegrate, before the vital forces you are about to call into action can have their full scope. Moreover, there is the land always in such a state as to profit to the utmost by every alternation of sunshine and shower, breeze and dew-fall.

The household whose latch-string is never drawn in, which makes room for its friends in bedchamber and at table on the shortest notice and without ceremony, in which the children have grown up to feel no surprise at finding an unaccustomed face by the fireside any day on their return from

school, has the perpetual receptiveness of the well-tilled acre. Of whatever comes its way, it is sure to capture and hold all the beneficent elements, whose influence reveals itself in due season in increased fertility. The family with the hospitable habit both enjoys more guests, and enjoys them more, than the family which has to go through a separate preparation for the advent of every one. Its spirit is more mellow, its judgments are more charitable; its fixed animosities, when it has any, are

less fanatical; its moral perspective is more trustworthy, its attitude toward untried things more worldly wise, its sense of humor keener and more constant, its contempt for trifles more spontaneous. The stranger within its gates fares better here than anywhere else outside of his own home, for it absorbs him into itself, for the time being, almost as an integral part; he yields to it unbidden the best he has to give, and it gives him its best in return.

## SIR WALTER'S ORPHANAGE

BY N. P. DUNN

If one should summon in mental review the maidens fair and dark — all beautiful — whose joys and sorrows fill the pages of the 'Wizard of the North,' how many, think you, would be found provided with mammas? Sometimes a brother guides the heroine's destinies — in each case, I believe, to an unhappy end. Fathers of every description, intrusted with rearing this exotic genus, bring to the task an infinite variety of temperaments and disabilities. There is the old father, bent and gray, broken by the weight of many sorrows. There are fathers selfish, sombre, suffering from remorse, grieving for the beloved wife who died long since, disappointed, misanthropical, agnostic, religious, sternly strict, blindly doting. There is one grandmother and there are several aunts — shadowy aunts — abbesses generally. Again, it is a duenna more remotely related who accompanies the fair one on some ro-

mantic journey or quest. Then it is the young cousin or girl friend, and, in two instances, the sister, whose companionship relieves the loneliness of the heroine without putting upon her actions the restraint that a mother might be supposed to enforce. The quite friendless orphan is also to be found, and the uncle figures as guardian, sometimes loving and tender, sometimes fierce and tyrannical.

In the twenty-seven novels Scott has given us, one mother moves — sternly enough — through the scenes his wand has conjured up. In the presence of a rule so generally observed and so uniquely broken we ask ourselves, 'Can the heroine of pure romance consistently have a mother?' With the exception of Lucy Ashton, in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, these maidens fulfill their destinies untrammelled by maternal advice. The care and love and counsel of a mother, besides making

for the commonplace, must be unnecessary in the development of character, for we find all virtue blossoming on the Scottish crags, or wherever the scene may take us, quite independent of the training of mamma. We must infer that maternal protection is essentially prosaic, and the friendship and mutual confidence of mother and daughter, as a matter of course, uninteresting.

We mothers are evidently not picturesque. As modern 'copy,' we are obvious foils for charming daughters, sordid or vulgar or simply ungrammatical. In the old days, to be the mother of a heroine one must die young. The trick — if trick it is — was easily turned. One sentence early in the action disposes of the obstacle, and then, uncribb'd, uncabin'd, unconfin'd, a Diana Vernon or a Flora McIvor follows the dictates of her own sweet will along paths not exactly conventional. With a background of savage cousins and a father in disguise, Diana fascinates us with her beauty and her mysterious sorrows; while Flora, with a chieftain-brother for sole protector, develops and soars like a young eagle. How different would have been their lives had each had a mother with ideas! I am convinced that an ounce of maternal common sense would have wrecked the plot of any one of Scott's novels. How simple, then, the formula!

In the recipe for a full-fledged heroine of the good, old-fashioned sort, we might expect to find the initial injunction, 'First kill the mother.' Let us look at the novels as they appeared in turn. The epoch-making *Waverley*, 1814, has its dual interest in Flora McIvor — whole orphan — and Rose Bradwardine, 'the very apple of her father's eye. Her beauty, in which he recalled the features of his beloved wife, would have justified the affection of the most doting father.' *Guy Mannering* the next year provided the reading public with

two more interesting young women. Lucy Bertram's mother dies at her birth. Mrs. Mannering has died out in India before the real story opens, and the melancholy father of Julia, pursued by remorse for a supposed crime, makes an ideal protector for a pair of moon-struck girls. In 1816 *The Antiquary* presents to us Isabella Wardour. 'She with a brother absent from home formed now her father's whole surviving family.' The constant companion of Sir Arthur, and peace-maker between him and Mr. Oldbuck, she goes from adventure to adventure, and finally marries the hero, as all good heroines should.

The year 1817 saw the publication of both *The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality*, but no marplot mammas appear to alter either tale. In the former, 'Mr. Vere of Ellieslaw was many years absent from his family estate. Suddenly and unexpectedly he returns, a widower, bringing with him his daughter, then a girl of about ten years old.' Isabella has a hard time until rescued by the Black Dwarf; for Mr. Vere, you recall, was a gentleman of uncommon selfishness and cruelty. A sensible wife doubtless would have ruined the action of the story. Edith Bellenden, in *Old Mortality*, has the most natural and delightful of grandmothers, but in the care of old Lady Margaret there is that carelessness which insures plenty of romantic happenings.

*Rob Roy* and *The Heart of Midlothian* followed the next year. In the first, Diana Vernon describes herself as 'a creature motherless, friendless, alone in the world, left to her own guidance and protection.' In the latter, dear Jeannie Deans's mother is dead when the story opens, and the stepmother dies at Effie's birth, leaving us again with two motherless girls. In 1819 appeared *The Bride of Lammermoor* and

*The Legend of Montrose.* In Lady Ashton we find our one exception to the embargo put upon mothers. No memory this of a sainted parent, wafted heavenward from the first page, but a dominant, worldly-minded, inexorable woman, bent upon the attainment of her own ends, and showing no remorse that her pathway should be strewn with murder, madness, and sudden death. Perhaps in the *Legend of Montrose* we should note another exception, but Annot Lyle, stolen from her parents when a child and brought up as an orphan, never sees her mother nor knows of her existence. The poor lady, a tall, faded, melancholy female, dressed in deep mourning, flickers in one sentence on one page, and is extinguished in woe before Annot's identity is disclosed to the surviving father.

In 1820 Scott gave the world three novels, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, and *The Abbot*. Rowena, the high-born ward of the Saxon Cedric, and Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac the Jew, are alike motherless. Catherine Seyton says, on her first entry on the scene, 'I also am an orphan'; while Mary Avenel, her father already dead, loses her mother when only twelve years old. The next year saw the publication of *Kenilworth*. If Sir Hugh had received, in the training of Amy Robsart, the aid of a woman, if his blind devotion and foolish indulgence had been checked by the firm hand of a mother, what dull reading the book would have made.

In 1822 Sir Walter produced again three novels in a twelvemonth, and one would expect that through mere carelessness a mother might have got left alive somewhere between the pages of *The Pirate*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, and *Peveril of the Peak*. Not so. An early chapter of the first-named story opens thus: 'We have already mentioned Minna and Brenda, the daugh-

ters of Magnus Troil. Their mother had been dead for many years and they were now two beautiful girls.' Everybody remembers the adventures of Minna and Brenda. Would you forego the creepy sensation they gave you for any comfort a mother might have been to those girls? In *The Fortunes of Nigel*, where Margaret Ramsay, god-daughter of the court jeweler to James I, is shown to us at the age of twenty, her mother is already dead. Beautiful, willful, spoiled by her father and petted by Heriot, she falls in love with Nigel, and, disguised as a page, follows, saves, and marries him. *Peveril of the Peak* introduces us to another half-orphan in Alice Bridgenorth, the victim of her father's ambition and an uncle's villainy, whose mother died at her birth.

*Quentin Durward* in 1823 takes up the tale of the 'Orphan of Croye,' where the charming Countess Isabelle rides to many adventures, accompanied by her ridiculous aunt and her true and loyal knight, the Scottish hero. The next year we have *St. Ronan's Well* and *Redgauntlet*. In the first the unhappy Clara Mowbray dies, half-mad — a scapegrace brother is the only protector of her orphan state. Lillias Redgauntlet, the heroine of the last, is kidnapped by an uncle when two years of age, and never knows her mother, who is already dead when the story opens.

In 1825 came from the pen of this ready writer both *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman*. In *The Betrothed*, an aunt, an abbess, has the care of Eveline Berenger, only child of Raymond Berenger, who died early in the action, leaving her an orphan at the age of sixteen; while Edith Plantagenet walks majestically through the delightful pages of *The Talisman* with only the hot-headed Richard for guardian and the companionship of his frivolous queen.

*Woodstock*, in 1826, gives us the picture of Alice Lee, patiently supporting the tottering footsteps of Sir Henry, who says of her dead mother, 'Ah! my beloved companion, who art now far from the sorrows and cares of this weary world.' *The Surgeon's Daughter* (1827) lost her mother at her birth. Her father died before her journey to India and her painful adventures there. *The Fair Maid of Perth* was published in 1828, and Catherine Glover, the heroine, who marries Henry Wynd, is the beloved daughter of Simon, a wealthy and respected glover—mother dead.

The next year appeared the charming story of *Anne of Geierstein*, the Maid of the Mist. Motherless, she is sent by her father, Count Albert, to be brought up by her uncle, the democratic Arnold. In *Count Robert of Paris* our rule may be said to be broken again. Brenhilda—father dead—has a mother on the first page, described

by the author as 'easily kept under management by the young lady herself'; but as she is never referred to again, and as Brenhilda marries the count at once and finds all her adventures in a foreign land with her husband, I have thought that at least she was no important factor in the heroine's life. *Castle Dangerous*, which brings to a close in 1832 the wonderful series of Scott's novels, has for its heroine Augusta of Berkely, an orphan, and the king's ward. She, disguised as a boy, follows afar off the adventures of her lover, having set him a hard task and fearing for his safety.

And so amidst the din of arms and the vows of lovers, we come to the end of our list. When we contemplate this enrollment of thirty odd names on the books of the Waverley Orphan Asylum—all popular and successful heroines—we confidently advise the young novelist pondering plots to consider the mother as a negligible quantity.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### THE LITTLE BOY THAT LIVED IN THE LANE

Ba, ba, Black Sheep, have you any wool?

Yes, Sir, Yes Sir, three bags full;

One for my Master, one for his dame,

And one for the little boy that lives in the lane.

AH, yes; the little boy that lived in the lane! Knee-breeches, dusty shoes, sun-burned face, yellow hair, (not golden locks, mind you!) and still, blue eyes. That is he! I have snubbed him since nursery days, yet here he comes from the hinter-lands of the mind,

emerging into my consciousness again like some old friend from my native village whom at first I am half-ashamed to meet. He rides atop of the nursery furniture as on a throne, claiming again the kingdom that I had almost stolen from him.

But there is no modern strenuousness about this prince. He is just the little boy that lived in the lane. That is all. That is enough. He is not being trained for a vocation, nor prepared for college. He expects nothing but to go on living in the lane; and to have the good old black sheep bring him all the



wool he needs. He has made the descent down the dark chimney, as Mr. Chesterton says, into a fixed abode, and there is his whole field of romance and adventure.

A lane: what a splendid place to live in! With the little boy as Virgil to my Dante, I see again the dark trees, the quiet road damp with dews, the fence blending its color with the grass and the woods; the curving path with a neighbor beyond it; the sunlight that flickers through the leaves, but never scorches here; the birds that come from a great beyond; and the girl that passes on her way from school, whom I may watch until she is out of sight, and still not be rude. These are some of the perquisites of living in the lane. Theirs are the voices that remind us again that life is not all progress, nor moral uplift, nor striving, nor a strained condition of human betterment upheld by nerves, but that most of it is living in a lane.

For, whether city-bred or country-bred, our first years are in the lane and of it. The path is narrow, to teach us not to wander, yet rich in beauty, to tell us that all good lies within our grasp. Blinding, and oppressive sometimes? Yes, and trodden by 'unwilling steps to school,' yet imprinting on us forever the fact that it is the concentrated gaze, and the repeated path, that really counts. Not only narrow, but short, too. Painfully short? Yes, and no. Yes, in that no boy ever lived who did not think boyhood too long. No, in that no boy ever lived who was not glad that the swimming-pond was just at the end of the lane. Back and forth we went in this lane, until nature had taught us, if she could teach us anything, the meaning of two straight lines, — to hem us in, and yet to give us freedom. In and out of the lane, until it came to pass that even great cities were to be nothing but

huge collections of lanes. For civilization is not a scattered tent-ground, but lanes and lanes of houses, methods, and institutions, all sprung from the brains of the little boys that lived in lanes. The races of little boys who have been born and lived in the open, and not in lanes, the Arabs for instance, have produced no great civilization. They have had inspiration enough in the broad expanse of sky and desert, but they have had no pattern to go by. The lane alone furnishes that, for a pattern means limitation, but also power. Anglo-Saxons are lane men, so were the Greeks, and the Romans: verse-makers, mental lanes; road-builders, traffic lanes.

I have often wondered whether the little boy was the son of the master and the dame mentioned in the same breath by the good black sheep. I have come slowly to believe that he belonged to another family in the neighborhood. For this reason: if the master and dame wanted a whole bag of wool apiece they did not deserve to have a little boy. They were selfish people. Somehow I think the bag of wool that went to the little boy was for a mother and father who drew their support from him, and who regarded him as their chief incentive to making a living. Whatever came to their door was marked in his name, not in theirs.

And to this, too, we are all trying to get back. The impress of the lane is awake in us whenever we cry aloud for ownership in life's true values. We want something with our name on it. We care little what we own, but that we own something is all important. The piercing cry of our hearts is the echo of the dear lane wherein a good black sheep brought us a bag full of wool to be our very own. 'One for the little boy that lives in the lane.' That is the sum and substance of our cry for life. Some people are trying to

socialize everything, to divide everything up, share and share alike. And which part you get and which I get, to their thinking, makes little difference. But we will not have it. Something in us protests against it as a desecration. When we lived in the lane, something was our own, no matter what. Make us owners! Not of wealth, but of something. Give us back our hearts, our lane, our birth-right! Don't ticket our possessions in card-catalogues! Don't parcel out God into thin layers, a wafer for every man alike; but give us of His bounty for our very own, as we knew it when we lived in the lane. You need not give us back a selfish heaven. We will not insist on what you despise as personal salvation, but we will insist on having heaven, nevertheless; the ownership of a glittering home beyond our reach, instead of a merely improved world as a substitute. Through the leaves of the bending trees we saw a heaven and we refuse to give it up. The little boy saw truly. The vision is unchangeable. It does not fade for all the new cry about cleaned-up cities and a heaven upon earth. Living in the lane we learned ownership, and we claim it again. Give us back the old sense of private property in the universals, our grip upon the stars, the tentacle-hold of our baby-fingers upon love, and truth, and faith; our own, our very own! Take back your social theories and we'll lean again upon our gate at eventide and say, 'All is mine.' And the next boy to us in the lane may say it, too!

Did the little boy go on living in the lane? I do not know, but I think not. Either the good black sheep died, and the little boy had to seek for wool elsewhere; or, which is more likely, he one day decided that he preferred white wool to black and so started out to find it. In giving us no sequel, the

poem (for it is one!) discloses its deepest insight. For it must surely be remarked that if the little boy had gone on living in the lane he would have grown to be a young man, or even an old man; and in that case the poem would have needed reëditing. It would not have continued all these years to talk about 'the little boy.' Plainly the little boy went away, that is the main point; although by inference another came to take his place.

Yes, we leave the lane. It was intended that we should. There are seas to cross, women to see and one to love, men to know and some to hate, and the lane would be disturbed by all this; or we think it would. We must leave it. There are thoughts to think, clues to follow, waves to rise and fall on, experiences to climb or burrow through, desert sands to feel in our throat, and cooling springs to drink from. These all lie outside the lane. New faces alone will let us try our new wings, and who ever saw a new face in our lane? So we leave it. Rightly leave it? Yes, perhaps. Who can say otherwise?

But, look, we are back again! The thousand men you know? See them! They are ranged in order before you. It is in single file they pass! Yours is not a sea of faces; it is a lane of them, one at a time. The women you knew? Yes, but by your side is only one. You are in the lane with her, just as when you were a little boy and lived there. You cannot live on Broadway. You are in the lane again, just wide enough for you and her, as it used to be. The ocean that you crossed? Yes, but the track of your boat was scarce wider than the lane. You only crossed a line, not the ocean. Experiences? Ah, yes, millions of them! But through them there runs no broad highway, but only the print of two feet, toiling one after the other. Just a foot-path, just

a lane! And thoughts? Yes, and your brain is weary with them! But across that same brain the tracks of the thoughts are as fine as a hair. There are no expanses, but only little lanes of thought running here and there. Follow the lanes and there is light at the end, as there used to be. Make the spaces too broad, and you will kill the shade trees. Then the sun will madden you. Keep to the lane. That's the type.

'The little boy that lived in the lane'? Yes, he went away. But he came home again. The old lane was gone. So was the house. But he straightway built another house just like it; and choose as he would, there was no place to build it in but a lane.

And if you look for him you will still find him there.

#### THE GLORY OF BEING WICKED

Not long ago I happened to pass two little boys on a street corner, standing close together with faces nearly touching, and so intent on the difficult operation they were performing as to be quite unconscious of being in every one's way. The operation in question was the feat of lighting one cigarette-stub from another cigarette-stub, each stub being firmly held in one of the respective mouths. They had apparently picked up the two half-smoked cigarettes from the gutter, one still burning, and the other out. Just why the burning one had to be held by mouth, rather than by hand, did not appear; but the operation of lighting and smoking the cigarettes was obviously great fun. Moreover, to all appearances at least, the fun did not come from the taste of the smoke, nor from the burning of fingers and lips, nor from the nasty tobacco that got into their mouths. The fun lay deeper than that; it was not physical, but

spiritual in its nature. There was a third boy—a still smaller one—standing by, looking on with open mouth and admiring eyes. And I am sure that the real inwardness of the smokers' fun consisted in the consciousness that the other boy and the public in general could see plainly that they were really very wicked.

This aspiration toward wickedness dominates a great part of 'child-psychology,'—of boy-psychology at any rate,—and has its ramifications in most of the activities of the boy. He learns to 'cut' Sunday School, and throw stones and swear and say darn, largely out of loyalty to this ideal. He brings with him into the world a strong tendency toward resistance to authority, and a genuine admiration for the law-breaker; and all this is as real a part of his 'social psychology' as is his tendency to imitation and suggestion. And he is led in the same direction by his natural desire to 'show off.' It is the fact that the other boy is watching that lends most of the spice to the situation. Wickedness is pretty sure to command attention even when it fails to command respect. And the small boy who wants you to think him 'tough'—together with his relatives, the big boy and the overgrown boy and the old boy who cherish the same ambition—will generally be found to be acting (if I may be pardoned an impossible figure) with one eye on the gallery and the other on the mirror.

This, to my thinking, is one of the reasons for the 'ignominy of being good.' Its roots go rather deep into human nature. There is nothing particularly new about it, nor is it in any sense peculiar to our age and generation. To be good has always been ignominious, and the ignominy is not chiefly due, as a recent writer in the *Atlantic* seems to think, to our failure to admire the conventional standards.

We may not admire them, to be sure; but we also have a sneaking desire to attract attention by being 'different,' and we like to rebel against any standard that has been prescribed for us. Rebellion is good fun for its own sake, and submission, even to that which we approve, often seems 'conventional,' and has for the natural man a certain element of ignominy. The 'fear of being caught reading your Bible' will probably never die out of the world; and for the same reason that the fear of being caught studying your lesson will never die out. This fear, as I have suggested, very considerably antedates St. Augustine, or any assignable era. And I am sure that, in so far as Homer was made required reading in the Age of Pericles, many an Athenian lad was rather proud of his ignorance of the Story of Troy.

It is, moreover, a curious fact that some of the things which we really consider supremely good have this in common with the ignominious, that we wish to conceal them. We don't care to wear everything we possess on our sleeves; we should be ashamed to display there either the shameful or the sacred. Some one has called public prayer an indecent exposure of soul. The little boy who would blush to be found reading his Bible might also blush to be found kissing his mother, — just as the big boy would pretty certainly blush to be found kissing his sweetheart. But the fear of being found kissing your sweetheart is not generally taken to indicate that the custom is a conventional retention of an effete ideal.

Doubtless the native, untutored tendencies and tastes of the boy (of various ages) rebel against some of the ideals which the Present receives from the Past. And doubtless also these spontaneous and unreflective impulses and feelings must contribute, and ought

to contribute, their share in the formation of our ideas of moral excellence. But they must not be taken as the only criterion. The true, moral ideal for the twentieth century A. D. is not so simple a thing as it was for the fifth century B. C. It includes many different elements — Barbarian, Hebrew, Greek, Christian, Teutonic. It has been built up laboriously by the experience of the race through all its painful education. Hence it is not something that we can expect the individual fully to appreciate, without considerable education on his own part. If, then, the boy or the young man—who, it must be remembered, comes originally into the world on a level much lower than that of the Greeks — does not fully grasp the beauty of the ideal which the race has formed for him and holds up to him, we must not conclude that therefore the ideal is wrong. Of course it may be wrong; some ideals doubtless are. But the question whether or not it is wrong cannot be settled by showing simply that it is not up-to-date and that some of us blush when found with it in our possession. For a great deal of the ignominy of being good is due to the rather sophomoric glory of being wicked.

#### BY-PRODUCTS OF BIRD-STUDY

THE interest in birds brings its own exceeding great reward, but there are a few phases of the question which have received too little attention, and the chief of these is the attitude of other people toward one's hobby. I am always filled with astonishment at the cheapness of a reputation for knowledge. Before I had mastered the rudiments of the subject, the papers would call me up and say, 'I hear you are an authority on birds, will you please give us a column on the subject,' — gratis,

of course. I being too busy at the moment to comply with this modest request, the reporter next day drops in and wastes an hour of my valuable time in getting perfectly good 'copy' on 'The Birds to be seen at this Time of Year in the Parks,' for which he receives pay. In some mysterious way my fame seems to grow, and in the spring I can scarcely go out without encountering some one who greets me with, 'I saw such a cunning little bird to-day which reminded me of you,'—this to a dignified, stout woman, belonging to one of the learned professions!

If you are unfortunate enough to board, your fellow boarders will become slightly infected, and will ask you to identify a bird 'dark-colored and twice as tall as an English sparrow,' or a bird 'with a sort of accordion pleating on its back.' The most astonishing request was that of a pleasant gentleman who unexpectedly asked me 'to go like a wren,' but whether physically or vocally I never discovered. This thirst for identification is one of the joys of the bird 'expert.' Some one has seen 'a bird larger than a robin, with a light blue stripe about two inches wide around its neck.' I will pass this on to some of my more experienced fellow ornithologists for an opinion.

When an interest in birds begins in a house there is no stopping it. Last spring our cook was seen half out of the kitchen window, and when asked what she was doing replied, 'Did you notice that little black-and-yellow bird?' The gestures accompanying the descriptions of birds are an added pleasure, as people always illustrate their meaning. 'It had a gray breast,' they will say with a pass in the air in the region of their stomachs; and a young man, a friend of mine, nearly dislocated his shoulder trying to show me that a bird had stripes on its back,

when all the time I knew perfectly well where its back was.

I had no idea of the range of bird songs until I had them whistled or sung or hummed to me, with the expectation that I should instantly recognize them. Sometimes I wonder if the birds themselves would be willing to own them. Now, to tell the truth, I have not yet progressed so far in this interesting study, as to be absolutely sure of any but the commoner birds by their songs; but experience has convinced me that the lovely plaintive song of the white-throated sparrow is the only one which can be reproduced by the amateur in a manner readily to be recognized. When I have mastered this branch of the subject I shall expect to be easily able to identify the Parsifal music, when played by a beginner, on a Jew's-harp.

An added pleasure is the education of the public. It is now possible to stop at a farmhouse for a drink of water and have the farmer's wife give a glance at one's opera-glasses and ask, 'What kinds of birds have you seen?' Yet, once we were viewed with suspicion, if we stood half an hour in the same spot gazing fixedly at nothing.

The friendly relations established during birding tramps form another asset. I have never yet found a boy, who had not some interesting information to impart in return for a look through opera-glasses, which pride would not let him admit were not adjusted for his eyes. Even the most popular clergyman in my city may become in common parlance 'one of the boys,' when he is pursuing with me a Savannah sparrow through a particularly wet marsh; I have never had time to go to hear him preach, but I am confident that he would do it well, since he is such a friendly companion and good 'birder.' Any person with a pair of opera-glasses in hand needs no other introduction,

but is at once a comrade and a competitor, anxious to impart information and usually willing to receive the same; but it is astonishing how small a person ordinarily generous may become, when confronted with the other man's list of rare species. I have even known people to sink so low as to say, 'I do not believe it!'

The deep snow in April last year started me out, with bird-seed and suet, to succor the migrants in the park, only to find that the burly policeman had been before me, with bread and cracker crumbs on a nicely-brushed path in a sunny place. He greeted me thus: 'I found a dead robin yesterday, and I could not stand it to think of all the birds starving to death, so I went to the nearest house and got some bread for them, and when I came from dinner to-day, I brought some more things along, and see what a lot of them there are eating!' Was it not worth wet skirts to hear that? The humane policeman and I have been stanch friends ever since, and he has

given me much useful information, even to the extent of telling me that he saw an eagle in the Park; and I believe it, even if in this case I must think it was a 'garden escape.'

Then there is a gentle glow of superiority at being able to see and hear things, which are unknown to the multitude. One day I saw a bobolink singing his heart out on a telegraph wire, and watched twenty people go by him, not one of whom raised an eyelash! What could they have been thinking of, one half so lovely? Nothing but the bird-craze has ever been able to get me to the country at sunrise in the spring. For years I never realized that Nature is at her best when the dew is sparkling on the grass, and the multitudes of the feathered host are singing their anthem of love and thanksgiving. It is impossible at five o'clock of a fine May morning not to give thanks for the seeing eye and the hearing ear which have been unconsciously acquired during the time spent in bird-study.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[MRS. COMER'S 'Letter to the Rising Generation,' which appeared in the issue of the *Atlantic* for February last, roused the letter-writing proclivities of our readers to an unusual pitch of activity. By way of *finis* to the general discussion continued in the *Atlantic* through papers by Mrs. Hard in the April number, and by Mr. Bourne in the present issue, we select from an immense mass of correspondence one letter which many friends of ours will read with understanding. Written by a young woman, obviously responsive to the stimulus of college life, it is sent us by her father. — THE EDITORS.]

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COLLEGE,  
February 26, 1911.

DEAREST FATHER, — Inclosed are my term bills, which I have been asked to send to you. They were sent to me through college mail, and were much delayed on that account.

Now to answer your dear letter which I found last Monday. Father, I have just finished reading Mrs. Comer's letter 'To the Rising Generation,' which you sent me. I tried my best to read it from an absolutely unprejudiced point of view, and I think I have done so; though it is pretty hard for a girl who has been earnestly trying



to make herself 'worth while' to read an accusation like this one, which is couched in such aggressive language, and not feel that it is somewhat unjust.

Mrs. Comer has addressed her letter to the rising generation as a whole, so I suppose that the example which she puts forth she considers characteristic of the generation. I have really tried pretty hard to think of the body of girls and boys about my own age, whom I have known ever since I was old enough to think for myself, and, honestly, if they are to be taken as an example (and I don't see why they are not a *fair* example), I believe that her types are exaggerated.

I don't know who Mrs. Comer is, or in what position to judge; but, as a matter of fact, my own friends as a whole, I think, are the sort who have not been accustomed to show their real selves to their seniors. I believe that young people are unwilling to let older people look into their hearts, because they find them unsympathetic — and I know it is true of myself usually, though I have many older friends; so I think that this Mrs. Comer is an exceptional woman if she really is able to judge. I know that she *may* be able — and in that case, her experience with young people is very different from mine. You may say I have not had experience enough to judge, but surely, I have known a great many young people pretty intimately, and I hardly can think of one who has been so selfish or so empty-headed as those she tells of.

Well, I am glad you sent me the article, and I shall be glad of any others that you may send me. I am also anxious to read the reply to this article. I did not think you were disposed to find fault with me, or that you sent me the article because you thought it applied to me. On the other hand, I often am disposed to find fault with

myself, and I try to take criticism kindly, though it surely is hard.

In the essay you sent me, I find the same sort of remark made which you quoted me as having said to mother: I mean, the fact that I had heard the talk of the scarcity of money 'every year since I could remember.'

I do remember making that statement to mother, but absolutely in a different way from that in which she thought I said it. I know, as you say, I have no idea of the value of money. As I have said before, I have no way of knowing its value, and I have never had the chance to know it; but as mother told you, I am sorry I said it, for as she took it in another sense, you have too. I do not underrate what either of you say. I am sorry to say that the constant worry of it simply depresses and makes me so tired of it that I can't bear to hear it talked of. 'The Rising Generation' seem to be the ones whom the world blames, and that is all right; but if the effort of that generation is worth anything, surely the world ought to take account of it. I think we are all trying, but we are not old enough to know just the wisest way, when a thousand different methods are being shouted in our ears.

I have not said any of this resentfully, but simply have stated what seems true to me. I may be wrong; and, if so, you will tell me. I don't pretend to know much, but at least what I have said is not what I have read or heard others say. It is what I have really thought out and believe for myself.

I love to get your letters. They help me a great deal, and I try to follow your suggestions. To me, you are the best man alive, and more than that, you are *far* ahead of the other best ones. I am just as grateful to you as I know how to be. I love you dearly, father, and am counting the days be-

fore I can go home for Easter and see you again. It is less than a month now.

Please give mother my dear love.  
With much to you,

Always your devoted daughter,  
DOROTHY.

P. S. — Father, I forgot to ask if you can furnish me any bits of material for a theme I must write next week? The subject is 'Social Work in Factories,' and I know nothing about it. This means such things as your 'First-Aid' classes, night classes for employees, your boarding house (?) and such other institutions as are for the good of employees. I want to know as much as I can about any and every branch of such work. Can you give me any information on the subject? Is n't there a club-house for some mill in White-stone? Do they have entertainments there? What sort? etc. I am at a loss for material, and must get it somehow before next week. Whether or not the work has been successful does not matter. All I want is material. Can you help me out? I don't care what sort of factory it may be. Do send me some data, please.

Doss.

P. S. (2) I did n't mean any one factory, but any number of different ones.

This letter was forwarded to Mrs. Comer, who in reply writes as follows:

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA,  
March 20, 1911.

DEAR EDITORS, — I am returning Miss Dorothy's letter. She is obviously a mighty nice girl, and I am sure, if she has any failings, that they are her father's fault! For there is no other factor in a girl's education like a father she so admires. To this day I temper my judgments by asking myself what my father would say about any matter, — although I lost him soon after I

left school, — and, as a school-girl, no matter how strongly I might be prejudiced in any direction, if I differed from him, I had the disconcerting assurance deep in my mind, that I was undoubtedly wrong and would find it out later, even if momentarily I quite failed to get his point of view.

There would be a great deal in Miss Dorothy's argument, if it were true that our knowledge of people depends on what they *tell* us about themselves. But of course it does not so depend at all — as one learns a little later. One does not realize this in the least at Dorothy's age. At least, I did n't. I recall perfectly my surprise (and on the whole my relief) when I began to understand that 'Character teaches above our wills' and that whatever of virtues or demerits one has, will out — without any speeches of introduction on our part.

But while this is true, it is also true, on the other side of the argument, that the very strong feeling all young people undoubtedly have that they are n't understood, and that there is a lot to themselves that nobody but themselves knows (though every one will know it shortly), is a justified feeling, and one necessary to healthful growth — because it is creative. For that very body of beliefs about the hidden self is the matrix of the forming character, nourishing and developing it — until we turn out as we expect, largely because we expect to!

I believe this is sound psychology, and the deduction from it is that young persons should be inspired rather than lectured, and that middle-aged ladies who write 'Letters' apparently addressed to the rising generation, are really talking to the parents — the only people who are able to profit by lectures.

Very sincerely yours,  
CORNELIA A. P. COMER.

